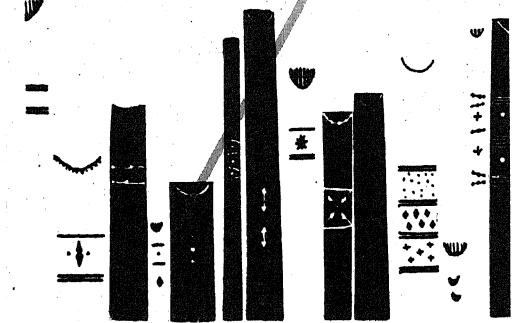


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GLAUCUS
AND OTHER PLAYS

AMERICA'S LOST PLAYS

VOLUME III

A series in twenty volumes of hitherto unpublished plays collected with the aid of the Rockefeller Foundation, under the auspices of the Dramatists' Guild of the Authors' League of America, edited with historical and bibliographical notes.

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GLAUCUS

& Other Plays

BY GEORGE HENRY BOKER

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY SCULLEY BRADLEY

INDIANA UNIVERSITY PRESS

BLOOMINGTON

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INTRODUCTION

IN PRESENTING these three plays of George Henry Boker, it must be said at once that they do not represent his best literary work, and that they fail to reflect adequately his importance to the American theater. Their appearance here is justified by the fact that they are good examples of types of play that once flourished on our stage, and thus take on a peculiar value for students and lovers of the theater. They also constitute all that remained unpublished of the work of an important dramatist in the history of our national literature. George Henry Boker is the author of a great poetic tragedy, *Francesca da Rimini*, which alone should be enough to preserve his memory to posterity. It is difficult to think of another romantic tragedy written in English in the nineteenth century, which combined so well as *Francesca da Rimini* the power of poetry and the quality which keeps a dramatic work alive upon the stage for many years to delight and move successive generations of playgoers. Written in 1853, it was performed by E. L. Davenport during a short run in New York and Philadelphia in 1855; in 1882, at the height of his career, Lawrence Barrett discovered the play and made it one of his principal vehicles during the remaining nine years of his life. Ten years later, during the season of 1901-1902, Mr. Otis Skinner, Barrett's first Paolo, revived the play for the road and played the part of Lanciotto in the principal cities of the country, achieving a triumph which many of his admirers regard as the artistic pinnacle of his career.

Yet this play is by no means the sum of its author's artistic achievement. *Calaynos* and *Leonor de Guzman* are almost on the same high level of achievement, and in more fortunate circumstances or in different times they might well have won lasting success, instead of falling, after a brief recognition, victims to the unhappy circumstances which prevailed in the theater of the day. Altogether Boker wrote eleven plays, of which seven were on the stage and eight were published, although not all of his acted plays found publication. The three plays in this volume will bring to light all that remained unpublished. *Francesca da Rimini*, *Leonor de Guzman* and *Calaynos* have been mentioned as the masterpieces of Boker, but besides these, one should suppose that five others, *Anne Boleyn*, *The Betrothal*, *Königsmark*, *Nydia*, and *Glaucus* might hold a permanent place among the best dramatic

literature of their times. One of these, *Glaucus*, is here published for the first time.

Boker had the natural gifts of the born dramatist, but he was a poet as well. The seven published volumes of his poetry, together with his fugitive poems published in magazines, constitute a major contribution to our literature. Neglected at the time of his death in 1890, and for many years afterward, his poetry has won critical recognition in recent times, and begins to take a well deserved position in the anthologies among the memorable works of his countrymen.

The explanation of the neglect of so much of Boker's work during his lifetime would involve a biographical study inappropriate to this place. It has been said that, as a gentleman who inherited great wealth in Philadelphia, he was too prosperous to be picturesque, but this hardly explains his relationship to a community which had remained equally oblivious to the variegated picturesqueness of Edgar Poe and Walt Whitman. As in the case of these others, both the time and the place were unfavorable to the work that Boker had to do. He was a belated romantic in a world attuned to the new realism; and failing to achieve the recognition that his nature craved—a recognition which Whitman, at least, knew how to do without—he turned his active energies more and more to public life, to the organization of Northern sentiment in the Civil War, and later, to foreign diplomacy.

Of the three plays here published, two were presented on the stage: *The World a Mask* in 1851, and *The Bankrupt* in 1855. That they both had short runs is not a significant fact in those days when actors and managers would rather revive an old or foreign play than present a recent native work and pay royalty to its author. The support of a native dramatist was assured only in case his work proved an extraordinary popular success; and in that event, even, the actor or manager was usually not interested in continuing it on the stage unless he could persuade its author to sell it outright to him for a sum ridiculously less than the profit that the play would bring him. The familiar story of the relationships of Forrest with the authors Robert Montgomery Bird and John Augustus Stone is indicative of the situation which prevailed. In the case of Boker's two comedies, however, there was no such overwhelming popular approval, and the plays were retired from the stage after the average short runs to which even good American plays in that day were limited. The fact is, however, that any native play of the period which succeeded in reaching the stage at all, against such overwhelming handicaps as were inherent in the business organization of the theater, must of necessity be of interest in the history of the American stage. Boker's plays are no exception in this respect.

Glaucus, the last play in the present volume, presents a somewhat different problem. Unlike the earlier comedies, it is in blank verse, and ranks, indeed, among its author's best literary productions. It is a work of the poet's last period of artistic maturity, written in 1885, at Lawrence Barrett's suggestion. It was written directly for the stage and might perhaps have stood near to *Francesca da Dimini* in the actor's repertoire of popular plays, but for a personal disagreement between the writer and the actor which caused the latter to refuse the work.

It may be of value to give some account of the history and the manuscripts of each play, and to explain the relationships between the text here presented and the notes which appear at the end of this volume. The fact that there are several manuscripts of each play has presented an editorial problem. Variant readings among the manuscripts are of three sorts: corruptions and errors of transcription; differences between the "literary" and the "acting" form of a play; and actual changes in the author's intention. The texts here reproduced represent what appears to be Boker's latest judgment concerning each passage for reading as a work of literature. Variants, and cuts for stage presentation are indicated in the notes at the end of the volume. A short account of each play is given below.

THE WORLD A MASK

*The World a Mask*¹ represents an experimental stage in the development of its author. He had already written, within two years, three plays in blank verse. *Calaynos* and *Anne Boleyn*, both tragedies, had satisfied his artistic conscience; and his romantic comedy, *The Betrothal*, was successfully on the stage of the Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia in September 1850, at the very time when its author was beginning his work on *The World a Mask*. The latter play was composed with an eye to a popular taste of the day. This called for prose comedy, with a melodramatic complexion, preferably concerned with English high life. It was a bad taste to begin with, and in the second place, it required a different talent from that of Boker to succeed with this artificial type of play.

As a result, this dramatist, who was later to rise to the accomplishment of such fine plays as *Leonor de Guzman* and *Francesca da Rimini*, produced in this case a play that was just about average for its time and sort. That is another way of saying that it was rather bad—and no one knew it better than the author. He finished the play in December 1850. In January 1851, when he wrote to his friend Bayard Taylor that it was about to be produced, he recounted with amazement the admiration of the audience of actors—prob-

¹ The manuscripts are in the Princeton University Library.

INTRODUCTION

ably the stock company at the Walnut Street Theatre—to whom he had read it. To Taylor, Boker summed up his own reaction: "It is a damn bad play and all the praise in the world can make it no better."

Nevertheless the piece was put in rehearsal at the Walnut Street Theatre on April 15, 1851, and opened on April 21 for a run of eight successive performances. The cast was composed of regular members of the company. Charles Coulcock, famous "heavy," played the villain, Galldove, and Mme. Ponisi the unfortunate Teresa, the sham countess.

Apparently, judging from the praise of the press, the comedy was successful; but its author remained unconvinced by these encomiums. On the day after the opening he wrote Bayard Taylor, "Never was a comedy worse played to a better-natured audience . . . the best effects were marred, and the whole edge taken off the wit (such as it is). . . . Why, notwithstanding all this, the curtain fell amid cheers and calls, instead of flying benches, cat-calls, and yells of derision, the devil, who must have had a proper care of the whole thing, only knows. The piece was completely successful, much to my astonishment."

This play has had four titles. On October 15, 1850, Boker wrote Bayard Taylor, "I am hard at work on 'The Sycophant,' a detestable wretch; but I hope to bring him to justice somewhere in the fifth act." The earliest surviving manuscript, in Boker's hand, is entitled *All the World a Mask*. This, which affords the best version for reading, has been made the basis of the present text. It is referred to in the notes as MS I. A second manuscript, referred to as MS II, is apparently the version used in the performance of the play. It is in longhand, not Boker's, and may be the work of a theater copyist. The acts are bound separately and Act I bears a printed title-page with the title, *The World a Mask*, which has been retained here as the best title for the play. In this copy there are some corruptions, and a good many "cuts" to hasten performance. The stage directions have been greatly amplified and scene plots have been added. The original ending has been cut and several new speeches added to form a new ending, with the apparent intention of heightening the comic nature of the concluding situation. From a literary point of view the second ending was distinctly not an improvement. The latest manuscript, here referred to as MS III, is a typed copy dated 1886, the year when the dramatist, probably in contemplation of a complete edition of his works, had typed copies of several of his plays prepared. This version is entitled *Under a Mask*. The authority of MS III is in serious doubt. There are no marks on it to indicate either supervision or revision by the author and it abounds in errors which he would not have made. The typist, apparently

consulting both previous manuscripts, has followed the one or the other with apparent indiscrimination and frequent confusion.

For the present text the three manuscripts have been critically collated with a view to presenting the play in its most readable form. With this end in view it was found desirable to retain Boker's original version, MS I, in almost every case, indicating all variant readings in the notes, to which the superimposed numbers in the text refer. All "cuts" and additions in MS II have been thus indicated. A very few of the additions of MS II have been retained in the printed text, with proper annotation, when they seemed to improve or clarify the reading. The stage directions of MS II have been reproduced in the text, since the original version was deficient in this respect; but scene plans and the occasional director's notes and comments have been ignored. The names, which were frequently abbreviated in all the manuscripts, have been given in full. The very few variants in MS III which might prove critically interesting, have been included in the notes.

THE BANKRUPT

Boker wrote his greatest tragedy and his least successful comedy in the same year, 1853. Having finished *Francesca da Rimini* in March, he made an excursion into a field new to him, the portrayal of melodramatic materials from the contemporary scene. *The Bankrupt*² was not a bad example of the type of play that it represents; but the type itself was bad, and Boker was dissatisfied with the result of his effort. Although he permitted the play to reach the stage in 1855, he withheld his name as author. No mention of it has been found in his correspondence. He did not include it in his collected works in 1856.

To the reader of the present, however, it serves as a good example of a sort of melodrama which enjoyed a long vogue upon the stage—although that interesting consideration does not alter the fact that like most surviving plays of this variety, it is deficient in reality of character, artificial in dialogue and extravagant in situation. Two other facts, connected with the plot of this play, are of great interest for the historian. First, it is a very early example of the use of modern financial operations as material for dramatic situation; and in its combination of the domestic drama with the financial crisis it looked forward to plot material which was to find its popular use much later, in the work of Bronson Howard and subsequent authors. Also *The Bankrupt* represents an early, if indeed not the first instance of the employment on the stage of the wily and omniscient detective pitted against the force of a master criminal mind. Poe had already popularized this situation in prose fiction,

² The manuscripts are in the Princeton University Library.

and it is most interesting to observe that, in the last scene, Pike, the detective, informs Shelvill, the crook, that he has been trapped at last by a writing in cipher that has been interpreted by a poet whom he employed, a Mr. Poe.

The Bankrupt was advertised for performance in 1855, as a part of the repertory of Julia Dean (Mrs. Hayne) when that actress fulfilled an engagement from November 12 to December 12 at the Broadway Theatre, New York. It was first performed on December 3, and ran for four successive performances, until December 6. The newspaper criticism was lukewarm, and there is no record to indicate that the play was ever subsequently revived.

In 1886, when Boker apparently considered a complete edition of his plays, which never materialized, he prepared a new version of this play, of which the typescript survives, entitled *A Commercial Crisis*. It was possibly at this time that extensive cuts were made in the original speeches, resulting in a decided improvement. These changes may, however, have been made much earlier with a view to the stage performance in 1855. At any rate, long passages are stricken out in the original manuscript and not reproduced in the typescript of 1886. The present text represents the later version, but all variant readings have been indicated in the notes. For this purpose the original longhand manuscript of 1853 is referred to as MS I; the typescript of 1886, as MS II.

GLAUCUS

It has already been stated that *Glaucus* is the most satisfactory of the three plays in the present volume, both for its literary quality and its adaptability for performance on the stage. It was, in fact, written directly for the stage, in 1885, at the request of Lawrence Barrett, who was at that time appearing with great success in a revival of Boker's *Francesca da Rimini*. I have, in another connection, recorded in some detail the curious circumstances which prevented the play from reaching the stage.³ The facts, briefly, are these: Barrett had asked Boker to write "a play in which he could introduce a number of gorgeous spectacular effects . . . something that would give the ingenuity of the stage carpenter, the scene painter and the costumer a chance." Using the story of Bulwer-Lytton's *Last Days of Pompeii*, Boker first supplied the actor with the blank verse play, *Nydia*.⁴ Barrett declined this play, probably on the grounds that the principal character was Nydia, the blind slave. This assumption is justified by the fact that Boker at once began work on another and independent treatment of the same story, diminishing the

³ *George Henry Boker, Poet and Patriot*, The University of Pennsylvania Press, Philadelphia and London, 1927; pp. 333-40.

⁴ Edited by Sculley Bradley, University of Pennsylvania Press, Philadelphia and London, 1929.

part of Nydia and emphasizing that of Glaucus. This play, also in blank verse, was completed on January 9, 1886, and tentatively accepted by the actor. Before final arrangements were made, however, a misunderstanding arose between the actor and the author. It seemed to Boker that Barrett, knowing that the author was exceedingly well-to-do, was attempting to secure royalty terms for the successful *Francesca da Rimini* which would have been ruinous for any author who was forced to earn his living by his pen. On this point Boker, who had been a leader in the agitation to secure better protection for American authorship, was not to be dissuaded. The popularity of *Francesca da Rimini* was so great that the actor was compelled to compromise with Boker in respect to the earlier play. However, he nursed for some time a strong sense of injury which caused him to abandon the plans for the production of *Glaucus*.

There are two manuscripts of *Glaucus*, both typewritten.⁵ It seems likely that an earlier manuscript in longhand may have existed, but it has not been found. MS I is the earlier of the two surviving manuscripts. It bears the typed notation on the first page, "Begun Oct. 18, 1885 and finished January 9, 1886 —83 days." It seems that the poet may have discussed this manuscript with the actor, for it bears extensive suggestions for "cuts," which, as a general thing do not heighten the literary quality, and serve only to shorten the acting duration of the play. A second manuscript is undated, but is consistent in form with several manuscripts of the poet's other plays which were prepared in 1886 for a complete edition which did not materialize. This has been designated as MS II in the notes for the present edition. Most of the "cuts" suggested in MS I were also indicated in MS II, although the actual text was unaltered. For this reason it seems probable that the longer, and uncut form of the play is the version which the poet preferred and the one which he probably would have printed. In the present edition care has been exercised to indicate in the notes all the deletions which were suggested for the purpose of acting.

There is a curious addendum to MS II, consisting of new material to follow note 21 on p. 164 of the present edition. It consists of a shorter version of Act II from that point and another Act III, also abbreviated, but not different in the narrative. Possibly it was an additional suggestion for curtailing the duration of the play on the stage. It is not reproduced in this edition.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge my indebtedness and to offer my thanks for the assistance of others in the publication of this volume. My colleague, Professor Arthur Hobson Quinn, the first American historian to direct at-

⁵ Princeton University Library.

INTRODUCTION

tention to the poetry and plays of Boker, has assisted me in ways too numerous to specify. I am grateful to Mr. Barrett H. Clark for the devotion to our native drama which has materialized in the series of publications of which this volume is a part. To the Princeton University Library I am deeply indebted for their courtesy in according me the freest possible access to these manuscripts, all of which are in their collection.

SCULLEY BRADLEY

Professor of English, University of Pennsylvania

THE WORLD A MASK

A COMEDY

DRAMATIS PERSONAE¹

SIR HUGH BLUMER

GALDOVE }
RYLTON } *His Nephews*

FERNWOOD

GARNISH

LORD REW

CAPTAIN FLEET, *An Adventurer*

RABY, *A Clergyman*

MATHEW, *Servant to Sir Hugh*

TERESA CESPO, *Passing as Countess di Cespo*

LUCY WILLBURG, *Betrothed to Rylton*

LADY WILLBURG, *Her Mother*

MISS GARNISH, *Sister to Garnish*

BETSY, *Sir Hugh's Chambermaid*

GUESTS, OFFICERS, SERVANTS, ETC.

SCENE, LONDON. TIME 1851

ACT I.

SCENE: *A reception room in Lady Willburg's house. Garnish and Miss Garnish discovered. Lord Rew enters and then retreats.*

MISS G. Lord Rew, Lord Rew, for pity sake, come back! You would not leave me alone with my brother? [*Lord Rew returns*]²

GAR. What a prudent young innocent! Come back, Rew; she's afraid of the scandal.—Her honor hangs by such a thread.

LORD R. [*Returning*] Garnish is such an uncertain, hard-mouthed brute. Could not hold him for a minute.

MISS G. He promised to behave himself, if I would take him out.

GAR. That's a fib, Hetty. I had to give you a hundred pounds before you got into the carriage.³

LORD R. See that! He's off. Don't tell me his points, Miss Garnish. I've known him from a foal. He'd run away with a prizefighter. It's a hollow thing—indeed it is. [*L.2.E. going*]⁴

MISS G. My lord, 'tis scarcely fair to make game of my brother's infirmities. The poor fellow!—I have some feeling, sir. [*Weeps*]

LORD R. There! woman's old trick! [*Aside*] Come ashore, come ashore, Miss Garnish! Only leave the water, and I'll stand here, till my legs let down. I'm not in the best sorts today; little off my feed. The more I coax, the worse she goes. [*Aside*] Now, my dear Miss Garnish—

GAR. What is Hetty crying about? Don't get excited, Rew. She always crys for what she wants: She'd grin for it⁵ as easily—if she had better teeth.

MISS G. Grin! You brute! [*Rising and going down C.*]

GAR. See that. She can blow as well as rain.

MISS G. Will you leave Garnish alone, my lord?

LORD R. Certainly. Lady Willburg shown yet?

MISS G. Not yet.

LORD R. Rylton and Lucy are off at last. All made public—too bad.

GAR. Isn't it dreadful, Hetty? So young too! Poor Lucy!⁶

LORD R. What's the matter? Marriage is as common as flats at Epsom.

GAR. Why, you spoke as if she were to be hung, drawn and quartered.

LORD R. Pshaw! too bad to match her with that spooney, Rylton.⁷

GAR. Oh! that's all. I thought—

Miss G. Garnish! You grow worse as you grow older.⁸ You have driven all my friends from me—you have driven me into three nervous fevers, and you'll drive me into my grave at last. [*Aside to Garnish*]

GAR. Will I? Deduct the cost of a stylish funeral then, and see how rich I'd be, Rew. My! Hetty, what a lying tomb stone I'd put over you! As full of virtues as a quack's label. Just think of the grief you'd give the newspapers! "Miss Garnish departed this life full of years and honors—"

LORD R. Poh! poh! Garnish, you haven't the heart of a plough-horse.

GAR. When you were playing piquet with me—

LORD R. [*Aside to him*] Not a word about the cards.

GAR. I wasn't going to tell what you won. Lord Rew said that you were the only heavy drag on my property; and if heaven would be merciful enough to take you away, I ought not to make an Irish wake of your funeral,⁹ or—¹⁰

LORD R. Garnish, my hair turns with horror.

GAR. What a credit to your barber! That wig—

LORD R. Can't stand this spurring, Miss Garnish. The fellow's worse than Tiffany at the last quarter. [*Enter Lady Willburg, L.2.E.*]

LADY W. Excuse me for detaining you. What has disturbed Miss Garnish and Lord Rew? [*Aside*]

LORD R. Hem! Hem! [*Going down L. of her*] Hem! Hem! Hope we find your ladyship in tip-top condition.

LADY W. I have almost a superfluity of health and vivacity.

GAR. Does your ladyship never feel a little flighty of mornings? You know 'tis in your family. Your mother died in a—

Miss G. [*Aside to Garnish*] For Heaven's sake, Garnish!

GAR. You told me so yourself. Where's the harm? If Lady Willburg did rob her poor mother of her wits, I am sure no one would accuse her of having kept them.¹¹

LADY W. You were observing, Lord Rew?

LORD R. Glad to hear the affair between Miss Lucy and Mr. Rylton is to come off so soon. Rylton is a nice catch—

LADY W. Nice catch!

LORD R. Catch weight, I mean. Light hand—a perfect feather.

GAR. You told Hetty he was spooney! Didn't he, Hetty? What difference can his weight make to Lady Willburg? Is he to jockey her in a hurdle race?

LADY W. [*Turning a little up stage*] If you will desert us, Mr. Garnish?—

GAR. I was not going.

Miss G. Yes, yes! You know you have an engagement at Tattersalls.

GAR. Have I? Oh, well, I suppose I had better go and buy another horse. [Crosses to L.C. between Rew and Miss Garnish] I don't see the sense of it, Hetty. You send me there one day to buy a horse, and the next day to sell him. But I'll go.—Hetty, shall I carry your bundle of rouge home for you? [Loud and pointedly]

LORD R. Hurry, Garnish; Mulberry is under the hammer by this time. Nicest beast you ever pulled a rein over.

GAR. A horse of yours, I suppose. Do you understand this, old fellow? [Motions as if dealing cards] I'll be there. What a row Hetty would make if she knew! [Exit L.2.E.]

LORD R. [Aside] Bolted at last. [Turns up stage a little]

MISS G. [Aside] Oh, bless me! [Takes stage a little to R.]

LADY W. [Aside] What a relief! [Going down stage 2 or 3 paces L.H. to give Rew the opportunity of going down center. L.2.E. Enter Servant, and gives a card to Lady Willburg]

LADY W. [Reads] Mr. Galldove! Are you acquainted?

LORD R. Sired by old Galldove—that side of the stock was always tricky; dam, own sister to Sir Hugh Blumer—that's better blood. Just returned from a canter over Italy.

MISS G. A vastly agreeable man; but no match—none whatever.¹²

LADY W. Mr. Rylton's cousin. I am at home. [Exit Servant L.2.E.]

MISS G. He left England in a hurry, some years ago, and with a terrible character—perfectly shocking. A delightful man, nevertheless. [Enter Gall-dove. L.2.E.]

GAL. Lady Willburg! Just as I left her, Heaven knows how many years ago.

LADY W. Indeed, sir? [Aside] He talks of me as if I were an Egyptian mummy in a remarkable state of preservation!

GAL. Ah! But your ladyship must remember that your absence has measured my time. What a long year would that be on which the sun never shone!

LORD R. [Aside to Miss Garnish] Bless his impudence. The old lady bolts it all too!

MISS G. [Aside to him] Did you ever hear such gross stuff? Why, my poor friend, Lady Willburg, has gone all to pieces in the last few years.

GAL. Miss Garnish, too. Still torturing the poor men!¹³

LADY W. [Aside] With her odious attentions.

GAL. As cruel a belle as ever, no doubt! When will you bless somebody with that bewitching little hand?

LADY W. [Aside] When somebody will indulge her with an opportunity.

LORD R. [Aside] He talks like a parrot. It's pretty poll to everybody.

GAL. You were a standing toast with our English Club, in Italy. "Miss Garnish!" with all the honors.

MISS G. You are too kind, Mr. Galldove.

GAL. *[Aside]* Am I?

LORD R. Phew! This fellow can distance the devil at his own race.

GAL. I have found all my friends at once. I am delighted to see your lordship. *[To Rew]* By the by, can you tell me which horse will win the St. Leger? You know they call you an oracle in such matters. I must bet a little; though I might stake my whole estate on your judgment, without fear of loss. Ah! *[Aside]* there is more truth there than I meant. Now, come, come, do let me behind the curtain—just a peep—a hint. Lord Southgate told me of your remarkable prophecy about the Doncaster.

LORD R. *[Aside]* The devil he did! The fellow won all I lost.

MISS G. *[Aside to Lady Willburg]* Poor Rew! that race nearly sent him to the Continent.

LORD R. Well, well; if my book had only changed with my judgment.

MISS G. *[Aside to Lady Willburg]* Just as the horses were coming in.

GAL. What then, my lord?

LORD R. That puppy, Southgate, would have had less to say about it—by a damned sight! Excuse me, ladies.

GAL. Ah! these little slips will happen, even with prophets.

LORD R. Judgment is a good horse to back; but, on the whole, I don't know but that the winner is better.

GAL. A very sapient idea, my lord; and very clearly expressed.

LORD R. *[Aside]* A handy fellow, on my soul! I'll put him on the visitor's list at the "Jockey."¹⁴ *[Re-enter Garnish]*

LADY W. *[Aside]* That horror again!

MISS G. *[Aside]* My incubus!

LORD R. Girth's broke.

GAR. No sale at Tattersall's today. Did you think this was the first of April? Who's that, Hetty?

MISS G. Mr. Galldove.

GAR. What, old Thingumabob's nephew? Are you the man that ruined yourself: Why, you don't look seedy. What do you live on now?

GAL. Upon what will never support you—my wits. Faith, you deserved it, Garnish—upon my life you did! Ha! Ha! excuse my freedom. *[Laughing]* Ever facetious, I see. They told all your jokes in Italy.

GAR. Did they? People call me a fool here, because I am too honest for their wisdom. I think of printing "fool" on my forehead some day—

GAL. As a warning to honesty?

GAR. Yes.

GAL. That were superfluous. Nature has been so provident towards you.

GAR. Why, yes; she's not ashamed of her folly, but she takes care to hide her villainy snugly enough; Hey, Mr. Galldove, you know—don't you? [Exit to L.H. meaningly]

GAL. [Aside to Lord Rew] That's "awful Garnish," is it? His nickname must have fallen from Heaven.

LADY W. Can you inform us who the Countess di Cespo is?

GAL. Indeed I cannot. Probably she is from the north of Italy; I resided in the south. Did she bring no letters? [Crosses to center]

MISS G. To everybody.

LADY W. The most unexceptionable letters from Lord Merry and Sir John Fouth. But Lord Merry has undertaken a long peregrination into Persia, and Sir John was unfortunately destroyed, by a casualty, the day after his letters were addressed.

GAL. [Aside] The day before, if I remember rightly.

LADY W. We are becoming slightly suspicious of foreigners in society.

GAL. Very justly, very justly, madam. Prince Français sent over his valet, letters and all, as Count Somebody, just for the joke's sake. You know François hates everything English, from a line of battle ship to a bottle of Harvey's sauce. He takes the *Times* to burn it unread; eats beef, against his taste, simply¹⁵ because it reminds him of a slaughtered bull; buys a picture of the Queen to practise at with pistols; and has actually gone so far as to translate Shakespeare¹⁶ into his abominable language, for the purpose of depreciating a fame as immortal as the stars! The valet was the crowning victory, however. The sham count took; and carried back to his princely master a huge bundle of love-letters from half the fairer side of the Court.

GAR. And some from the uglier side. Hetty, don't you remember the moustache you wrote a sonnet to?

MISS G. Good Heaven, Garnish!

GAL. I should not wonder if this Countess di Cesto—

MISS G. Cespo, Cespo, Mr. Galldove.

GAL. Ah! Cespo. I should not wonder, if she were some adventuress.

LADY W. The countess is certainly a lady.

LORD R. Thoroughbred.

MISS G. A belle, sir.

GAL. Have you abdicated the kingdom of hearts to a stranger?

MISS G. Ah! Mr. Galldove.

LORD R. She walked round the course. No entries against her.

GAL. [Aside] All goes fair.

LORD R. She dances like Franconi's gelding.

MISS G. Sings so charmingly!

LADY W. Performs everything which she undertakes so admirably!

GAL. Indeed?

GAR. I don't like her singing and dancing, Hetty. She sings as if her heart were sticking in her throat, and dances as if it were in her shoe, and getting trodden upon. My! what a sorrowful way of being gay she has!

GAL. [Aside] The fool sees beyond them all. But, Mr. Garnish—

LORD R. [Aside to Galldove] For Heaven's sake don't rouse him. You cannot know his temper.—Headstrong as a ram. [Enter Servant and gives card to Lady Willburg]

LADY W. The Countess herself! At home, assuredly. [Exit Servant, L.2.E.]

GAR. Talk of the dev—

MISS G. [Going to window] Garnish, Garnish! is that horse running away?

GAR. [Following her] Horses don't run away with a brewer's dray and six barrels behind them.

MISS G. Don't they?

GAR. No, you goose! [Enter Teresa Cespo, L.2E.]

LADY W. I am delighted with your visit, madam.

TER. [Aside] He's here! Had I but known it! Why will he not look at me? It gives me much pleasure—[Aside] Oh, this vile masquerade—to return your ladyship's visit this early. I—[Aside] How can he feign so? Miss Garnish, Lord Rew, good morning!

LADY W. Allow me, countess, to present Mr. Galldove.

TER. [Sighing] Ah!

GAL. [Aside to Teresa] Teresa!

LADY W. You sigh?

TER. I was thinking of home. I have heard of Mr. Galldove in Italy.

GAL. You flatter me.

TER. Sir, you will flatter me more by valuing my esteem.

GAR. [Aside to Galldove] Hey! Mr. Galldove, that was a pretty dash! I'd give my ears for half so much.

GAL. [Aside to Garrish] What, no more, sir? You underrate her smiles. Ears are no ornaments to certain heads. I have seen a creature that would part with his, and thank the taker.

GAR. Oh, what, an ass?

GAL. How apt you are at guessing! [Enter Rylton and Fernwood, L.2E.]

RYL. All hail to Fernwood! safely back again from his long travels. Gentlemen, tremble before your master—ladies, salute your idol! [All bow to

Fernwood] I pulled our stock and stone in here, by main force, like a good pagan. Look what a stormy brow he wears! Something sits heavily on his mind today. Therefore hope nothing from his golden mouth; if he should only roll his sacred eyes, be happy, and adore.¹⁷

FERN. Pshaw! Rylton, Rylton, what a light thing you are!

RYL. To weight against your leaden majesty. The Countess and my cousin! What a fool I am!

FERN. I always said so.

RYL. What a nose for fools! But that's no wonder with your practice.

FERN. Why?

RYL. You have one under it from morn till night.¹⁸ Pardon me, Countess, but we all love Mr. Fernwood so much that we are proud to parade our feelings.

TER. A strange parade for love.

RYL. This dress is motly; but the heart beneath takes no taint from the coat.¹⁹ Fernwood, allow me to introduce you to my cousin, Mr. Galldove—He has—

FERN. [Starting] Who?

GAL. How have I offended the idol? Good Magog—

FERN. Sir, this banter, though harmless from a friend, is insult from a—from a stranger. [Aside to Rylton] What is his name?

RYL. Thomas Galldove, Esquire, late from Italy.

FERN. From Italy! What part?

RYL. Taranto.

FERN. So! your cousin?

RYL. Heavens! Fernwood, what's the matter now?

FERN. Nothing, nothing.

RYL. A very remarkable nothing. Let me feel your pulse.

FERN. Pshaw! a mistake. Excuse my rudeness, Mr. Galldove, [crosses to him] I made a painful error²⁰ in your name.

GAL. Nay, sir, I am glad my poor name could awaken such interest in you. An acquaintance so strangely begun, should have no common issue. You shall not purchase my forgiveness, however, by anything less than your friendship. [*Fernwood turns away; Galldove regarding him amazedly*]

FERN. Lady Willburg, who—who is that lady near the table?

GAR. Why, Mr. Fernwood, what have you been drinking?

LADY W. Allow me to present you. [*Going slightly up to Fernwood*]

FERN. Yes, at once—at once.

RYL. Farewell, Fernwood, I am going to find a comfortable asylum for you.

FERN. Madam, I wait for you.

RYL. Is the man sane? No word for me? Why, Fernwood!

FERN. Well, well, madam!

RYL. Why, Fernwood, Fernwood!

FERN. Well, sir!

RYL. A fair day to you, and a clearer brain. [*Exit, L.2E., bowing to others*]

FERN. [*Takes stage a little L.H.*] Now, Lady Willburg. [*Crosses with Lady Willburg to Teresa*]

LADY W. [*Introducing them*] My friend, Mr. Fernwood, Countess di Cespo.

FERN. Good Heaven, as I feared!

LADY W. Mr. Fernwood!

GAR. Drunk! that's clear.

MISS G. Strange conduct for a gentleman, Mr. Galldove.

GAL. For a gentleman! What—who—whence came that man?

MISS G. You equal him in passion.

GAL. I, what, I! Oh, no. [*Laughing*] But to a lady—See how they stare at each other. Dumb as death!

MISS G. As pale, too.

GAL. 'S blood!²¹ shall I trip at the first step? She speaks. [*Aside*]

TER. Your friend seems moved, my lady. Pray, sir, have you known me before?

GAL. [*Aside*] So! well done, Terry—better than I hoped for.

FERN. [*Crossing to Teresa*] No, not before; or, if I have known you, not thus. [*Crosses to R.C.*]

GAL. [*Aside*] Dared I but speak. Oh, furies! should she forget herself.

FERN. Chance likenesses are strange. I knew a maid, a simple country girl, who much resembled you.

TER. A sorry compliment.

GAL. [*Aside*] Brava. Well played!

FERN. Thus was it. Far away, in Italy—

TER. In Italy? My country.

GAL. [*Aside*] She's gone! Green, half-ripe fool, would you had rotted in the bud! I must—²² In what part, sir? [*Crosses to L.C.*]

FERN. Come not too near me! By yon blessed light,

Your life is trembling in the scales of fate!

GAL. This is outrageous!

FERN. Pardon me again:
 You broke upon my story.
 Thus was it, lady.—Upon a narrow arm
 Of that wide sea, whose mournful waters sigh
 Around the fading things, with which old Rome
 Strewed, in her lavish grandeur, Italy—
 A maiden lived. Her father, mother, brother
 Dwelt in the cot, but she was star of all.
 Their cot was built between two stately columns,
 Whose fluted shafts the senatorial purple
 Had brushed in former days; and over it
 Hung a vast sculptured frieze, threatening the roof
 With sudden rain.

TER. *[Aside]* My home, my home!

GAL. *[Aside to her]* Teresa!

FERN. The maiden's father died; her mother drooped,
 And followed her old mate; her brother drowned
 Far from his home, upon some stormy coast:
 So she was left alone; with nothing but
 The time-notched pillars and the dusty frieze,
 With a stray flower or two, for friends. But hark!
 Draw nearer, Galldove—listen, lady, listen;
 For this lone maid was wonderous, like yourself
 In more than feature.—An infernal villain—
 With all the vices of the neighboring town
 Crammed in a heart that harmonized with guilt,
 And fed upon it as a natural food—
 Stole to her side!—Fair promises, fair words;
 And so she fell!

TER. 'Tis false!

GAL. *[Aside]* Fool, fool!

FERN. Ha! what do you know?

TER. Oh, nothing; but that the tale seemed false.

GAL. *[Aside]* Good, good! Give me a woman for deceit.

FERN. Too true. When next I met her what did I behold?—Can you tell,
 Mr. Galldove?

GAL. 'S death, not I! I have no knack at getting up romances.

FERN. Indeed! You have a most fictitious look.

Then I will tell you Galldove: I beheld
 That once pure nature sunk beneath the wretch

With whom she wandered. Ay, that pliant girl
 Was a mere tool—a thing to use and spurn—
 In the foul fingers of her wronger. She,
 Without the courage to commit a crime—
 Without the merit that may be in guilt—
 Became an humble instrument, and worked
 The loathsome purposes she dared not plan—
 Away, Teresa Cespo!

TER. Hear me—oh! [*She faints and is supported by Galldove*]

FERN. The game is up! Look, Galldove, to yourself! [*Exit L.2E.*]

GAR. Come back!—Tell us another story, Fernwood,—do!

TABLEAU

ACT II.

SCENE I: *A boudoir in Teresa Cespo's lodgings. Teresa and Galldove discovered seated.*²³

GAL. You wrote the note?

TER. Yes.

GAL. No answer yet?

TER. None. He may reply in person.

GAL. True. 'Tis plain this madman takes a powerful interest in you,²⁴ and should you have a chance of pleading face to face, 'tis all the world to nothing that you win.²⁵ This we must have by some means—his promise, his binding promise not to betray us.

TER. But how?

GAL. Pish!—let me see. Flirt—make love to him; or meet his love with comfort; or damn it! do something!

TER. Galldove!

GAL. Oh! not in earnest. Men are so weak, so vain. A little female flattery turned Anthony to cutting Roman throats. You know the story. That brown Egyptian thing was a mere tulip to my queenly rose. [*They rise and advance*]

TER. Love is too holy a thing for such false uses.

GAL. Out on your drowsy sentiment! Talk sense, plain sense—the wholesome mother of strong deeds. Bah! you would dream, and dream, letting this fair world slide through your listless hands, for want of power to close them.²⁶

TER. Nay; be not angry. What am I to do if he refuse?

GAL. I'll care for him then.

TER. You would not harm him?

GAL. Did I say I would?

TER. He looked so kindly on me, while his words scorched to my very heart; within his eyes there dwelt a dove-like pity that disarmed his cruellest rage.²⁷

GAL. Dreaming again!²⁸ Who is this Fernwood? Why, he drew your wretched hut as if the air were canvas, and his tongue a painter's pencil.

TER. Heaven knows! Now I remember, once there was
A peasant lad who used to come by stealth,
And lean his pale cheeks 'gainst the orange blossoms,
Which hedged my father's house, for hours together:
And I have often watched the deep, full gleam
Of his dark eyes, that wandered after me—
Two brighter stars amid the glimmering flowers—
Resting on nothing but my humble self,
While all the glorious land of Italy
Was spread before them.

The neighbors said he loved me too:
But he was shy, and never spoke to me—
It may be he. Ah! that was long ago:
I was a child, and he scarce more. 'Tis he,
Perhaps;—Yet Fernwood is an English name;
I have forgotten the boy's. He seemed to pity me.

GAL. Pity!

TER. I have great need of it.

GAL. Perchance he loves you. If he does—

TER. Would you not be jealous?

GAL. I—how—I!

TER. I should be in your place. I have a heart—

GAL. Praise be Heaven, then, I have none, if that directs your tongue.²⁹

TER. You wrong yourself!²⁹

GAL. You have my heart—There, don't wrangle, Terry dear. You have it. Fernwood, Fernwood? Who the devil can Fernwood be? Have you seen Rylton?

TER. Once or twice.

GAL. A handsome fellow—a brave handsome fellow, as honest as the sun. Do you not think so?

TER. Passable.

GAL. Nay, very handsome. But curse, curse his honesty! He thrives upon it, while I wither—³⁰

TER. What means all this? Why these vague questions? Why did you bind me to be ruled by you, then tricked me out as a countess—me, poor me; —and worst of all made us in public, strangers? I will not bear it longer, without a reason.

GAL. Will not, hey? Go out and starve then.

TER. I would rather starve with you than flourish thus. Whence comes the money to support my irksome grandeur?

GAL. Starve with me! I have no appetite for starving. As for how we live —we live upon my brains. That's a rare diet, but far more solid than the heart you talk about.³¹

TER. But why do I play countess, while you seem sunk almost to the dregs of penury?

GAL. These matters will explain themselves one day. Now, dear Teresa, do not vex yourself about my plans; but, as you love me, only further them.

TER. What are your plans? I will be answered!

GAL. So willful! well, well; but should you hint them, love, I do not know what ill might not befall you.

TER. Misfortune breeds misfortunes, sorrow, sorrows. Care has a most familiar look to me; I have known him from my cradle.—Oh, fie! I vex you. I have done.

GAL. Rylton and I are cousins—I, the elder—both bound by equal ties of blood to Sir Hugh Blumer. I am the natural, Rylton the real heir to our uncle's wealth. By some foul parchment or other,³² Sir Hugh has the power —but, mark me, not the right, if he were just—to name his heir. So he and Rylton 'twixt them—curse them both!—withhold my just inheritance, roll in my gold, and leave me here to beg. I would reclaim my right. Now do you understand all that?

TER. Most clearly. You would not right yourself by wronging Rylton?

GAL. Wrong him! How can I? He wrongs me—flourishes upon his wrongs to me—without so much as "By your leave" or "Thank you." [Crosses to R.H.]

TER. But how am I concerned?

GAL. Patience sees everything. 'S death! do you doubt my honor?

TER. Forgive my questions. I would not cross you. Doubtless you are right. We will toil together in this good cause; if my poor hands have any power for you—ay, and you say they have—Oh, happy thought! You will grow rich; and then—

GAL. [Over towards R.H.] Hist, Terry, hist! [Enter a servant, L.C.]

SER. Mr. Fernwood. [*Enter Fernwood*]

FERN. Good day, my lady! I am here; following the man who bore your note. Ha! Mr. Galldove? By the by, I owe you an apology for my strange conduct at Lady Willburg's. My brain is no better than my neighbor's; it will wander sometimes.

GAL. Sometimes it wanders on forbidden grounds; a trespass by law.

FERN. What did I say? These fits are like dreams; I forget them as soon as they are over. I have explained my vagary to our friends.³²

GAL. [*Aside to Teresa*] Be on your guard, Teresa: trust dies in ditches.

FERN. You seem to ripen your acquaintance soon. Whispering!

GAL. My introduction dates with yours, and you are strangely forward. Some men we trust at once, others never. Sir, I would know you better.

FERN. As I would you.—Much better. Would you not trust him, Countess?

Ter. With all my heart.

FERN. I thought so.

GAL. [*Crossing to center*] Excuse me, Countess. Mr. Fernwood, I have the happiness of leaving you—[*Fernwood looks surprised*] in the best company. [*Exit L.C.*]

FERN. Teresa Cespo—

TER. You forget my title.

FERN. Would to Heaven, you might forget it!

TER. Your thoughts wander again.

FERN. Ay, now they wander to a happy maiden who sang from Tasso, while her little herd nibbled the grass before her—to a holy maiden who, when the drowsy chimes came humming through the distance to her ears, sank down upon her knees beneath pure Heaven, with no more guile than her white yearling lambs. But the dream breaks; and I behold before me a woman deeply read in crime, and guileful as the Tempter. Do you know her?—A maid who left her flock and evening prayers, to herd with frauds and worship wickedness?

TER. You wrong me basely! Mercy! Who are you that draw these tears from me? [*Weeps*]

FERN. A friend—that sacred name stands next to His who is the friend of all. One who over Italy tracked you in vain, to find you here the plaything of a sensualist; sharing the honors of his meats and wines, and no more cared for.

TER. False, from first to last!

FERN. What, dare you—

TER. Sir, I dare say anything in defense of my slandered purity.

FERN. You do not mean—

TER. That in all save loving—and who that has a heart will blame me there?—I am as stainless as the Heaven which hears my solemn declaration. [*Sinks on her knees*]

FERN. Leap to my heart, and let it welcome you! No, no; the time is not ripe yet. [*Aside*]

TER. [*Rising*] Sir, are you mad? What do these passions mean? You are presuming on a nature weakened with many griefs.

FERN. To try innocence is to set a crown upon its brow.³³ Answer me, and answer truly; or I will blazon Galldove's tricks, until the world turn on him as one man. Deceit is useless; all your history is open to me.

TER. Then all our history will prove but this—that there are no such things as tricks in Mr. Galldove.

FERN. How came you in his hands?

TER. I—

FERN. Does that blush mean you love him?

TER. You know.

FERN. Oh! bitter fate! [*Aside*] Do you not see the danger you incur? Do—

TER. What danger?

FERN. His loathsome love.

TER. Would I could hate you! what is there in you that makes me bear those insults with tame patience? But I can smile at all you say of him, and of his love to me; for him and it I know.

FERN. And him and it I know! Foul-handed ruffian, working with a thing which angels name with reverence! Has the human heart fallen to such gross abuses?

TER. Base, base thought! Indeed you do not understand him. I would have you friends, and yet, I know not why; but I would have it so.³⁴

FERN. What signs of his affection does he show?

TER. I am not practised in the ways of love. His brain is full, he has not time for me. You tax me sadly, sir. Must it be proven? Would it not puzzle you to tell me why you hate him?

FERN. [*Aside*] Love feeds on nothing, and is feasted.—Teresa, I love you.

TER. I knew you did. How else could I have trusted you? Promise me something.

FERN. Anything.

TER. Not to betray us.

FERN. Us! Galldove, you mean. Unless you wish it, never. You live apart?

TER. Oh, joy! he is safe; and I have saved him!

FERN. Do you live apart?

TER. Ah, yes; he is a mile away. I seldom see him.

FERN. Keep him there. His safety rests upon your honor. [Aside] Can this strange tale be true? It is! or sin has stamped a lie upon the whitest piece of purity man ever gazed on. [Enter Galldove and Rylton]

RYL. Here is the lunatic. An almanac! How stands the moon? We must address him by the calendar. Have you a dry, hot harvest madness now, or a dull watery fit? How goes it?

FERN. Thanks to this lady, sane once more. How, Mr. Galldove, back again? Two visits in one hour!

GAL. Rylton persuaded me to come.

RYL. No; you persuaded me.

GAL. Well, 'twas in some such way. Gods! if that man were dead! [Aside]

FERN. [Crosses to Galldove] Doubtless, doubtless. [Aside to Galldove] Galldove, you blunder sadly.

GAL. [Taking Fernwood aside] 'Ods mercy! who are you that tutor me?

FERN. One who knows your ways, my little man. Respect yon lady, or a new cell in Newgate shall be tenanted. Nay, do not frown. Go on, work all your aims: your way is clear, though somewhat crooked. Remember, no liberties with her. Do you hear, sir?

GAL. Yes, yes; but would not. 'Sdeath! sir—

FERN. Come, no fine rages. Why did you bring Teresa here?

GAL. She stuck to me; I could not get her off. 'Twas not my fault. Heaven knows I would be rid of her, if that may please you.

FERN. We shall meet again, fool, coward, liar! [Exit C.D.]

GAL. [Aside] Oh, damn you, beast! May every word come back to you a several poison!—Cousin, will you be kind enough to tell me who Mr. Fernwood is?

RYL. A man who has seen and learned everything between the poles. One who has driven the Esquimaux's dogs, mounted the Arab's mares, passed untasted through the Cannibals, drank water at Niagara, and tea at Pekin. One who has sailed through the mouth of the Niger, paddled in the head waters of the Nile. One who has thrown a Patagonian, lighted his chibouque with the Koran, eaten pork with a Rabbi, and pulled the great Tartar by the beard. A man of no particular age, and no particular country. He was born on the water with Noah, and will probably hobble at the Millennium. In short, a gentleman: who could say more?⁸⁵

GAL. I do not think so.

RYL. What? the man who traduces him, strikes me a blow.

TER. You certainly will not deny Mr. Fernwood's gentility?

GAL. Oh no; I spoke at random. I would not offend you, cousin, think as I may. 'Tis true I do not like him as—

RYL. By that admission you deny yourself all claim to my respect.

TER. You cavil at a broken phase.

GAL. Indeed he does.³⁶ I meant to say, that I do not like him as well as you, perhaps; but, yet I like him vastly—vastly. You are too headlong for me, cousin. I'll call for you shortly. You know I dine with you! for I, alas, have no table of my own. Will I intrude?

RYL. What, intrude on my beef and port! No, no; you are welcome.

GAL. Thank you, thank you cousin. I have not dined since I left Italy—ah! ah! [Sighs and exit]

RYL. So wretched, and I know nothing of it! This must be looked to. Sir Hugh has some old prejudices against poor Tom, but he will surely help him at his need; and if he will not, let Galldove share my purse. Bless me, Countess, I am soliloquizing openly.

TER. And nobly. [Aside] Can Galldove wish the ruin of this man?³⁷

RYL. Has such a trifle pleased you?

TER. 'Tis more than pleasure: It uplifts my soul to recognize such greatness.

RYL. Dear lady—

TER. But he—Mr. Galldove, I mean—deserves this at your hands. He speaks so well of you: praises your candor, your integrity, your very person; and in his commendation I join most heartily.³⁸

RYL. You dress my beggarly deeds in so royal a guise, as to make them seem almost ridiculous. He is my cousin;³⁹ and some family pride is therefore blent with my desire to aid him.⁴⁰

TER. If the just homage, which I pay your generosity is displeasing, I will lock it in my heart for other ears than yours.

RYL. [Aside] Her heart! What the deuce does the woman mean? Galldove is almost a stranger to her. Can all this be for me? Marry, Mr. Rylton, what a ladykiller you are becoming! Poh! nonsense! perhaps I have done some wonder without knowing it.—Lady, if there were more to encourage goodness, as you do, sin would be a scarcer commodity in this peddling world. Let us be friends.

TER. Most cheerfully. Would I had more such! [Offers her hand, which he kisses respectfully. At this moment, enter Galldove, Sir Hugh Blumer, Lady Willburg, Lucy Willburg, Miss Garnish, Lord Rew and Garnish]

GAL. [Starting and almost treading on the feet of Lord Rew] Ha! we have spoilt our welcome.

SIR H. How?

LUCY. What did you say, sir?

GAR. What did you jump at? Have you fits, as you say Fernwood has?⁴¹

LADY W. Preposterous! Mr. Galldove, I have a nervous system.

LORD R. What's loose? Have you cast a shoe? You nearly shied over me.

[Turns up R.C.]

GAL. You surprise me. I was not aware that I did anything in particular
—Ah! [Sighs]

LADY W. Explain yourself, Mr. Galldove.

GAL. I cry you mercy! What a to-do about nothing! [Aside to Lucy] Did you not see!

TER. Welcome, ladies and gentlemen! You make a flattering show in honor of my poor house.

GAR. Yes; we always go in flocks, on the birds-of-a-feather principle.

MISS G. [Aside to him] Do hold your tongue, Garnish.

GAR. [Aside to her] Do go to the devil, Hetty! when I hear something better than my own conversation, I will stop. [They seat themselves, all talk together, at the back of the scene]

SIR H. [Advancing] Galldove, a word with you.

GAL. [Advancing] Am I not your nephew, Uncle?

SIR H. My sister was your mother—much to her discredit, I think. [Aside]

GAL. You will not forget my mother, when you speak to her own son?

SIR H. 'Ods love! I do though: you are so unlike her.

GAL. Am I? I would give the world to resemble her, Uncle.

SIR H. [Aside] The fellow has some feeling after all—why?

GAL. It might insure me some share of your affection.

SIR H. Or of my property.

GAL. By Heaven, 'tis ungenerous to make my poverty my reproach!

SIR H. The vices that begot your want are so many just reproaches.

GAL. Misfortunes, not vices, ruined me. I could have explained all this. Now, by all my sufferings, I never will, even to regain the only thing I prize—your cruelly prejudiced heart.

SIR H. [Aside] His passion seems honest. But Galldove—

GAL. I wish none of your charity, to disgrace my mother's memory. I cannot speak without your suspicion, therefore let all intercourse between us cease.

SIR H. Do you hope by headstrong passion—

GAL. Sir, I spoke without design. I hope nothing, I ask nothing. All I desire is to be allowed to suffer, without being forced to bear the unnatural sneers of my only relative.⁴²

SIR H. Nay, nephew, nephew.

GAL. You forget, sir; I am a villain—a poor villain. Is it the villainy or the poverty which you loathe so much?

SIR H. Indeed, I had no wish to hurt your feelings. You know we have never agreed since you ruined poor Mary, my farmer's child.

GAL. Another slander!

SIR H. But she charged you.

GAL. Her seducer forced her to do that. I am always a victim for the crimes of my friends—Heaven help me! There is a certain gentleman who might tell you more—if he would.

SIR H. Do you mean Rylton?

GAL. Oh, no; I am always blurting out something. I wish I were a fine, glossy gentleman, with a surface that reflects the world around so beautifully, and hides all that is within:—in faith, I do. Well, well, let us bury the past. Poor Mary! You remember how she used to skip along the hawthorn hedge, as white as the buds about her—ay, and as pure—as if nature's hand had just dropped among the flowers. Poor Mary—ah, poor Mary! She drowned herself, did she not? I wonder how her betrayer sleeps o' nights.

SIR H. [Aside] He must be innocent.—Look you, nephew, I have wronged you in one thing; perhaps in all. Here is my hand.

GAL. [Taking his hand timidly] You are the only friend I have—on earth. [Weeps]

SIR H. Poor fellow! Bah! bah! we are both fit for a nursery. Come, let me settle an income on you. You will not refuse five hundred or so a year? That's but a trifle, nothing to make you feel obliged.

GAL. No, sir; I'd rather beg! You will say tomorrow, that I ensnared you in your own goodness.

SIR H. If I do, hang me!

GAL. Pray excuse me, dear Uncle. Your love contents me. I can work along: I am used to living on nothing. [Aside] Five hundred—Curse his impudence! Does he take me for a wornout lackey?

SIR H. Gods, sir! would you disgrace your family? Take the thousand pounds, or I will—damn it! I don't know what I'll do!

GAL. [Aside] The old wretch is improving. A hundred would suffice my little wants; even that—

SIR H. Zounds! You dictate what use I shall make of my money! If you will not accept the fifteen hundred pounds, I shall swear you are too proud to love me.

GAL. [Aside] Hum! fifteen hundred pounds—that may do.—You shall never say it, dear Uncle, though I must humble my pride to receive your bounty. Gratitude—

SIR H. Damn gratitude! Your cheques will be honored at my bankers. Pluck up, nephew, pluck up! Life shall smile for you again. [Going] Excuse me ladies. [Aside] Could he have meant Rylton? Poor Mary, indeed!

RYL. [Going up] Uncle, Uncle—

SIR H. [Regarding him fiercely] Sir! [Exit C.L.]

RYL. Hillo! has your dog bitten you? [Advances]

GAL. [Aside] Thus do I twirl humanity around this little finger.

RYL. What were you and my uncle talking about?

GAL. He is my uncle too. Both you and he seem to forget it.

RYL. Well then, precian, what were you and *our* uncle talking about?⁴³

GAL. About the price of straws in Florence.

RYL. Straws in Florence!

GAL. Straw goods, forsooth. 'Tis evident you never soiled your dainty hands in trade. I was obliged to speculate with such trumpery, for a few ducats, to feed my vulgar mouth. 'Sdeath! you are always throwing my rags in my face!

RYL. Forgive me, cousin. Will Sir Hugh do nothing for you?

GAL. He offered me a beggarly hundred or two.

RYL. The squalid old brute! I'll swing him for this.

GAL. If you say a word, I'll never pardon you. Gods, sir! I have some pride left among my tatters. He measured his bounty by his affection—nothing for nothing.

RYL. He shall increase in both.⁴⁴ The mean old starver! I would not have thought this, for twice his fortune.

GAL. Anything dragged from him would spoil in using. Promise to say nothing. Think of my self-esteem.⁴⁵

RYL. Right, man, I respect you. But allow me to help you along a little, and to speak well of you to Sir Hugh: there's no harm in that. [Gives a pocket-book] Now, now don't be angry. You can pay me when you please, and borrow what you like in the meantime. Why Tom, Tom, you are my cousin. You and our uncle make up for brother and father to me.⁴⁶ There, don't be sullen.

GAL. God bless you, Rylton!

RYL. Tears in your eyes! Pshaw, I'll disgrace myself before the women presently. By the by, you are not acquainted with my little enchantress, Lucy!

Lucy. [Advancing. R.C.] Mr. Rylton.

RYL. What?

LUCY. Mr. Rylton.

RYL. Bitten by my uncle's dog! Have you no warmer term?

LUCY. Yes, for warmer times.

GAL. [Aside] Charming! What a pair of doves!

RYL. Oh, bless me! little Lucy in her first pet. Here Galldove, you must soften her; my wit runs out. [Aside to him] You like to keep me wooing, do you?—My cousin, Mr. Galldove, Miss Lucy Willburg. [Introducing them. Aside to her] There, I was forced to *Miss* you for etiquette's sake.

Lucy. [Aside to him] You may miss me much more, if you carry your etiquette towards others much farther.—I have had this pleasure before.

RYL. I double it then. [Aside to her] What are you driving at?

LUCY. [Aside to him] You forget your etiquette, sir. Introduce me to a gentleman, and then engross my conversation!

GAL. How pleasant are the secret ways of love!

What wonders in a whisper! What great joys,

Unknown to poorer souls, can lovers make

Out of a snowdrop melting as it falls;

Or any show that slips the common eye

For want of love's sharp vision!

What pretty lines! and, oh, how very true!

What think you Miss Lucy?

RYL. [Aside to Lucy] We'll end our battle yet, fair Amazon. [Exit C.L.]

LUCY. Mr. Galldove.

GAL. [Advancing to Lucy] Miss Willburg.

LUCY. You started, and cried "Ha!" as you came in.

GAL. I?

LUCY. Yes.

GAL. I stumbled upon something.

LUCY. What do you think it was?

GAL. I scarcely know. Something of the Countess'—perhaps her fan.

LUCY. Or, what is nearer to her—her hand.

GAL. So! My cousin has more care for that.

LUCY. Fie! sir, you make me merry.

GAL. Is it not pardonable to wring a laugh out of this wicked world? Ah!

[Sighs]

LUCY. Will you be frank?

GAL. I will be anything for you.

LUCY. What did you start at, and why?

GAL. I dare not say.

LUCY. You promised me.⁴⁷

GAL. 'Tis scarcely fair to force my thoughts from me. Did you not see?

LUCY. Yes, but 'tis your conduct I wish explained. Mr. Rylton's is above the need of it.

GAL. [Aside] What a sweet little lie!—Well, then—if you compel me to speak—when I saw Rylton kiss the Countess' hand, I thought 'twas not the manner of our time, and started,—fearing the Italian's beauty had conjured up some buried ancestor of mine.

LUCY. Not the manner of our time! I have seen such gallantry, in my young days, often—quite often.

GAL. I am glad you are satisfied.

LUCY. Perhaps it is the custom of her country.

GAL. I am almost a native of Italy, you know. Women are more chary of their favors there than here,—that is in public. Of course, my cousin was doing nothing which all the world might not have seen—with his permission.

LUCY. Of course not. [Aside] Oh, me!

GAL. Did you sigh?

LUCY. Oh, no! I have a slight neuralgic pain. 'Tis over now.

GAL. I see no harm, myself, in a gentleman's taking a lady's hand thus, [Takes her hand] and pressing it to his lips, thus—[Offers to kiss her hand, which she withdraws violently]

LUCY. Ha! ha! [Laughingly] Nor I.

GAL. Especially, if she permits it.

LUCY. True, true. I am not well. Excuse me—I shall be—I mean my mother will be pleased to see you—Indeed I am not exactly well.

GAL. A little more neuralgia, perhaps—in your left side?

LUCY. We fatigue the Countess by our stay.

GAL. We all remain too long. I have called here twice this very morning, to see my cousin.

LUCY. And found him both times, doubtless.

GAL. Yes, oh yes.

LUCY. [Aside] My heart, my heart! I'll take your arm across the room. Come Mother. [At door]

LADY W. [Aside to her] Lady Willburg, Miss Lucy. Never address me in that vulgar manner.—

LUCY. [Aside] Not one kind word for me in all the world! [Lady Willburg and Lucy bow and exit, C.]

MISS G. Come, Garnish, you grow tedious.

LORD R. [Rising] Heavy as dead weight on the last quarter.

GAR. [Starting up] Why, I've been sound asleep.

TER. A doubtful compliment.

GAL. [Going down R.] Lulled by the music of her voice,
The grisly horror sank to rest!

GAR. Poverty and poetry! Are all poets beggars?

GAL. Worse, worse; they are all thieves.

GAR. Really!

GAL. Only of ideas. Nothing which you possess is in any danger.

GAR. You'll be hung for something worse than larceny then.⁴⁸ Come along, Hetty, Mr. Galldove, I'll give you half a crown, if you'll write something lively about the courtship of old Rew and Hetty. It has been going on these twenty years, and nobody has been fool enough to say a word about it yet. You can, without losing your character.

MISS G. Oh, if I were weeping over your body!

LORD R. Well, if Garnish can't strike a merry gait, cut my best snaffle.

[Exit all but Teresa and Galldove]

GAL. [L.] Brava, brava, Teresa! Now you see the wisdom of your playing, Countess.

TER. [R.] I was happier a peasant.

GAL. Bah! you are a belle, a belle, a very despot. Your belleship has given me a start in the world, which I could never have gotten without you. Look, now; had you appeared in London as plain Teresa Cespo, you would have been worse than nothing to me.

TER. Am I a mere tool?

GAL. We are all mere tools; the greater use the less. But now you hold my fortune in your hands.

TER. You jest, to please me.

GAL. No; a word from you has lifted me to the pinnacle of fashion. Lord Haughty bows now, Lord Squalid has some pounds to lend, Duke Crafty courts me, all the world comes whimpering at my heels. What are rank, riches, talent, power, to fashion—to imperial fashion?

TER. A flimsy thing.

GAL. A solid power, in skilful hands. Here, in your house, I mingle with the world—here meet my uncle, and obtain a pension—

TER. A pension! Oh, happy fortune!

GAL. Nay, nay, 'tis not enough to marry on. A little longer, and this scanty sum shall swell, and swell, and swell—

TER. But Rylton—Are you just?

GAL. Oh, yes; he tries to buy me off. 'Sdeath! do you love him more than me? What of Fernwood?

TER. He promised all.

GAL. Victoria! He promised willingly?

TER. Without twice thinking.

GAL. Glorious! he loves you!

TER. He said as much.

GAL. Beautiful, most beautiful! What a butcher of men's hearts you are becoming! Keep him in hope—play him, Teresa. He is our only fear.

TER. How you abuse us! "Keep him in hope—play him!" He only loves me as a friend. Would I permit more?

GAL. More, or Eve's blood runs out in you. [*Aside*]

Well, well, keep your friend warm then.

He may be managed yet. Go dress yourself.

Ho! for the Court, the Park, the Opera—

The Ball, at which admiring morning winks
With playful wonder! All the world's astir.

Fashion is murmuring for its absent queen

To mount her throne, and make its state complete.

Away, away! the world is lost or won

While half its fools are sleeping! Up, awake!

Actors, not dreamers, toss this globe about!

[*Exeunt severally. Galldove R.1E. Teresa L.1E.*]

ACT III.

SCENE: *A Gaming House. Garnish and Lord Rew discovered L.H. playing at cards; others gaming at different table.*

GAR. Here, 'tis your deal. That's two thousand pounds this week. But you lost them to somebody: that's a satisfaction. You can't get ahead of me, old boy.

LORD R. Can't I? Made a turn on the St. Leger—trebled the stakes.

GAR. I am glad of that. Take good care of my money. Don't go about wasting it on horse-races and gaming tables. Did you hear the news about Fernwood?

LORD R. Mad?—got the staggers?

GAR. Worse.

LORD R. Hey!

GAR. In love.

LORD R. Poor fellow! All ended in that. With whom?

GAR. The Countess. She—

LORD R. Be hanged. Pull up, mind the game. [*They play. Enter Galldove and Rylton L.2E.*]

RYL. The silence of this place fills me with horror. A room full of men, and not one word among them all! This is terrible. Why did you bring me here?

GAL. To show you life on the darker side. Vice is like the smallpox; you must take it once, before you lose your dread of it.

RYL. Mere sophistry.

GAL. Pure common sense.

RYL. You have a loose way of touching on morality. Look around you here. See these hard faces that hang above the tables—these practical atheists who trust to chance alone. Can you not see the visible mask of hell crushing the god-like features underneath to its own horrid mould? What fearful gasps for the polluted air—what greedy clutching for the guilty gold that beggars him who gives it—what burning eyes on the devil's shining bait—what listening ears aching for sounds whose dismal sorcery makes the wild night to thicken, and the pitchy dark, grow dun as hell—what sighs come bubbling from the troubled heart—what raging oaths—what awful, awful groans! *[Crosses to R.H.]*

GAL. Save us! How you thunder at the merry world.

RYL. Galldove, here is a little picture of what your merry world would be, if chance indeed were God.

GAL. Your nurse must have been a shouting Methodist!⁴⁹ Give up your gloomy thoughts. I have a secret for you—I play.

RYL. You!

GAL. Yes; gaming has been the one curse of my unfortunate life. But your generous trust has so touched my heart, that I have brought you here to see the full depth of my infamy, as well as the glory of my reformation. Tonight I play for the last time.

RYL. Why play tonight? I have no wish to see your vice.

GAL. That is my resolution. *[Aside]* Where can Fleet be?—Promise to keep my secret.

RYL. Ah, that you have such secrets to keep! Sir Hugh would never pardon you. Galldove, this scene has drained my spirits. I know not how it is; but when I am with you, a gloom seems to gather around me, and the hand of fate seems poised above my head.

GAL. The shadow of my ill-starred life falls upon you.

RYL. Well, well, if a few pounds can purchase your release, play on.

GAL. Remember your promise.

RYL. Remember yours as well. *[Enter Captain Fleet. No. 3 Down L.H. Galldove and Fleet talk apart]*

GAL. Where the devil have you been loitering?

FLEET. You told me to leave the note at old Blumer's house: that kept me. Don't growl at five minutes.

GAL. If you do it well, all that you seem to win is yours. Can you leave London tonight?

FLEET. My horse is at the door.

GAL. Well thought. Do not begin until I give the sign.

FLEET. Sharp's the word.⁵⁰ [*Galldove and Fleet cross to Rylton No. 3*]

GAL. Mr. Rylton, Captain Fleet. The Captain has seen some service—
[*Aside*] in the French gallies.

RYL. I am happy to know you, sir.

FLEET. Yours truly, as the letters say.

GAL. [*Aside to him*] Hold your cursed vulgar tongue! Perhaps you have heard of Captain Fleet's last exploit? Now don't be modest, Captain. He led Heaven knows how many prisoners, chained together like dogs, straight through the enemy's country, and put them all aboard, despite their best exertions to escape. [*Aside to Fleet*] You led the chain-gang, did you not?

FLEET. Oh, damn it, Galldove!—

RYL. A brave exploit.

GALL. Important prisoners too, they were—Pensioners on Government.

RYL. You deserve much of your country.

GAL. His country would probably have a care of him, if it could only get hold of the facts.

FLEET. Pshaw! A mere trifle, Mr. Rylton. The fleet could not put to sea without them.

GAL. I know not which to admire more, his worth or his modesty.

FLEET. Are you for a game tonight, Mr. Rylton?

RYL. I never played a card.

FLEET. Indeed? How I should like to teach you! What you say, Mr. Galldove?

GAL. Agreed; but 'tis my last night. What shall the game be? *Vingt-et-un?*

FLEET. Certainly; here is a table. [*They seat themselves and play*]

RYL. I'll get a breath of air; this room is stifling. [*Opens a large window. R.2E.*]

GAL. Rylton, Rylton, come and look over me: you have a lucky face.

RYL. Very well, if you wish it. [*Looks on while Galldove and Fleet play*]

GAL. Will you take a card?

FLEET. Yes.

GAL. Another?

FLEET. Yes. I stand.

GAL. So do I. Nineteen.

FLEET. Twenty. I believe we play for the money?

GAL. Yes, yes. [Takes Rylton apart. R.C.] Have you anything about you?

RYL. You came ill provided for your last night.

GAL. The first hand swept my pocket. What you gave me this morning has gone to my creditors. Lord, man! I'll pay you directly. Fortune has a coquettish way of frowning at first on her favorites.

RYL. Here is my purse. [Gives purse] Lose all; but remember your pledge tomorrow.

GAL. Never fear.

FLEET. Will you talk till morning?

GAL. [Violently] What if I do?

RYL. [Crosses to table R. and returns C.] Go on with your game. [They play] A pack of cards is like a sorcerer's book, open it anywhere, and on the instant up spring a thousand fiendish passions to tear the rash intruder.

GAL. [Looking at watch] 'Tis just the hour. [Aside] Now, Captain, sharp's the word. I'll take a card—Content. Twenty-one.

FLEET. [Cheating openly] A natural.

GAL. Blast your luck!

RYL. [Aside to Galldove] Galldove, did you not see?

GAL. What, Cousin? [They play again. Fleet bunglingly draws a card from his sleeve]

FLEET. Twenty-one.

GAL. What luck, what luck!

RYL. [Aside to him] Why, Galldove, are you blind?

GAL. How, Rylton, how?

FLEET. [Drawing a card from sleeve] Another natural.

RYL. [Crossing in front of the table and seizing Fleet's arm] Swindler, I've caught you! Witness gentlemen—bear witness all—you too, Galldove—this fellow is a common cheat! [Shakes cards from Fleet's sleeve, as others rise and group around them]

GAL. You must be mistaken.

RYL. No; here is the proof upon the floor.

FLEET. Do you mean to charge a gentleman—

RYL. No; I mean to charge a rogue with his own practices.

FLEET. I will have satisfaction for this insult!

RYL. [Taking stage to R.H.] Satisfaction! I would not disgrace a cur with the same whip which you deserve. [Enter Sir Hugh Blumer]

GAL. [Aside] Ha! Sir Hugh! [Aside to Fleet] Strike him, Fleet, strike him.

FLEET. [Crosses to Rylton, L.C.] Take that! [Strikes Rylton, who rushes at him. The others interpose]

SIR H. [R.C. A little up] What, Rylton brawling in a gaming house!

RYL. Stand back! He is my enemy who touches me! Off, Galldove! I cannot answer for myself! Unhand that man.

GAL. Nay, patience, Cousin, patience.

SIR H. [Advancing to Rylton] Rylton!

GAL. [Aside to Fleet] Now, Fleet, be off. [Fleet exit hastily]

SIR H. [Advancing to Rylton R.C.] You here, you, Rylton, squabbling in a place like this! What does this mean, sir?

RYL. Uncle, I have been struck—struck by a low villain, whom I caught in the very act of cheating. [Enter Teresa, in disorder, followed by Fernwood]

FERN. Lady, respect yourself! Come back, come back!

TER. [Aside to Galldove] Oh, Galldove, are you safe? [Crosses behind Sir Hugh and Rylton to L.]

GAL. [Aside to her] Terry, have a care. Take your hand off me. What, in the name of all the fiends, brought you here?

GAR. Was there ever a row without its petticoat?

GAL. [Aside to Teresa] Now I think, I am not sorry. Go talk to Rylton.

TER. [Crossing to Rylton] I trust you are not hurt, Mr. Rylton?

RYL. Not in body, madam.

LORD R. [Aside to Garnish] How sweet she is on him!

SIR H. Countess, this wonderful! [Crosses to R.H.]

GAR. An angel in hell!

TER. How that 'tis over, it seems as wonder to me. My lodgings are just opposite.—You observe yonder window has been left open, through which I saw—you can forgive my woman's curiosity—all that was passing here. Mr. Fernwood too was with me, and no less eagerly watching everything. Did you not, sir?

FERN. I confess it. Captain Fleet you say? [L.H. Aside to a man who goes out hastily]

TER. We have friends here, dear friends—

GAL. [Aside to her] Keep your eyes off me, or by Heaven—look straight at Rylton. [Turning up stage a little]

TER. When this terrible tumult began, unable to distinguish who were engaged, and urged by a blind impulse, I dashed across the street; nor did I remember either my rank or sex, until I found myself among you all.—But some are friends, and all will pardon me. [Lord Rew, Garnish and the others resume their game]

GAL. [Aside, advancing] Excellent! the girl improves. [Takes Sir Hugh apart] Who can this happy friend be?

SIR H. Did she not say—friends?

GAL. Friend, I understood. The Countess is a dangerous woman, Uncle. Rich, beautiful, fascinating;—to sum all up, a belle, and therefore irresistible. Who can the friend be? She and Rylton seem to have much to say.

SIR H. Do you mean Rylton?

GAL. I mean no one, sir. I merely ask the question.

SIR H. Can it be possible this hapless boy so far forgets himself?

GAL. I hope not, Uncle, after all, he could not lose. The Countess is reputed very rich. What she is otherwise we know. Belles are sad witches; and can make the false true, the true false—ah! ah! [Sighs] You saw him kiss her hand this morning—a token of allegiance perhaps.

SIR H. Gods, no!

GAL. I am very sorry I mentioned it. Poor Mary—You know we spoke of her this morning.—Poor Mary! poor Lucy! [Taking stage to L.H.]

SIR H. Base villain! Would he play Lucy false? [Calling Rylton] Look you, Rylton, I asked what brought you here; you did not answer me; I asked an explanation of this quarrel; you did not answer me. I ask again.

GAL. [Aside to Rylton] Do not betray me, Cousin.

RYL. I cannot explain without involving others.⁵¹ My word, that I am not to blame in this unhappy business, must suffice.

SIR H. Indeed, indeed, sir! The word of a gambler who cries liar, scoundrel thief; then takes a blow—that must suffice me!

RYL. I am no gambler, Uncle. I have been foully disgraced by yonder—What, has the coward fled?

SIR H. Ho! bully, would you rage again? You are a gambler, and worse for denying it.

RYL. Uncle!

SIR H. Talk to me of truth and honor, after this scene? What would Lucy say, if she had witnessed the latter part of it?

RYL. I am no hand at riddles.

SIR H. Cool hypocrite, your impudence shall not protect you.

GAL. [Aside to Rylton] Tell all; even if you ruin me.

RYL. [Aside to Galldove] Generous man; never, to save myself.

SIR H. Nephew.

RYL. Sir.

SIR H. I spoke to Mr. Galldove. Will you explain? Rylton, I would not do you wrong without a good reason.

GAL. Most cheerfully. I—

RYL. Hold, Galldove! If you would not have me hate myself. Sir Hugh Blumer, it needs no witness to confirm my words!

SIR H. Address me thus for ever. What! do you hope to ride over me on your high horse? Away, sir, never let me look upon you more!

GAL. Indeed my cousin is innocent.

SIR H. Falsehood, so foul in him, looks well in you. You cannot save him.

RYL. What, sir, do you think I cannot draw my breath without your aid?

SIR H. Graceless, disrespectful ruffian!

TER. [Aside to Galldove] Oh, Galldove, can you—

GAL. [Aside to her] Peace! or I'll strangle you!

TER. Take care!

GAL. [Aside to her] Nay, darling, you distract me from a game where all my skill is needed.

SIR H. Galldove, I have wronged you. My coming here is a dishonor to me. An hour ago I received an anonymous note, saying that I might learn much of one of my nephews at this detestable place.

FERN. Ha! [Galldove starts and stares at him] I see, I see. [Aside]

SIR H. I was weak enough to come; expecting to find you in some disgraceful act. How I have been deceived! Thank Heaven, I can be unjust no longer!

RYL. For these noble words I can forgive all your injustice to me. [Aside to Galldove] What an escape you made!

GAL. [Aside to Rylton] Marvellous, marvellous!

SIR H. I want no forgiveness, sirrah. Get to your loathsome trade, con card and die, but never seek the company of honest men again. [Crosses to L.H.]

TER. [Aside] Ah, Galldove, what a fall for you!

SIR H. As for you, madam—

TER. Well, sir!

SIR H. Enough. No gentleman should turn his tongue upon a woman, though rigid justice may approve the act. [Exit L.2E.]

GAL. This is a sad matter, Mr. Fernwood.

FERN. How transparent a thing is rascality, when we look at it rightly! This sad matter is as clear to me, Mr. Galldove, as the sun at noonday.

GAL. [Drawing Fernwood apart and aside] Furies! Can I never walk but in your shadow? Fernwood, you have undertaken to be my enemy.

FERN. And a beautiful business I have undertaken.

GAL. You do not know me. You are in danger, sir.

FERN. What, from your tongue? Dare you use any weapon but the woman's? Poh! coward, back to your plots! I am sick of you.

GAL. You swore to Teresa.—

FERN. Back to your villainy, I say. My word is sacred.

GAL. Nay, sir—

FERN. By Heaven, I'll whip you to your game, if you do not obey me!
Go, dog, go!⁵²

GAL. [Taking Lord Rew apart] Lord Rew, a word. Do you know Mr. Fernwood?

LORD R. Dark man, dark man, sir.

GAL. His complexion is dark, 'tis true.

LORD R. I mean, a green man.

GAL. He seems ripe enough.

LORD R. I mean, he has never shown—never started for a purse.

GAL. Is he a sporting character, a pedestrian, a modern Captain Barclay?

LORD R. Damn it, no! Don't you understand your mother English?

GAL. I left England before the delicacies of the stable had been introduced into society.

LORD R. Find your country on rising ground then. Running with a slack rein.⁵³ Don't enter against Fernwood. Know him like a book.—All bone and muscle. Come, Garnish; I want to get into my straw.

GAR. I say, Rew, this has been a jolly night. I have lost five hundred pounds, and seen a fight. [Exit with Lord Rew, L.2E.]

FERN. [Aside to Galldove] Galldove, this is no place for Teresa. Take her home.

GAL. I will, sir. [Aside] I'll try humoring you. Lady, shall I escort you to your door?

RYL. Oh, madness, madness!

TER. [Aside to Galldove] See yonder poor gentleman. We must not leave him thus. Ah, Galldove, Galldove, this is base indeed. I have dreamed bad things of you, for which I have blamed myself on waking, but never one like this.

GAL. Stop your romantic prate! Think you yon subtle wretch will play us false?

TER. He is no wretch, nor is there falsehood in him.

GAL. I hope, so, Terry. Everything looks fair. We may be married yet. You do not smile?

TER. That thought has lost its former joy.

GAL. Ha! sol! well, well. [Sighs. Aside] Could I but get your shadow from my path. [Exit with Teresa L.2E.]

FERN. Rylton, my friend.

RYL. Have I a friend?

FERN. A true one.

RYL. How ungrateful in me! I have two friends left me yet—Galldove and you.

FERN. Be careful of your friend, Galldove.

RYL. Indeed I shall. While I have a heart, he shall divide it with all other loves. Fernwood, I am disgraced, ruined, beaten⁵⁴ by a rogue. That sits well on my pride, ha? What will Lucy think of me, so fallen?

FERN. Rylton, she'll love you more.

RYL. Your words are sunshine! But Sir Hugh?—No, no, I cannot crawl. Why, let him think his worst; the whole world does not lie within his park.

FERN. And you too think your worst, and then to better thoughts. There are two things on this earth whom I love, you and—and one other. By my life, I'd wade through more than blood to serve you! Cheer, my dear Rylton! When the sky looks black,

The sun has not departed: No, oh, no!
 Abide one moment, and the imprisoned king
 Will burst the hateful bondage of rude clouds,
 Making them subject to his royalty;
 As enemies, now threatening all our front
 With direful war, may serve to deck our triumph.
 Take heart. There now, I knew you had a smile
 In store for me. A philosophic man
 Should laugh in sadness, weep in joy; for who
 Can tell which way the wind may blow tomorrow. [*Exeunt L.2C.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE: *An apartment in Sir Hugh Blumer's house. Sir Hugh discovered at breakfast, reading the newspapers.*

SIR H. Every paper is full of it. Hints, innuendoes, references to me. All my friends may guess it at a glance. The Countess, too, figures; Galldove almost a martyr. Well that's one truth they have stumbled upon; the poor fellow has suffered badly. It's strange, that while there is so much truth in the world, a newspaper is the last place to look for it. Puff, puff, puff, where there is no desert, and scandalize where there is no demerit: One unending effort to help the lame, or to make the sound want help, by maiming them. 'Ods blood! what's this? [*Reads*] "Mr. R. who, as is well known in fashionable circles, has impoverished himself by a certain polite vice, is about to retrieve his fortune by leading to the altar a distinguished foreign lady of

high rank. It cannot but afford our readers of quality—" Their readers of quality! A paper that has no circulation beyond beggars and fools! [Reads] "Regret to announce that the alliance between Mr. R. and the daughter of the late celebrated Lord W."—celebrated Lord W!—What a man may gain by dying! [Reads]—"has been broken off on account of—" The devil! [Rings bell violently] John—Mathew! [Enter Mathew slowly L.2E.] Why don't you come when I ring?

MAT. Hi comes when hi 'ears. Ha fust footman's legs haint telegrass, Sir 'Ugh.

SIR H. Silence, sir! Get me a paper that has nothing of Mr. Ryl—nothing in it!

MAT. Ha paper that hain't got nothin' hin hit! Hi must go to the paper mills then; fur they prints hall the papers ha week before 'and now, to get hin hadvance hof the hage. The news his stale, but the feelosofee his hexcellent.

SIR H. A paper with no Mr. — Here, sir, look here.—A paper with no damned dashes in it.

MAT. The cook used hall them, sir.

SIR H. Do you dare to open my papers?

MAT. Certain, Sir 'Ugh—we knows hour dooty hi 'ope. We halways reads 'em before they come hup: they might 'ave somethen himproper hin 'em.

SIR H. You impudent scoundrel, go get me a paper in Dutch, Hebrew, Greek—anything without this cursed R. with a dash to it! What are you grinning at? Go!

MAT. [Aside] Why, the hold feller's has rough has ha porkerpine with ha chill. [Exit L.2E.]

SIR H. What will Lady Willburg say? What will Lucy say? What will everybody say? What can I say? But I can do something. I'll disinherit the vagabond. I'll adopt Galldove—he will never disgrace me. Yes, as I live, I will. [Enter Mathew L.2E.]

MAT. Lady, hand Miss Willburg.

SIR H. Where shall I hide? Do you understand your business no better than to introduce company, without my permission?

MAT. They trod right hon my 'eels, Sir 'Ugh. Hi never see such people. The pos'man says the furren mails haint hin yet; hand so hi couldn't get no papers. The chambermaid give me ha book of Mr. D'Hisraheli's, 'owsome-never; haint that 'Ebrew enough fur you, sir? [Offers a book]

SIR H. What are you talking about? Get along, sirrah!

MAT. [Aside] Breezy mornen fur hall hof hus,—that's gospel. [Exit L.2E.] Enter Lady Willburg and Lucy]

SIR H. Good morning, ladies! A beautiful day, after the terrible night we had.

LADY W. 'Twas starlight when I left the Opera.

SIR H. Ah! I meant the night before. The weather has been atrocious of late. I am one mass of aches. [*Aside*] What shall I say next?

LADY W. Sir Hugh Blumer—

SIR H. [*Aside*] Mercy! here it comes!—Your ladyship.

LADY W. We have intruded upon you, to receive an explanation of certain offensive paragraphs which have appeared in the morning papers. [*Enter Mathew L.2E.*]

SIR H. The infernal papers!

MAT. [*Aside*] Furren mail must be hin hat last.—Mr. Galldove— [*Aside*] Cuss 'im!

SIR H. [*L.2E.*] Show him up. [*Exit Mathew. Aside*] Thank Heaven, here is some one to take them off me. [*Enter Galldove, L.2E.*]

GAL. Good morning, ladies!—Uncle, good morning. [*Bows*] What magnificent weather! Heaven must be nearer earth than usual, on a day like this. [*Aside*] They all look pleasantly distressed. [*Enter Betsy, violently, L.2E. Galldove retires*]

BETSY. Please, Sir Hugh, I just come up to make a complaint.

SIR H. Choose a fitter time, Betsy: I have company.

BETSY. Soonest said, soonest over. Please, sir, I was holdin' the door, while John run across to see Mr. Garnish's tiger—who they say's a girl in disguise—just to be romantic and pictersque—when along comes Mr. Galldove, with his frightful face, and tries to squeeze and kiss me. [*Galldove goes down*]

GAL. You flatter yourself, my little Hebe.

BETSY. He-be yourself: I'm no He anything.

SIR H. Do you know no better, Betsy—

BETSY. Yes, I do, Sir Hugh, know better than to leave myself be kissed by ugly men.⁵⁶ And all I've got to say is, if any more nephews⁵⁶ comes into this house, I must leave it.⁵⁷ It's enough to be kissed by Mr. Fernwood and Mr. Rylton,⁵⁸ without—

LADY W. Unhappy chambermaid! Does Mr. Rylton?—

BETSY. Yes, he does, mam; and I ain't ashamed of it. He says he's only practisin' for his sweetheart.⁵⁹

GAL. [*Aside*] How Lucy shudders!—Lady Willburg frowns! Of all the pack of women, Betsy's a trump!

SIR H. [*Aside*] More proof of Rylton's⁶⁰ perfidy! Run to your work, Betsy, run!

BETSY. I'm goin', sir. But all I've got to say is, that a delicate girl like me, can no more be expected to do the whole kissin' of a large family than the whole washin'.—That's all. And I give warnin'—I do. [Makes a face at Galldove, and exit, L.2E.]

LUCY. [Aside] Ah, Rylton, Rylton!⁶¹ to soil my lips with that girl's menial kisses!⁶²

LADY W. If I may be permitted, Sir Hugh, I should say that your establishment required the presence of a female head.⁶³

SIR H. Lord deliver me! if they all hold tongues like Betsy's. Though, to do her justice, my own indulgence has spoilt her. She nursed me faithfully through a long, long illness. In faith, I love her like a child. The only pity is she knows it.⁶⁴

LADY W. Before this unseasonable interruption, we were conversing, Sir Hugh—

SIR H. Ah—yes. Nephew, Lady Willburg has called on important family matters.

GAL. Perhaps I intrude? [Going L.2E.].

SIR H. No, sir; you are one of the family—my heir.

GAL. Your heir, Uncle! You certainly will not do Rylton the injustice—[Crosses to Sir Hugh]

SIR H. I do him no injustice. My property is in my own keeping. After what happened last night, how can I ever look at Rylton with any feeling but disgust.⁶⁵

LUCY. Sir Hugh—Mr. Galldove—is it, is it true? [Galldove sighs]

LADY W. [Aside] Miss Lucy, will you be obliging enough to remember your family, and not indulge in these fantastical feelings?

GAL. Uncle, you have certainly forgotten that trifle.

SIR H. Trifle, sir! If you ever speak to me in Rylton's behalf, I'll leave my property to a foundling hospital.

GAL. [Aside to Sir Hugh] Some of your relatives might get it among them even then.

SIR H. [Laughing] Ha, ha, ha! You disrespectful rogue.

GAL. [Aside] That's a jest that always tickles an old man. Ah, me, what a wicked world is ours!

LUCY. Is it all true?—about the Countess too? For Heaven's sake, answer me!

LADY W. Miss Lucy Willburg, I desire you to observe perfect silence on this occasion. My experience in matrimonial affairs should be sufficient guaranty that you shall have entire satisfaction. Sir Hugh Blumer, do I understand you to assert that Mr. Rylton is no longer your heir?

SIR H. You do, madam. [Crosses to *Lady W.* *Galldove* sighs, *Sir Hugh* looks at him pityingly]

LADY W. On your part understand, then, that the projected alliance of our families cannot be ratified, under existing circumstances.

LUCY. But, Mother—

LADY W. [Aside to her] Lady Willburg, if you have no personal objections, Miss Lucy. How often must I request you to control your exuberant emotions?

GAL. [Aside] Willburg and Company, Match-Brokers to the Nobility and Gentry!

SIR H. Certainly, madam, certainly. I have no desire to wed your daughter to a profligate.

LADY W. I may then expect to have an interview with you this evening. I shall receive at a small reunion; but will endeavor to obtain an interval for conversation with you.

SIR H. Assuredly, if you wish it.

LADY W. Mr. Galldove, we shall feel honored by your presence at any hour. [Crosses to *L.2E.* Going. Aside to Lucy] Miss Lucy, be good enough not to present your back to the company, without previously bidding them adieu!

LUCY. [Aside to her] For pity's sake, madam, do not speak so coldly to me.—Adieu! [Exit with *Lady Willburg*]

GAL. [Aside] How eloquently the old lady curtsies to the heir! Could I supplant Rylton there?—That were to gain a strong position—a goodly fortune, in her own right too. Then I might whistle at the old fool yonder. Besides, I think I love Lucy.—Yes, upon my soul, I do. By all that's fair, I'll try it! [Enter *Mathew L.2E.*]

MAT. Miss Garnish, Lord Rew, hand Mr. Garnish!

SIR H. At home. [Exit *Mathew L.2E.*] An hour ago I was sick of humanity; but now I should like to brave the whole world. [Enter *Miss Garnish, Lord Rew and Garnish*]

GAR. [Precipitately] Sir Hugh, have you seen the papers?

SIR H. Damn the papers, sir! [Crosses to *R.H.*]

GAR. So say I. Have you, Mr. Galldove?

GAL. Ah, Mr. Garnish, I fear I saw them before you; [Aside] for like a true author, I had the first peep at my own proofs.

GAR. Such whopping lies! You know he saved you from—

GAL. There, Mr. Garnish! this is a painful subject to my uncle.

LORD R. Galls him, ha?

SIR H. Gentlemen, I beg that you will drop the matter entirely.

GAR. Well, for all that, Rylton was right to show up a cheat. I saw it all. When the fellow struck him—my! wasn't that fine? He looked like the tiger, in the Zoological, when I punch him with my stick.

LORD R. Game to the backbone—blood will tell.

GAR. What if that foreign affair is in love with him? I see no harm in it; the girls all love him, and so do I. There's Hetty, now she'd give her new false teeth to kiss him. Wouldn't you, Hetty?

LORD R. Hold hard, Garnish! your tongue's getting away with you.

MISS G. Yes, your tongue is like a—like a—

GAR. Like a woman's, Hetty.

LORD R. Fills up the gaps nicely. *[Aside]*

GAR. Where's Rylton? I want to shake his hand.

GAL. *[Aside to him]* Mr. Garnish, Mr. Garnish, my uncle understands this matter fully. Every word you say pains him intensely. Have you no respect for grey hairs?⁶⁶

GAR. Not when they cover empty heads.⁶⁷ It ought not to bore him. Mr. Rylton—

SIR H. Gods! Mr. Garnish, will you drive me from my own house?

GAR. Not if it suits you as it is.⁶⁸ As for the Countess, I like her well enough too; and if Rylton has a mind to slip old starchy Willburg's daughter, by gracious, I'll help him! But it's a funny thing.—Now she's in love with Fernwood, because she knew him years ago; then she's in love with Rylton, because she never knew him till yesterday. Now she's always talking with Fernwood; then she's always running after Rylton. Tomorrow she's to be married to Fernwood; next day to Rylton! By the big stick, I believe she means to marry both!

GAL. Do you bring your wit here for dyspeptics?

GAR. Why?

GAL. Because it is so stale.

SIR H. *[Aside to Galldove]* Galldove, you must entertain my visitors; I cannot. Excuse me, friends. *[Crosses to Garnish. Aside]* Shall I never hear the end of all this? *[Exit C.]*

MISS G. See what you have done.

GAR. What do I care? The ungrateful old dromedary! he should be proud to hear Rylton talked about.

GAL. Your pardon, Miss Garnish. Can I speak a word with you, Mr. Garnish?

GAR. To be sure. *[Goes up stage with Galldove]*

MISS G. How much did you win of Garnish last night?

LORD R. Five hundred.

MISS G. That completes the fifteen thousand.

LORD R. Yes. [*Aside*] What a good account she has kept!

MISS G. You know, when you had won the fifteen thousand—which you never could have done without my aid—we were to—to—to—

LORD R. Marry. All right. If I'm entered. I'll start.

MISS G. Have you lost nothing? I have heard that you lose.

LORD R. [*Aside*] Eyes like a lynx—No; invested profitably—trebled my winnings.

MISS G. Invested in what?

LORD R. Three hundred per cent stock.

MISS G. You astonish me!

LORD R. Yes; can show all the investments in my betting-book.

MISS G. Mercy! was that your stock?

LORD R. Running stock; what's better?

MISS G. When we are—hem!—you will give up betting, love?

LORD R. What! Rather give up—[*Aside*] Whew! Nearly made a false start.

MISS G. Oh, you monster! But we will not quarrel.

LORD R. Till we are yoked. Name the day, and distance; I'm in for any match, play or pay. [*Enter Mathew L.2E., Galldove and Garnish advance*]

MAT. The Countess di Crespo!

GAR. Show her up.⁶⁹ [*Exit Mathew L.2E.*]

GAL. Mr. Garnish!

GAR. I want to see her.

LORD R. The word is—go! [*Going to the door*]

MISS G. Without me, my lord? Come, Garnish.

GAL. Are you all deserting me?

MISS G. After the conduct of the Countess last night, how can you ask us, Mr. Galldove? The whole world has cut her.

GAL. Indeed!

LORD R. Dead as Saint Peter.

GAR. I'll stay. I'm fond of victims—show beef, soldier, and such things.

MISS G. You shall not on any account.

LORD R. Come, stupid. [*Exeunt. Miss Garnish takes Garnish's arm. Lord Rew takes hers and they drag Garnish off. L.2E. Enter Teresa*]

TER. [*Looking after them*] Strange!⁷⁰

GAL. What brings you here?

TER. I came to see Sir Hugh. Thank Heaven, you have forestalled me! Do you not feel happier, with that weight of deceit taken from your conscience?

GAL. What on earth are you so eloquent about?

TER. The affair of last night. Mr. Fernwood and myself—

GAL. So! you couple yourself with Fernwood—my enemy?

TER. My friend.

GAL. His friends are my foes. Beware, Teresa!

TER. I have no fear of you.

GAL. [Aside] So changed! then I must woo a little. Dearest, I have no desire to affright you.

TER. You do not.

GAL. [Aside] In love with Fernwood, or I know not woman! Good! Let me hold her but for today, and then farewell, in welcome. Teresa, why are you so cold to me?

TER. Am I? I did not know it.

GAL. [Aside] Ha! more proof.

TER. I came here on one business only; and it shall be done before I leave. Mr. Fernwood and I saw all last night's gaming scene through the open window.

GAL. Eavesdropping, how very honorable! [Aside] What fool left it open?

TER. With Mr. Fernwood's explanations, I was compelled to understand the whole, from first to last. The game—the impudent cheating, at which you winked—the bold exposure of it, for your sake—the brandished arms and angry controversy—the audacious blow. Ah, Galldove, what a wretched pantomime you played before me! Even then, fallen as I knew you, all my fears were but for you, not Rylton. Lest your poor body should receive some hurt; though I had seen you calmly stab your soul with more dishonorable wounds than man can give to man.

GAL. When I wish my wounded soul mended, I'll send for one of those men in petticoats who are licensed for the trade. That's bad enough, without having the poor thing stitched together with a woman's needle. My dear girl, take my advice, withdraw from this affair.—See what you have done for yourself already—cast your belleship out of society.

TER. What care I? 'Tis nauseous to me—loathsome, loathsome! I would not, for one day more, play in this tinsel masquerade of smiling misery, to lead the whole false rout into that fashionable paradise of which they dream over a velvet prayer-book. No; I am free as the wide air which brushes earth yet takes no strain from it. What! dance in golden fetters all my life, while even the unsettled doe and fearful chamois mock me upon my native mountains!

GAL. What a metamorphosis! The haughty belle, under full sail of ribbons flaunting silks, would be a naked doe or chamois on a mountain! But

pray you, gentle savage, do not forget the civilized amount of debts you have contracted—in your own name too. You may be obliged to dance a while longer in your golden fetters, here or in the debtor's prison. Bah! when did you take to thinking for yourself?

TER. When I awoke to find myself a criminal. Galldove, I have lost my self-respect; and with the knowledge of that loss the simple child departed. I am a woman, matured in a day. My self-respect I must and will regain. The first step is to throw off the duping mask, which I have worn to please you. The next, is to do Rylton justice; and if needs be, expose—I will not threaten, I would persuade you. These things I will accomplish! Then come, death, for I am sick of life!⁷¹

GAL. 'Sblood! Would you cross me? Measure swords with me! Teresa Cespo, have more mercy for yourself.

TER. Threats again! Where is Sir Hugh?

GAL. Nay, Terry, but a day—grant me a day.

TER. What mischief may not a day do? A moment may commit a murder.

GAL. I will do nothing. All I ask is time for thought; to make some little refuge for myself, when you have pulled these ills upon me.

TER. I grant it. Keep this promise as your salvation. I have little faith in you.—

GAL. What!

TER. But here I will trust you, for the last time. See what a helpless thing is crime.—A feeble woman makes treaties with your powerful intellect. Oh, I beseech you, pray, adjure you, to leave the endless ways of guilt. Here, on my knees—[Kneels] These tears can wash your former sins, until they show like virtues.

GAL. Up, fool! Go show your precious tears to Heaven; to me they are but brackish water. Pshaw! will you preach? Get a congregation of Fernwoods, then, for I am an obdurate heathen. Keep faith, sweet Magdalen. Off, off! I want none of your handling. There is no need of empty shows of love between us now,⁷² for, on my faith, the pageant grows dull by its weary length. Remember, saint, your holy word is passed. Go coo and bill with Fernwood. 'Sdeath, madam, I would be alone!

TER. Oh, Heaven, and I am alone; with nothing but a feeble clue of what is scarce yet virtue, to lead me through a dreary life! [Exit L.2E.]

GAL. Fair day to you and love! Now for a speedy marriage with dear Lucy—a sudden marriage. Yes.—When? Tonight, upon my soul tonight! I am too deep in love to wait a day. Lady Willburg? Hum, I can manage her. Sir Hugh?—Why, he is but another part of me. Where can Rylton be? This

wedding must be private, quite private—secret. Even Fernwood—Did the sun go under a cloud just then? How dark it seems! Yes, Terry, true! What may not be done in a day? My plans cannot hold together long: the blow must fall at last. Then let me reap the harvest ere the storm. Wed Lucy, hold her wealth, and gag the world with gold. [*Enter Fernwood behind, L.2E.*] I must lead off this mountebank, this Fernwood, for today. What can he be designing?

FERN. Ask him; perhaps he'll tell you. Do not flinch. You might as well take your hand from your bosom. You have scarce courage to draw your dagger on a spider.

GAL. [*Aside*] Now shall I kill him? Nonsense! to let my passions get the start of me.

FERN. The hemp grows too long, and is too easily spun, for such tricks in England.

GAL. Marry, you did startle me, Mr. Fernwood. What a beautiful day we have?

FERN. Marry, now you startle me, Mr. Galldove. Do you ever look in nature's face, and call it fair? Remember, in her angry eyes the lightnings lodge, and the great storms are gathered up, to sweep the base from her insulted presence.

GAL. Well, sir, is my face a book; and would you read my answer?

FERN. The fairest book in your whole catalogue.

GAL. Oh, thank you! [*Aside*] The lizard's playful!

FERN. In your face I read none of the hateful sins which you have printed, line by line, throughout the unshown volume in your breast. No, all is white—an album for the world to write its fair name on. But even your heart I can turn over, leaf by leaf, and read such matters as would set the world aghast. Still fumbling in your vest? Give up the thought; there is nothing heroic in you. Galldove, you'll never hang: a gaol can hold all your most daring guilt.⁷³

GAL. Mr. Fernwood, I cannot endure this insolence. Leave the house; or I shall call the servants.

FERN. Call them. There is not one, who would not lose an arm for me. How go the plots? Well, I hope.

GAL. Gods, sir, you'll drive me frantic!

FERN. I wish no harm to even you. You did not violate Teresa's sanctity, when she was in your power. Although, even there, perhaps I overcredit, as virtue, what issued from cold policy. I'll think the best, however. You are in my power now. Make fair amends to Rylton, and Sir Hugh, give up Teresa,

brew no more mischief with your wily tongue, and there shall be no voice louder in your praise than mine.—

GAL. Take her, in Heaven's name! She's a clog, a fool, a—

FERN. Lady, and under my protection.

GAL. Then make what you please of her. Make her your—

FERN. Had that word come out, I would have torn your tongue out with it! Wretch, have you no latent goodness in your nature? Then smother in your crimes!

GAL. You have sworn—

FERN. Not to you, devil. Teresa holds, Teresa can unbind. Look, look for ruin, when I slip my leash!

GAL. Oh, could the furies of the yawning pit spout up their flames, and sear you to the bone!

FERN. That's right! The fiends you call for, show what help you use.
[Enter Rylton, followed by Mathew. *L.2E.*]

MAT. Ho, sir, hi 'ave peroosed the papers, with tears hin my heyes has big has the cook's pestle. Ho, Mr. Rylton, what would your mother 'ave said, hif she 'ad seen this 'eavy mornin'? Ho, Mr. Rylton—

RYL. [Gives money] There, Mathew, there! Get some cordial for your grief:

FERN. His last shilling perhaps.⁷⁴

MAT. Ho, sir, not puppies, nor mandragons, nor hall the boozy surrups—has Hihago says—

RYL. Peace, Mathew. You may not have another chance to obey me.

MAT. Ho, now furhever then farewell the—

RYL. Go, sir! [Exit Mathew, weeping, *L.2E.*] Where is Sir Hugh?

RYL. [Aside to Galldove] Play out your game. I will not, like Rylton, cry "cheat" to save a friend: you have given too shrewd a lesson. [Crosses to R.H.]

RYL. Galldove, where is my uncle?

GAL. Bless me, Cousin, how wild you look! You must not see Sir Hugh, in this state. Have you been drinking?

RYL. No! Do you think I cannot bear my griefs without the coward's opiate? Where is Sir Hugh?

GAL. Out, Rylton, out.

FERN. [Aside to Galldove] A most decided lie.

RYL. Galldove, Fernwood—[Crosses to C.] my old dear friend—What is there in me so detestable that even Lucy should shun me? Am I not the same as yesterday? What limb has crooked, what thought has gone astray, what deed dishonored me? Even now—a moment since—a lackey, who has

bowed his powder to the dust before me, with the slammed door hurled me upon the pavement of her mother's house.

FERN. Her mother's house, not hers.

RYL. True, true. What does this mean? Since yesterday fate has wantoned with me. Yesterday I awoke rich, happy, loved;—today, poor, miserable, despised! Yet all this change without one act of mine. An invisible net of destiny catches me within its toils, and draws me here and there, as if I were a straw—as if I lacked the common power of motion. What is this? Speak, Fernwood; you are wise and strong. Speak Galldove; you have a subtle mind.

FERN. Speak, Galldove, speak; I am sure that you can fathom it.

RYL. By Heaven, I begin to doubt the presence of the immortal ones who help our limping virtue: or have the devils taken the upper hand, and made their kingdom stable?

GAL. Rylton, Rylton, this is sheer frenzy. Sir Hugh is angry, Lucy in a pout, and all this bluster for such trifles.

RYL. Trifles! I tell you I am knit heart, mind and soul to her;—all else are trifles. Take wealth, station, power and I will smile at you; but leave me her, or life is bankrupt!

FERN. Your fall from these robs you of Lucy. Her mother—

RYL. Curses upon the shallow souls that bound man's worth within a guinea's compass. I see it now; and feel far nobler in my misery, than Lady Willburg could, even if her narrow brows were aching with a diadem.⁷⁵ Here, Fernwood, here the immortal part of me can hold me up against a sneering world for ever!

FERN. Well said! Why are you quiet, Galldove? Do you mark how starving virtue towers and sings among the clouds, while pampered vice, o'erorgorged with its foul feast, rolls silent in the filthy mire?

RYL. I will see Sir Hugh; explain my conduct, without involving you, my Cousin. I have been rash, headstrong; have I not?

GAL. No; you have acted as I would have you.

FERN. [Aside] Galldove's first truth.

RYL. That is cheering. I hoped that I had not been very wrong. But Sir Hugh is my father, or stands so near my heart, as to seem one. My silly pride makes me ungrateful. I will abide his coming.

GAL. That would ruin you. Have you no honest spirit? I would not cringe thus. Let me smooth your way. Tomorrow come; and, on my life, you shall be reconciled. Now go! [Aside] What if Sir Hugh return?

FERN. [Aside] I see there is something to be done between now and tomorrow. You must work darkly to escape my eyes. Come, Rylton; you have had advice.

RYL. Just one word more with my good cousin. Tell Sir Hugh—

FERN. Poh! I am much safer company than your “good cousin.”

RYL. Why? What is the purport of your hints, your keen glances towards him, your shrugs, and scornful smiles? Fernwood, you are a man to whom I'd trust my soul with the same confidence as I commit it to the wide arms of sleep. Ha! that look again!

GAL. Liar! Liar!

FERN. [Looking around] At whom can he be railing?

GAL. Beware of your confidant, Rylton. He who betrays one, will betray all. [Crosses to R.H.]

FERN. [L.C. stopping Rylton as he goes over] Remember that. We are in a maze. [Aside to Galldove] You, Galldove, cower behind your mask, lest your own act destroy you. Come, Rylton, come! [Getting round to Rylton's L.H.]

RYL. Look you, Galldove, could I believe that you were playing me false, by Heaven—here where we stand—I would tear you into shreds. [Seizes him]

GAL. Cousin, Cousin! Will you kill me? 'Sdeath! man, you use me harshly.

RYL. No, no, it cannot be.

GAL. Would Fernwood suffer it? Ha, ha! [Laughing] See how he frowns at the bare thought—your friend—your true friend. Fernwood!

FERN. [Aside] He catches at a straw.—Of course not, Mr. Galldove. I have much to say to you—Come, Rylton, come. [Exit with Rylton, L.2E.]

GAL. Oh, liar—torturer!—ha, ha, ha! [Laughing] Honorable Mr. Fernwood! This is no fancy; I am mad—stark mad! [Falls into a chair L. of table]

ACT V.

SCENE: *A sumptuous and brilliantly lighted saloon, in Lady Willburg's house, filled with company. Music. As the curtain rises, a fashionable dance is seen, which presently ceases. Sir Hugh Blumer, Galldove, Lord Rew, Garnish, Lady Willburg, Lucy Willburg, and Miss Garnish are discovered among the company. As the music and dancing cease, Miss Garnish, Lord Rew, and Garnish advance.*

MISS G. The Countess not here! Has Lady Willburg cut her?

LORD R. Without giving her a show.

GAR. Well, Hetty, you don't care; it rather tickles you. I don't know why you women like to see each other trip; but you do though. Don't they, Rew? [Crosses to C.]

LORD R. Can't make a dead heat of the whole field. Somebody must win, somebody must lose.

GAR. A week ago, nobody would go to a ball where she was not, and now, nobody will go to a ball where she is. That's fashion, is it? Hang fashion in its own garters then, say I!

MISS G. Will you never learn, you thirty-years-old baby?

GAR. Fiddle faddle, Hetty! You look as wise as an owl in the day time, and, whip me, if I think you can see any better. Now the Countess is down, I begin to like her. I am going to call on her. Where's my hat!

LORD R. Rather late for a morning call.

GAR. Well I'll be there early enough tomorrow.

MISS G. She is engaged to Fernwood, 'tis said.

LORD R. No; matched against Rylton. That's what started Lady Willburg.

MISS G. Ha, ha, ha! [Laughing] So Rylton has jilted his poor little Lucy!

GAR. What a good-natured laugh you have, Hetty! A hyena would blush to hear you. I have heard in this ball-room, that the Countess is engaged to Fernwood, to Rylton, to Rew, to me, and to fifty others. That all the old maids in town—you included, Hetty—are to be bridesmaids; and that the whole bench of bishops is to marry her. I suppose she intends to start something new—a he harem, perhaps. The women are getting on, Rew.

MISS G. How abominably you talk! 'Tis reported, that Fernwood used to sigh for her behind the orange-trees, in her father's Italian park, before she had ever seen him. How pretty! [Laughing]

GAR. Fudge! So you and Rew are about to get married, on my losses, are you? That's some more news I picked up.

MISS G. Oh, Garnish, your sister's blushes.

GAR. Why did you not blush when you were putting Rew up to win my money? That was something to blush at.

LORD R. [Aside] Bit's in his teeth—Never stop till his heart breaks.

MISS G. You astonish me!

GAR. I have no doubt I do. Do you think I would have let him win, if I hadn't known for what you wanted it? I am no fool at piquet, I can tell you, Miss Garnish.

MISS G. Brother, Brother, you talk too loud.

GAR. Well, as Rew says, trot out. Kneel down, both of you; I want to bless you. Hetty, I'd as lief marry into a racing stud.

LORD R. Might cross with a worse stock. I'd have you to know, sir, a horse is a gentleman!

GAR. There! he'd fight if I called the beast a blackguard! Marry away, drybones—it's nothing to me. Only you'll be so damned miserable—that's a comfort; and that's all I let you win for, old boy.

LORD R. Look here, Garnish, I'll draw with you.

GAR. Can't do it, it's too good a thing. The money's up.

MISS G. If you have no feeling, have you no politeness, gentlemen?

GAR. As for me, Hetty, you always called me a fool; and as for Rew, Galldove says his creditors entered him at the last cattle-show, and he took the prize from all the other horses. So don't expect too much from us!

LORD R. [Aside] If this is not a fast family, founder me!

MISS G. They are walking this way. I shall be happy in one thing, Brother; I shall be rid of you.

GAR. Ditto, Garnish!

MISS G. Is there no kind devil to fly off with you? [They retire, R.H. *Lady Willburg and Galldove advance*]

LADY W. [L.H.] But so precipitate an affair would justly subject us to scandal.

GAL. On the contrary, 'tis your only method of escaping it. The world will say, tomorrow, that Rylton jilted Miss Lucy for the Countess; but marry her tonight, and you gain every advantage of him. The world may wonder, but it cannot sneer.

LADY W. There is sufficient plausibility in what you observe, Mr. Gall-dove.

GAL. It would be a bold stroke—a grand, a magnificent stroke! The whole Court will marvel at your delicate tactics. Indeed, I shall envy you your reputation.

LADY W. Mr. Galldove, you are the only sensible man I ever conversed with. If Sir Hugh will ratify the conditions, I agree without hesitation. Shall I endeavor to procure a license and a priest?

GAL. I will spare you that. I have a license in my pocket.

LADY W. Brilliant diplomatist!

GAL. There never was a party without a priest, since the days of Rabelais. Priests have an instinctive sense, by which they discover beauty and good living.

LADY W. Sir, your observations on abstract human character, are only surpassed by the happy use to which you apply them. There is indeed a clergyman present.

GAL. Miss Lucy's consent is still wanting.

LADY W. You are mistaken, sir: I perform all my daughter's mental operations. While you are conversing with Sir Hugh, I shall instruct Miss Lucy. [Retires, *L.*, and talks with Lucy]

GAL. Bravo! Galldove, bravo! The game is mine, Mr. Fernwood, though you held all the cards. What a gloss the guineas put upon a man! I'll have myself plated with pure gold and set up for an idol!

SIR H. [Advancing] Tired of dancing, Nephew?

GAL. No, my dear Uncle. Lady Willburg wished to speak with me.

SIR H. What about?

GAL. She proposes that I shall marry her daughter.

SIR H. The old ghoul! She seems determined to feast on my remains.

GAL. Nay, Uncle; a proposition so joyful to me, should not be met harshly.

SIR H. Do you love Lucy? Why, it appears to run in the family.

GAL. Madly, Uncle, madly! [Aside] I believe that is the style in which the lovers say it.

SIR H. It seems rather hard for poor Rylton.

GAL. Ah, Uncle, I am delighted to see you relenting towards him.—

SIR H. 'Sdeath, sir! I am not relenting. What do you see in me, that looks like it, pray?

GAL. Ah! [Sighs] But you know he is about to marry the Countess di Cespo, and has therefore no further use for Lucy.

SIR H. "No further use!" You talk of Lucy as if she were a door-rug.

GAL. Has he not treated her so?

SIR H. Yes; hang him!

GAL. Then you have no objections?—

SIR H. None, none. Get married instantly.

GAL. Instantly?

SIR H. The sooner, the better you will please me.

GAL. Lady Willburg wishes us to be married tonight.

SIR H. Tonight!

GAL. Only to secure poor Lucy from the scandal of being jilted.

SIR H. Sensible old fool! Tonight? What says Lucy?

GAL. She is ready.

SIR H. There, damn it! I always said so. Women have no hearts. They are all buckram outside, and all cotton within. But it is nothing to me. That I ever could see Lucy marry any man but Rylton! Why, they grew, and bloomed together, like twin buds, until this blight fell upon him. Well, well, there is no use of weeping, at my age; but, upon my word, I feel something like it. [Aside. Retires up]

GAL. Excellent, excellent! I really begin to feel proud of myself. Now, Fernwood, where are your Argus' eyes? [*Fernwood appears at back of scene. Looks around keenly and retires. Lady Willburg advances R.*]

LADY W. Have you obtained Sir Hugh's consent?

GAL. He is charmed with the idea.

LADY W. In that respect Miss Lucy rivals him.

GAL. Indeed?

LADY W. Of course, of course! Do you suppose for a moment, that my child would presume to differ from me in opinion?

GAL. Certainly not, my lady. Your system of education is perfect. Shall we proceed at once?

LADY W. I have already contrived to have it whispered among the company, that I have invited them to a nuptial.

GAL. Your ladyship is ever thoughtful, ever skilful. The priest?—

LADY W. Occupies a living of mine, and therefore is not influenced by any ridiculous scruples. We will proceed. Miss Lucy [*Lucy advances L.H.*], Mr. Raby, be so obliging as to commence the ceremony. [*Aside to Galldove*] Mr. Galldove have you provided a ring?

GAL. [*Aside to Lady Willburg*] A dozen of them. I have one to fit each finger.

LADY W. I am overwhelmed with admiration! Mr. Raby, we are prepared.

LUCY. [*Rushing, crosses to Lady Willburg*] Mother, I cannot, I cannot!

LADY W. This insane behavior is preposterous.

LUCY. I would make any sacrifice for you—you know I would; but I cannot murder my heart in cold blood.

LADY W. Your vulgarity is unpardonable. I almost believe that you have been silly enough to fall in love with the reprobate to whom you were betrothed.

LUCY. Was it wrong, madam?

LADY W. Wrong! Supremely absurd. How, in the name of wonder, could you have managed him?⁷⁶ Lord Willburg—Heaven bless him!—was a most dutiful husband; yet he would have blushed to confess that I was enamored of him. Do not disgrace your parentage.

LUCY. Oh, madam, this heartless marriage will disgrace my nature, degrade me, kill me.⁷⁷ I will try to love Rylton no longer; but I cannot marry this Galldove.

LADY W. If you do not comply instantly, my mansion will no longer be a welcome habitation for you. Come, Miss Lucy: I will be obeyed. [*Forces*

Lucy to join hands with Galldove] Mr. Raby, the bride and bridegroom would feel indebted, if you would omit all unnecessary supplications.

RABY. Assuredly, madam. "Dearly beloved—"

LUCY. Begin the burial, not the marriage-service; for though I die, I will not marry him!

LADY W. Proceed, Mr. Raby.

RABY. "Dearly beloved, we are—" [Enter *Teresa* to *L.H.*]

TER. [Coming down between *Galldove* and *Raby*] Hold, priest, I charge you! Stain not the livery of Heaven with this atrocious crime!

GAL. [Aside] Earth, gape and gulf her! Woman, are you mad?

TER. Shameless traitor, are you the first to speak?

GAL. The trick is plain, your ladyship. Her love for Rylton has driven her to this fantastic act.

TER. Love Rylton, yet seek to keep his promised bride from your polluted clutches? How the lie blushes upon the face of what you say!

SIR H. [R.H.] There's truth in that.

GAL. [Laughing] Ha, ha! She will say she loves me next; and call this scene a sample of her feelings. [All laugh]

TER. Never again. But had your oaths been worth the breath that shaped them, you were bound to me as man was never bound to woman. Sir Hugh, Lady Willburg, I shall endeavor to be calm. This whole affair—Rylton's disgrace—his supposed love for me—all, all is a contrivance of yon man, or Heaven desert me!

LUCY. I knew it!

GAL. A pretty lie, with a train to it—in full court dress!

LADY W. Countess—

TER. Do not address me by that hateful name. I am no Countess; I am Teresa Cespo;—once weak with guilt, now strong with dear repentance. [All start and look at her]

GAL. Mark, how she confesses her deceit, then turns to you for credit.⁷⁸ Who told you this? [Apart to *Teresa*]

TER. Fernwood.

GAL. Destruction! in his toils again! [Aside] Madam, Sir Hugh, sweet Lucy, I hope the ravings of this creature have no weight with you.

LADY W. [Looking enquiringly at Sir Hugh] None whatever. Countess—Miss Cespo, be kind enough to depart; your presence is offensive.

TER. Madam, I will not!

GAL. [Aside] Oh, for one hour to call my own!

GAR. I believe the Countess: hang me if I don't stand by her! Look you, Galldove, I'm no fighting man, but if I can't flax you out, right in the middle of the next quadrille, my name is not Sam Garnish!

GAL. Poh! Mr. Garnish. [Turns his back on him]

GAR. There's the curse of being thought a fool. I can't get up even a sensible fight. [Aside]

MISS G. Garnish, you are making a fool of yourself.

GAR. To be sure: I'm always at it. [Retires up L. with Miss Garnish]

LADY W. [Aside to Galldove] Mr. Galldove, how shall I dispose of this lunatic?

GAL. [Aside to Lady Willburg] Call in the servants—there is the door—a little gentle force—then, on with the marriage!

LADY W. Miss—I have forgotten your name—if you do not take your departure, my domestics—

SIR H. No, no, you shall not! Lady, for your own sake, I beg you will leave. Your confession of the false part which you have played, shakes all faith in your word. I would believe you, if I could.

TER. Galldove, your hour has come.—Fernwood, take back your promise! [Enter Fernwood and Rylton, L.2.E.]

GAL. Mercy, Teresa! I will—

TER. Stop, Fernwood, stop!

FERN. Too late; the word is spoken. I pronounce yonder trembling wretch a trickster, swindler, villain; and dare him to the proofs!

GAR. Fifty to one on Fernwood, Rew!

GAL. Lies, lies, all lies!

FERN. Bring in the prisoner. [Enter two officers with Captain Fleet, down L.H.] Speak, and be free.

GAL. An escaped convict—a galley slave—I swear it! Is this your proof?

FLEET. There's no use, Galldove, in calling a comrade ugly names. Mr. Fernwood is too deep for us. Gentlemen and ladies, I am not used to fashionable society, so excuse my manners—All Mr. Fernwood says is true. Mr. Rylton never turned a card with me. Indeed I may say—without being thought vain, I hope—that all the nice little trick was mine and Galldove's.

FERN. That will do. Release him. [Exit L.H.W.E. Fleet and Officers] One look at Galldove overproves his guilt.

RYL. [Advancing] It does, or innocence assumes the felon's scowl. Then, wretch, take the blow which you had put upon me! [Strikes Galldove]

GAL. Nay, Cousin, you are deceived.—You cannot mean to disgrace me?

RYL. Lest you should doubt it, take another.

TER. [*Crosses to Rylton and falls at his feet*] Oh, pity, pity! He is so weak, so fallen!

FERN. Teresa, back! [*Passes her over to L.H.*]

TER. Ah, sir, I loved him once so dearly.

RYL. For your sake, lady, I let him go: But I hold him no worthier of pity than a wounded serpent, whose remorseless fangs are deadly to the last. Pardon my haste: for there are wrongs that burst our customary bonds, and loose the natural man. Dear Lucy, the clouds are past, the sunshine comes again. [*Crosses to Lucy; embraces her*]

GAL. [*Going to each*] Dear Uncle—

SIR H. Away! Do not defile me with your touch.

GAL. [*Going to Lady Willburg*] Lady Willburg—

LADY W. Detestable dissembler!

GAL. [*Going back to Fernwood*] Fernwood—[*Fernwood turns his back upon him. Galldove draws a dagger. Raises it and as Fernwood turns slowly around he drops it*]

ALL. [*Starting*] Ha!

TER. Be not alarmed. 'Tis but a piece of pointed steel;—in Galldove's hand, 'tis nothing. Well, sir, what shift is left?

GAL. The curses of a blasted life lie on your soul, burden your latest hour, and hale you to perdition! Oh, good Heaven—good Heaven! Teresa! [*Going up C.*]

TER. [*Crosses to him followed by Fernwood*] Galldove!

GAL. A little nearer, by the love you bore me.

TER. Had you but prized it. [She approaches him]

GAL. Take my last curses!—Death and damnation. [Exit L.2.E.]

TER. Oh! [*Faints and is supported by Fernwood*]

TER. Look up, Teresa. Stand back, I pray—you keep the air from her. [Teresa recovers and retreats, looking at Fernwood in a bewildered manner] Teresa, here is one who claims you by a higher, purer right.

TER. Who?—Where?

FERN. Oh, blind, blind nature! Here, in me—Marco, your brother!

TER. [*Rushes into his arms*] Ha! my heart half knew it.

FERN. How I escaped the wreck, how landed here,

And built a fortune out of my mischance—

Why I withheld the knowledge, hoping some day

To make a joy like one raised from the grave—

How, when the time was ripe, I sought our home,

And found the roof-tree fallen, the walls decayed,

The very ruins almost overgrown

With the luxurious herbage of the south—
 Our father dead, our mother—you, ah! you,
 (So said the neighboring peasants) worse than dead,
 Fled with gross shame upon you;—all these things
 Shall form the stories of our winter nights.
 Think me not cruel that I withheld the truth,
 While you were helpless in a villain's snare.
 There was but one way of escape for you—
 That way I found. For it were naught to free
 Your body, sister, yet leave your heart in pawn.

GAR. There, Rew, I told you so!

SIR H. Your pardon, nephew.

Lucy, Rylton, my blessing be upon you. [*Joins their hands*]

GAR. Step up, Sister, and get a part of it.

Your marriage will need it.

LORD R. Hold hard, Garnish!

Your tongue will throw you yet.

MISS G. Forgive us, Brother.

GAR. Certainly; I feel in a forgiving mood. [*Joins their hands*]

Children, my blessing!

TER. Marco, we will back

To Italy. There is no balm on earth
 For a sick heart, like our own native air.
 Have patience with me; I may yet become
 Something far better than a countess.⁷⁹

RYL. Fernwood,

We too feel grateful, but your richer deeds
 Made our best thanks seem poor.⁸⁰ Besides, my friend,
 You have taught me, in a day, what a whole life,
 Of joys and cares, teaches in vain to many.—
 Uncle, my lady, Lucy, gentlemen,
 Has he not proven all the world a mask?

CURTAIN

NOTES

THE WORLD A MASK

¹ MS III shows a slight variation throughout, in the names of the characters. Garnish is changed to "Garrish," Teresa Cespo to "Teresa Crisp," and Willburg to "Willbury." The character of Betsy is omitted from the *Dramatis Personae* of MS I.

² Omitted in MS I.

³ The three preceding speeches are omitted in MS II.

⁴ In MS I, "Going."

⁵ "for it" omitted MS III.

⁶ MSS II and III read: "Poor Lucy! Isn't it dreadful, Hetty? So young too!"

⁷ MS I omits "Rylton."

⁸ MSS II and III read: "Garnish [Garrish]! Your tongue grows worse as you grow older."

⁹ For "your funeral" read "it" in MSS II and III.

¹⁰ The four preceding speeches are omitted in MS II.

¹¹ MSS II and III read "If Lady Willbury did steal her wits; I am sure no one would accuse her ladyship of having them now."

¹² This speech omitted in MS II.

¹³ MS III reads "men's hearts."

¹⁴ The preceding four speeches, not in either the original or the acting version, appear in MS III.

¹⁵ MSS II and III omit "simply."

¹⁶ MSS II and III read "Shakespere."

¹⁷ "I pulled our stock . . . and adore" omitted in MSS I and II.

¹⁸ The first sentence of this speech and all of the two preceding speeches omitted in MSS II and III.

¹⁹ This sentence and the entire preceding speech are omitted in MS II.

²⁰ MS III reads "mistake."

²¹ MSS II and III read "zounds."

²² The speech is cut to this point in MS II.

²³ MS I reads "Enter Teresa and Galldove."

²⁴ MS I interpolated at this point, "perhaps a morbid influence of moon's, fallen upon him with his other ills"; but this is crossed out in ink and not retained in the later MSS.

²⁵ "and should . . . that you win," omitted MSS II and III.

²⁶ "Bah! . . . them" omitted in MS II.

²⁷ This speech omitted in MS II.

²⁸ Omitted in MS II.

²⁹ Not in MS I. Included in MSS II and III.

³⁰ "Have you seen Rylton? . . . while I wither—" omitted in MS II.

³¹ This phrase omitted in MS II.

³² This speech and the preceding omitted in MS II.

³³ This sentence omitted in MS II.

³⁴ This speech and the preceding omitted in MS II.

³⁵ This speech in MS I read only "A gentleman. Who could say more?" It was expanded to present form in MSS II and III.

³⁶ This sentence, and the four speeches preceding, are omitted in MS II.

³⁷ This sentence is omitted in MS II.

³⁸ This and the preceding speech are omitted in MS II.

³⁹ MSS I and II read "For he is my cousin."

⁴⁰ "He is . . . to aid him," omitted MS II.

⁴¹ This speech is omitted in MS II.

⁴² This and the preceding speech are omitted in MS II.

⁴³ This and the preceding speech are omitted in MS II.

⁴⁴ MS I added "while my tongue wags;" omitted in MSS II and III. The whole speech is scratched out in MS II and may have been omitted in the acting.

⁴⁵ This speech omitted in MS II.

⁴⁶ This sentence is omitted in MS II.

⁴⁷ This and the preceding speech are omitted in MS II.

⁴⁸ This sentence is added in MSS II and III.

⁴⁹ This sentence and the preceding speech are omitted in MS II.

⁵⁰ From "Can you leave," above, to this point omitted in MS II.

⁵¹ This sentence omitted in MS II.

⁵² This, and the two preceding speeches are omitted in MS II.

⁵³ This sentence is omitted in MSS II and III.

⁵⁴ MS II inserts here "—think of that—beaten."

⁵⁵ MS II inserts "I hope!"

⁵⁶ MS II reads "plain lookin' nephews."

⁵⁷ MS II inserts "I must."

⁵⁸ MS II inserts "every time they pass me."

⁵⁹ MS II adds "and there's no harm in that."

⁶⁰ MS I reads "of his perfidy."

⁶¹ MS II reads "Impudent!" for "Ah, Rylton, Rylton!"

⁶² In MSS II and III this speech appears before the three preceding speeches.

⁶³ MSS II and III omit "the presence of."

⁶⁴ MSS II and III add "too well."

⁶⁵ This speech, an interpolation in MS I, is deleted from MS II and omitted from MS III.

⁶⁶ This sentence is omitted in MS II.

⁶⁷ This sentence is inserted in MS II as if in revision, and does not appear in MS I.

⁶⁸ This sentence was added in MSS II and III.

⁶⁹ MSS II and III add "by gracious!"

⁷⁰ This speech is inserted in MSS II and III.

⁷¹ All but the first sentence of this speech is deleted in MS II and does not appear in MS III.

⁷² The remainder of the sentence is deleted in MS II.

⁷³ The first three sentences of this speech are omitted in MSS II and III.

⁷⁴ This speech is omitted in MS II.

⁷⁵ The remainder of this speech is omitted in MS II.

⁷⁶ The remainder of this speech is deleted in MSS II and III.

⁷⁷ The remainder of this speech is deleted in MSS II and III.

⁷⁸ From this point to "Madam" in Galldove's next speech is omitted in MSS II and III.

⁷⁹ MS I bears a final note written in Boker's hand: "When the character of Teresa is the chief feature of the piece, the play may end with her last speech. [signed] G.H.B." This arrangement would cause the play to conclude at the point noted.

⁸⁰ In MS II the remainder of this speech is struck out and an alternative ending is written in pencil. It is likely that this second ending is the one which was employed in performances of the play, although it is impossible to be certain of this. It is this second ending which has been followed by the typist in making the typescript of 1886 (MS III). Since it seems unlikely that Boker would prefer the second ending, which is inferior, I have preserved his first ending, that of the original MS I, in the text. The second ending, following directly upon Rylton's line "Make our best thanks seem poor," is as follows:

LADY W. Count—madame,—miss—

Miss Cespo—Fernwood—

LORD R. [Aside to Garnish] The old girl is mixed.

GAR. Straighten her with a string.

LORD R. She's off again.

LADY W. Miss—Miss—Et cetera,—I have this to say,
That Mr. Fernwood's sister, socially,—
Setting aside some foibles, to forget,—
Must ever hold an unexceptionable
Position in our set.

LORD R. Not a bad finish.

TER. I thank you, madame.

FERN. Lady Wilburg, thanks!

Your generous courage moves me. For I know
'Tis no light matter for that woman who
First takes a censured sister by the hand.
Teresa, now your coronet is cast
Among the rubbish of our social lies,
Is not your forehead lighter? Turn your brow,
Now pure with truth, and resolute for right,
To us who love you; but do not forget,
The hardest and most painful part to play,
Even in this feigning theatre of life,
Is one of false pretences. Bear it all;
Bear all the penance that your fault deserves:
Only thank Heaven that you no longer breath
The stifling air of fraud under a mask.

CURTAIN

THE BANKRUPT¹

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

EDWARD GILTWOOD, *A merchant*

JAMES SHELVILL, *His former friend* (Passing under the assumed name of Shorn)

PAUL TAPELEY, *A wealthy lawyer*

MR. ELTON, *A banker*

PIKE, *A police-officer*

DREGGS, *A creature of Shorn*

AMY GILTWOOD, *Wife to Edward Giltwood*

MRS. STARTLE, *Her mother*

BETSY CRUM, *Housemaid to Amy*

A CITIZEN, POLICEMEN, SERVANTS, ETC.

TIME AND SCENE—THE PRESENT.

ACT I.

SCENE 1: *A street. Enter James Shorn.*

SHORN. Ten years ago, city of sin and misery, you drove me from you for a crime of which I was guiltless; now I return to you, after a career that would make your early charge seem lenient.² Ten years ago, I left you poor, persecuted, yet innocent; now I return to you rich, powerful, yet guilty. I will make you sob in your houses, and lament in your streets! I will cram you with new grief, until it equal my old sorrow! Woe! to you who trampled upon my heart! There was but one man, among this multitude of men, who raised a voice in my behalf when the world disowned me. Now, Heaven, hear me swear! If need be, over his ruin, over all he holds dear, over his very corpse, will I stride to my revenge!—[Enter Dreggs]

DREGGS. Why, Captain Shorton!—

SHORN. [Interrupting him] Fellow, don't captain me. I know you, Dreggs. You were in the Texas Bank affair, and in the Isthmus-gold business.—

DREGGS. Oh! yes; and in waylaying the Ohio drovers, and in the lift from the silversmith's in New Orleans, and—

SHORN. There! you need not brandish your crimes, as if they were virtues.

DREGGS. Well, I was in the check business, on the Charleston bank; and I was nabbed by the beaks for it; and I've never had my share of the shiniers.

SHORN. I told you, then, that you were a fool, and I see no reason to change my opinion; or you would not be howling my name out in the streets. Dreggs, you were, and you are, a poor, miserable, womanish, leaky idiot; and I only wonder how you ever got among the men. The next move you would make—if it were not out of your power—would be to betray us. Don't you know that you must not be seen talking with me? That, here, I am Mr. James Shorn, a rich Californian? All this was in the last general order.

DREGGS. I haven't seen it. I've been shut up, for priggin' wipes.

SHORN. Served you right, you contemptible devil! You, who have seen service under gentlemen, to be caught stealing handkerchiefs! For shame! I thought a little better of you than that!

DREGGS. I was starving, sir.

SHORN. Why the devil didn't you starve, respectably, before you became a pickpocket?

DREGGS. Did you ever starve, sir?

SHORN. No.

DREGGS. Then you don't know how hard it is to do.

SHORN. You might have written to your officer, if you were suffering.

DREGGS. I didn't know where he lay; besides, I can't write.

SHORN. Either reason will do.

DREGGS. I got astray from the men, and didn't know where to go.

SHORN. You have drunk away the little wit Heaven spared you. Go!

DREGGS. I can't.

SHORN. What? [Offers to strike him]

DREGGS. Oh! don't hit me, dear Captain! I want money, I do, indeed!

SHORN. For what?

DREGGS. I'm starving.

SHORN. For liquor. It's your own helpless drunkenness that ruins you. There is not a man in your company who cannot live, and spend money, as a gentleman, if he choose. Have you received nothing for the last quarter?

DREGGS. No, indeed.

SHORN. Here is an order on the paymaster, and a hundred dollars in cash. [Gives a paper and money] Now, be off to Galveston. They have use for you there. Report yourself to Lieutenant Ruff. Do you hear?

DREGGS. Yes, sir.

SHORN. Go by the first train to the south tomorrow.

DREGGS. I'm off, sir. [Going]

SHORN. Stop! Do you see that man, coming round³ the corner? I have seen him, somewhere, before—where?—where?

DREGGS. That's a police.

SHORN. The devil! Hush! Stand still, you infernal fool! [Enter Pike carelessly]

DREGGS. Oh! Lord! I wonder if he's after me?

SHORN. Silence, coward! My poor man, I pity your misfortunes, and will do all I can to relieve you. Where did you say your family lives?

DREGGS. [Imitating the whine of a beggar] In the streets—Lord bless you, and be merciful to you, good gentleman!—Not a morsel has passed these lips—

SHORN. [Aside to him] Save rum.

DREGGS. For two whole days.

SHORN. I will call, and see your family; and, perhaps, send my pastor to you. In the meantime, here is a shilling, to buy bread. [Gives money]

DREGGS. Heaven bless you, sir! [Exit Shorn]

PIKE. It won't do, Peter!

DREGGS. Could you, kind gentleman, give a poor man—

PIKE. I said it won't do; and when I say it won't do, I mean it won't do!

DREGGS. Sir!

PIKE. Come, Dreggs, my boy, I know all about it. You're Pete Dreggs; and that charitable gentleman has only lately come to his benevolence; hasn't he, Peter?

DREGGS. For all I know, sir. I only know he's a good, kindhearted gentleman, to a poor man who has lost—

PIKE. You'll make me angry, Peter, indeed you will, if you don't stop your nonsense.

DREGGS. Sir?

PIKE. I'll lock you up, Dreggs—upon my soul, I will! I saw you take a young swell's wife, not half an hour ago.

DREGGS. What, this? [Produces a ragged handkerchief]

PIKE. No, Peter; a ragpicker would break at that business. Cambric, Peter, all worked over with hearts, and darts, and rosebuds, by his girl. You have it, in your left-hand pocket, now. I shall be obliged to pull you, my indigent friend.

DREGGS. I found a handkerchief, sir—

PIKE. Yes; I know. Sticking out of a gentleman's pocket; and so you picked it up. That's the story. I know all about it. I wasn't after you, Peter; but, as you come so handy, I guess I'll just take you along, for the sake of your delightful company.

DREGGS. [Eagerly] Who was you after?

PIKE. No! you don't say! Who told you I was a fool? When you scatter chaff, Peter, you must look up younger birds. Come along. Walk straight, Mr. Dreggs. You've made me angry, and I'm going to lock you up. [Takes hold of him]

DREGGS. No!

PIKE. Yes! strange as it may appear to so virtuous a person. You must retire awhile to the seclusion of the City Prison where you can think over your few slight sins. You'll be a sort of an involuntary hermit, St. Peter,—a very holy man, no doubt. Come along, Mr. Dreggs. [Exeunt]

SCENE 2: *A parlor in Giltwood's house. Betsy Crum, discovered, dusting the furniture.*

CRUM. I wish there was no dust in the world. It seems to me, that everything on earth is dusty all the while, and I'm called on to get rid of the whole of it. There's dust in the parlor, dust in the drawing-room, dust in the chambers, dust in hall, dust on the doorsteps, dust on the pavement, dust on the winder-glass, dust on the master's boots and mistress' bunnet; dry dust on

every air that blows, and wet dust, well rubbed in, on the faces of all the master's little ones;⁴ dust on the bride's veil, and on the deadman's pall; and, at last, it's dust to dust, and there's an end of it! Hang you! Will you ever get dusty again, you awful old sofa? I'll rub the soul out of you! [Rubbing fiercely] I believe you are stuffed with dust; for as soon as I rub one side of you clean, the dust is flying out on the other. If I owned you, I'd have the carpet-men beat you to death with rattans, you frightful, ugly, hard, mahogany old maid!⁵—Ugh! but I'm tired. [Sinks upon the sofa panting. Enter Amy Giltwood. Crum rises]

AMY. Why, Betsy, my poor girl, what is the matter with you? 'Tis not yet nine o'clock, and you look as if you had passed through a hard day's work.

CRUM. Some folks can't look as pretty as other folks always. I suppose, it's because I'm not a lady, that I'm red and ugly. Lord bless me, no! I've got no o'-de-colone and milk'-er-roses, to make my face pink and smooth. I've got no Frenchified bunnets, and shawls, and frocks, to set me off like a doll-baby. If I'm glad, I mustn't laugh—if I'm sorry, I mustn't cry—if I'm sick, I mustn't faint; 'cause that 'ud be ridiculous in a servant-gall!

AMY. I had no intention of raising such a storm of words. What has put you into this passion?

CRUM. That old, four-legged, quaddered of a sofa!

AMY. Indeed! [Laughing]

CRUM. Yes, mam; and I give you warning, Mrs. Giltwood, if you don't have that sofa sent out 'er the house, I must go—that's all, mam!

AMY. What is the sofa's fault?

CRUM. I hate it! and I ain't a-going to pass my life a-dustin' it, and a-slighten' its betters. It has broke my heart, it has; and I won't stand it any longer!

AMY. Betsy, if the sofa really makes you unhappy, I will send it from the house. A good servant is a rare thing, in this part of the world, and I would not part with you for so trifling a cause. You have been a kind, faithful nurse, in my hours of pain and illness, and—

CRUM. [Interrupting her] There! You're always a-makin' fun of me, and a-throwin' the children's births up to me, as if they was my own. Well, I suppose, you brought the naughty little provokins home. And I suppose, Neddy has been a-playin' marvels in the sweeps, while you held your sunshade over 'em. And Amy has tore her best new frock, a-runnin' after a beggar gall; and they're both dirt, from head to foot, and want scrubbin', like two little, rusty, old iron pots—drat 'em!

AMY. No such calamity has happened. We only went to the flower-garden, to buy bouquets for their father. Each of the children is armed with a nose-gay, as big as its little body; and they are now waiting, to waylay Mr. Giltwood, as he comes from his room. Has he been down yet?

CRUM. No, mam, I wonder what's the matter with him too? He don't sleep well. I know it by the awful state his bed's in. Then, he sets a-starin' at the fire, as if he could tell his fortun in it; and he's always after the nuse-papers—he had 'em to bed with him this morning; and often he comes to breakfast with his slippers on wrong feet; and often he don't hear you when you speaks to him; and often, when I speaks to him—

AMY. [Interrupting her] That will do, Betsy; this is no concern of yours.

CRUM. Oh! yes; I suppose, I'd better mind my bizness! I suppose, I ain't got no heart—not I!

AMY. Yes, you have; a large, kind and faithful heart too.

CRUM. Then, I suppose, I'd better swaller my "large, kind and faithful heart," and keep it to myself! Well, things ain't right about this house—I know that; and they don't go on as they ust to. Well, I suppose, you think, Mrs. Giltwood, I'd better go scrub, and dust, and scour my fingers sore; and earn my daily bread as I oughter? I know what you're thinkin'—I know what you're thinkin'!—Betsy Crum's a idle, good-for-nothin' vagerbone, and I mus' change her—I mus'!

AMY. [Smiling] I assure you, I have no such remarkable thoughts.

CRUM. You may do wus, Mrs. Giltwood—you may do wus—you may do wus—[Exit]

AMY. Poor creature! her whole inner life is one unending ferment. She never drew a dispassionate breath. Her very sleep is a sort of frenzied nightmare. That which she said of Edward is true, however. There is something upon his mind which I might lighten perhaps. Ah! men, men! if we, simple women, were permitted to share your dark counsels, at least one half of the secret misery of your toiling lives would vanish before our smiles. But so it is; the pursuit of wealth seems to be a sacred and dangerous mystery, which woman's weak service would profane. [Enter Giltwood hastily with two bouquets which he flings upon a table]

GILT. Is my breakfast ready, Amy?

AMY. Nearly.

GILT. I must to business. There seems to be a miserable want of punctuality about this house. Whenever I am in it, I am continually waiting for something. Where have you been so early?

AMY. To a flower-garden. Did you not see the children?

GILT. Yes, yes; they gave me some flowers or something.

AMY. "Some flowers, or something!" Are those your best thanks for their beautiful bouquets?

GILT. It was very kind in them, no doubt. But, really, I cannot approve of this mode of dribbling away money.

AMY. The happiness which they enjoyed would have been cheap at any price. They have talked of nothing, but their pretty presents to you for the last hour. I hope, you did not receive them coldly.

GILT. I believe not. I might have kissed them, to be sure—

AMY. Did you not?

GILT. No; I had not time. I tell you what, Amy, when a man's head is as full of important business, as mine is, he has something better to do than kiss his children.

AMY. Something else, perhaps, Edward; but not something better. The kiss of a parent, laid on the forehead of a child, is as holy as the invisible benediction of Heaven.—

GILT. There, there! You are about to repeat some sentimental stuff from your everlasting poets. What has the nineteenth century to do with poetry?

AMY. Too little perhaps, for its own good; but poetry will have much to do with the nineteenth century. It will either embalm the years in a cloud of immortal fragrance, or hand them down to wondering posterity in a gloom as dense and odious as that which horrified our childish fancies at the bare mention of the Dark Ages. Edward, shall I never convince you that poetry is a substantial thing: That its curse is worse than death, it is infamy, and its praise is eternal fame?

GILT. This is very fine.

AMY. It is very true. It seems disagreeable to you, however; therefore, let us talk of other things.

GILT. Yes; just now, of breakfast.

AMY. What is your hurry?

GILT. It is not mine; I am hurried—very much against my will, I assure you. Do you know that the best paper is offered, in the market, at two per cent a month, with no buyers at that rate? that stocks are as flat as poetry? that grain is down, cotton down, shipments of gold enormous? the Californian steamer not in; and the banks grinding us to powder, in order to save themselves? Do you know that a monetary plague, worse than the cholera, is passing over the land; and that it threatens to sweep us all into nothingness? Is this not enough to hurry the devil?

AMY. Is there no hope?

GILT. Hope! What has hope to do with dollars and cents? Their motion is like that of an inflexible machine, crushing all before them. Talk of rigid

fate, or immutable law, or any horrible and uncontrollable power you can fancy; but never whisper hope in connection with "the almighty dollar!"

AMY. Tell me of your own connection with it.

GILT. Pshaw! you could not understand me.

AMY. Am I incompetent?

GILT. No, no; you women have brains enough for your own affairs; but, when you come to business, why—I'll leave the sentence unfinished, for the sake of my gallantry.

AMY. There it is! You judge without a trial. If you come home careworn or ill, and I ask the cause—it is "business"! If your thoughts wander, when I try to amuse you—it is "business"! If you smile sadly on the children, while they use their pretty arts to attract you—it is "business"! If you toss in your sleep, or wake⁶ with a frightful dream—it is "business"! If you put me from you, a little quickly, when my loving arms would hold you longer—it is still "business"! This dreary spectre haunts you forever, it pervades all things—oh! Edward, it is pushing me from your heart!

GILT. [Embracing her] No, no—Heaven bless you!—not so bad as that. I love you as well as ever; only—well, well, you must not perplex your foolish little head with such ideas. Leave me alone with my disease. The crisis has come, and a few hours will make or mar me forever. After that, you shall suffer no more from business, my sweet wife.—I wish to Heaven the *Occident* were in. [Enter a servant]

SERV. Mr. Shorn.

AMY. Who is he? At such an hour too!

GILT. I do not know; I never heard of him. Show him in, however; he may have some news. [Exit servant. Enter Shorn. Amy walks apart]

GILT. Good morning, sir! Be seated. [Offers a chair]

SHORN. By Jupiter, Edward, this passes belief! Do you not know me?

GILT. I have not that pleasure.

SHORN. We were not strangers once. I am James—

GILT. [Interrupting him] James Shelvill! Why bless your soul, how you have changed! But, my dear fellow, this is a sort of premature and unauthorized resurrection. You were reported to be dead long ago, years before my marriage. You are welcome to life again, however, James Shelvill—

SHORN. [Interrupting him] Not as James Shelvill, Edward. If you retain the slightest trace of friendship to me, forget that disgraced and painful name. A whisper of it, in this city, might expose me to new persecutions. I dropped it, when I left you, into the grave where I am supposed to lie; and I have not returned to take it up again.

GILT. Don't let that old affair dash your spirits. You are not the first man, Shelvill—

SHORN. [Interrupting him] Shorn, if you please. Edward, you are the only possessor of my secret; if you should mention it to any one, under any circumstances whatever, you shall never see my face again.

GILT. It is a slight thing to do for you, and I promise to observe your wishes most religiously. Shorn, Shorn, Shorn! I must not forget that name. I must not forget that name. Well, Mr. Shorn, what is your present condition? Prosperous and rich, perhaps; honest and generous always, to that I'll swear.

SHORN. Yes, to your first two statements; the latter two are a matter of opinion.

GILT. Not with me. Oh! James, I have so much to tell you. I have been married, since we parted, to the sweetest little mortal—Here, darling! [Amy advances] Let me present you to my old friend, Mr. Shel—hang it! Mr. Shorn.

SHORN. [Starting. Aside] Ha! Amy Startle! Is that lady your wife?

GILT. Yes. Should I not be proud of her?

SHORN. [Aside] Proud! You should be the most wretched of men.

GILT. Well?

SHORN. Excuse me, madam.

GILT. Pshaw! No "madams." Call her Amy! I call her Amy.

SHORN. [Aside] Better for you had you never breathed her name.

AMY. Where have I seen that face, and heard that voice? Mr. Shorn, have we not met before?

GILT. Hang it! Call him James; his name is James. Look you, good people, I shall not permit any ceremony between you two. Where are you staying, James? You must come straight to us.—Must he not, Amy?

SHORN. Perhaps, Mrs. Giltwood does not desire the intrusion of one who is a perfect stranger to her, if not to her husband.

GILT. [Laughing] Ha! ha! ha! Speak your mind, Amy.

AMY. [Aside] A stranger! I was mistaken then. It has been a rule of my life, Mr. Shorn, to extend my welcome to all whom my husband calls friends. On this occasion, I shall not depart from it.

GILT. Boo! Amy, you are preaching; and as coldly, too, as if your sermon were a written one. Come, my dear, you must warm up some room in your heart for my old friend, even if he occupy a part of mine.

AMY. My house is more under my control than my heart; and I will endeavor to make it look cheerful to Mr. Shorn, if only for your sake, Edward.

SHORN. Mrs. Giltwood, I beg that you will offer no hospitality to me, for your husband's sake. Under the roof where I lodge, I must be received for my own sake, or not received at all.

GILT. Come, come, James! you are too proud. Amy means well; it is only her manner to strangers. Amy, I am ashamed of you. [*Apart to her*]

AMY. [*Aside*] So am I of myself. My duty urges me to be hospitable, yet my heart shrinks from the office.

SHORN. To prove to you, Edward, that I am not proud—at least with you—I accept Mrs. Giltwood's equivocal invitation. If I should find myself positively unendurable, I can beat a retreat at any moment.

GILT. That's right! But you mistake Amy altogether. Does he not, my dear?

AMY. I hope so. Mr. Shorn shall have no reason to complain of me again while he remains with us.

GILT. Well said! Now shake hands, and be friends. You are the most difficult pair to introduce, entirely, I ever undertook. It has taken me a quarter of an hour, only to get your hands together. [*They shake hands: she reluctantly*]

AMY. [*Starting. Aside*] Good Heaven! his long, cold fingers closed around my hand, as if they were governed by a spring of steel; and the stern pressure numbed my arm, and sent my blood back, half frozen to my trembling heart! If I were superstitious, I should say that I had shaken hands with the dead.

SHORN. [*Aside*] Oh! Heaven! what memories crowded back on me, with the light touch of that warm palm! I should relent, and play the waterish fool, had I not felt that marriage ring turn, like a serpent, beneath my finger's tip! What devil prompted her to offer me her left hand, when the right is dedicated to such uses?

GILT. You are the most romantic couple I have had the pleasure of meeting for some time. You hardly shake hands, before you both start aside, and begin mumbling to yourselves like the patchwork heroes of a high-strung tragedy. What in the deuce—to come down to simple prose—possesses you?

SHORN. Dismiss this matter, my dear fellow. When two inharmonious natures join hands, for the first time, it is no ordinary action for either party. You may account for the emotion on chemical principles.

AMY. Or on the mechanical principles, Edward. Mr. Shorn shakes hands as if he were a hand-shaking machine.

SHORN. I prefer the chemical; they are more hidden and subtle.

AMY. And I the mechanical; they are more evident and honest.

GILT. Well done, both! Wits should be friends.

AMY. No; wits should be foes, or wit loses its edge.

GILT. What say you to that, James?

SHORN. When two edges meet, the softer must suffer.

AMY. I shall refine my wit to your temper, if I stand in danger.

GILT. Then it will be "diamond cut diamond."

SHORN. [Bowing] Mrs. Giltwood is, doubtless, that royal jewel: as for myself, I am content to be baser glass; and only beg that she will write her fair name upon my very heart.

GILT. Bravo! gracefully turned! Amy, you can say nothing to that. Now that you begin to banter each other, I am sure that you will end by becoming friends.

SHORN. I have no higher ambition. Edward, you questioned me regarding my worldly affairs; how do you stand yourself?

GILT. Upon the unstable foundation of a man in business. To be circumstantial; I have a heavy payment to make this day, and the means to meet it are all in that tardy steamer, the *Occident*. She is now overdue by a week or more. You know the financial blight that rests upon⁷ the market. A man who was begged to borrow thousands, at common interest, scarce a month ago, can hardly obtain hundreds, at any interest, now.

SHORN. I have always held, that the way to break a man is by giving him plenty of bank credit.

GILT. Sound doctrine, as I know to my cost. If I get out of this scrape, I promise you to hoard my money in an old stocking, and abjure bank credits forever.

SHORN. Then there is still hope for you. But do not trouble yourself about these payments. I have enough for you, and something over.

GILT. At what interest?

SHORN. Fiel you inveterate trader! at no interest.

GILT. James!—

SHORN. What is the matter with you?

GILT. What a weight passed off with that breath! I will be frank with you. I was on the verge of bankruptcy.

AMY. My husband!

GILT. It is too true, Amy. Had not the *Occident*, or James Shorn, arrived today, I should have been a bankrupt.

AMY. And I in utter ignorance of your situation! Oh! had I known it, I would have sold my last garment—I would have starved myself, I would have starved my children, I would have starved all my family, save you Edward—to rescue you from your peril. And here I have been inventing wants—hunting the town down for silks, laces, India shawls, jewels, plate, horses,

carriages—I have rivalled firmly settled millionaires in extravagance—I have made my establishment the wonder and envy of the vulgar rich—I have wasted on vanity more than would have supported a hundred families—while you were struggling against the ruin which I was making inevitable. I humbly ask your forgiveness, for I shall never forgive myself. [*Weeps*]

GILT. [*Embracing her*] My poor wife, you are not to blame. I urged you to all that you did; I fostered your fine taste. It made me proud, to see upstart wealth quail before your severely critical eye. I delighted in seeing you courted and feared by the touchy fashionables. It was weak, perhaps, to wish you to be the idol of a class, whose chief claims to eminence are that they are rich enough to be ostentatious, and insolent enough to set their feet upon the poor man's neck. Like you, I am cured of such desires; but while they lasted, I was content to toil like a slave, so you might reign like an empress. It was very silly, I confess.

AMY. Yet its lesson shall be fruitful to both of us. Mr. Shorn, you think that I have been discourteous to you.—Away with courtesy! it has no laws for a grateful heart, and no language for its feelings! I could embrace you, as a brother; Heaven knows that I will pray for you every day!

SHORN. Really, madam, you overwhelm me. I merely offer to lend Edward a few dollars, and straight your heart is in my hand. If such hearts as yours can be purchased, at so low a rate, I shall go into the business, at once, with a large capital.

AMY. You treat your virtues lightly. It is not the money which you lend, but the noble spirit which dictated it, that awakens my enthusiasm. I know what it is for so proud a man as Edward Giltwood to fail; and I also know what a service is done him by the man who saves him from it.

SHORN. Enough, and more than enough! Edward's bright face outshines my miserable gold, and makes me ashamed of the poverty of my offering.

AMY. And you are happy now, Edward? Will you kiss the children for their pretty flowers? Will you always confide in me; and not put me off with a mere word, when I ask you about your mysterious "business"?

GILT. Yes, indeed, Amy, to all your questions. Come, let us go to breakfast. Hand Amy down, James. All things look hopeful again.

AMY. Get, you bad philosopher, you said there was no hope in dollars and cents. Oh! yes, there is hope in everything! Hope is the omnipresent voice of Heaven, crying aloud through the dark chambers of the human heart.⁸ It sings a glad song to us, from the cradle to the crutch; and, as the grave opens to receive us, its voice rises from the depths—as when a chapel's doors are swung out before the rejoicing organ—into a thunderous anthem of joy and thanksgiving!

SHORN. [Aside] And fate has doomed me to spread desolation through so glorious a nature! ⁹ [Exeunt]

ACT II.

SCENE I: *The breakfast-room in Giltwood's house. Giltwood, Shorn, and Amy Giltwood, discovered at the table. Giltwood reading a newspaper. Servant-in-waiting, etc.*

AMY. My dear, do put down the newspaper; your tea will be quite cold.

GILT. In a moment, Amy. Very interesting money article. More fires, more burglaries! It seems that we are suffering under an epidemic of crime. For the last week, the town has been infested by incendiaries and thieves. But I suppose you know that. How long have you been in the city?

SHORN. About a week. Your tea is excellent, Mrs. Giltwood.

GILT. A whole week, and this your first visit to us!

SHORN. I was prevented by business from—

AMY. That will do, Mr. Shorn. Business is Edward's final excuse for everything. If he cannot take it, he should not offer it.

GILT. Really this is becoming alarming. I fear the insurance offices will all break. Here is a string of fires, half a column long, and the rest of the column is made up of burglaries. This, added to the financial panic, will cause great distress in the city.¹⁰ Why let me see: full a million of property must have been burned up or stolen during the last week. There is no doubt, besides, that it is the work of designing villains.

SHORN. Particularly the burglaries, Edward. Mrs. Giltwood, I should myself feel inclined to fire a house, if there was no other way of boiling your teakettle. Another cup, if you please. [Passing his cup]

AMY. Edward, dear Edward, please to drink your tea. You hear how flatteringly Mr. Shorn speaks of it.

GILT. Directly, Amy. Well, the police—

SHORN. Are very active, of course. They are always so, if you believe their own reports.

GILT. No; they are completely at fault.

SHORN. They are always at that, too, if you believe your own senses.

GILT. Some few arrests have been made.—

SHORN. Of the wrong persons doubtless.

GILT. [Reading] "Yet the work of devastation goes on unabated: nay, with steadily increasing fury." So says the newspaper.

SHORN. In its own grand style. The editor has emptied the false orthography of Webster's whole dictionary over a few petty accidents, and fancies

that his readers will be horrified by his big words and bad spelling. Truly, so far as the spelling goes, I am horrified indeed.

GILT. [Throws down the newspaper] Now, Amy for your tea.

SHORN. By the way, Edward, when will you require the money for your notes?

GILT. Now, today, before three o'clock.

SHORN. Indeed!

GILT. Yes.

SHORN. Then, I hope the southern mail may be in; for I expect my funds by it.

GILT. Or the *Occident*. I have still hope that her arrival may spare an appeal to your generosity.

AMY. What a precarious condition you men of business live in, when the arrival of a steamer, or a mail, may settle your fortunes for life!

SHORN. It is almost like trusting one's fate to the turn of a card.

NEWSBOY. [Without] *Herald!—Herald!—Extra Herald!*—latest news of the *Oc-ci-dent!*

SHORN. What's that?—the *Occident?* [They all rise]

GILT. Thank Heaven! she's in, and I am safe! [Laughing] Ha! ha! Amy, don't you feel like dancing a polka with me?

AMY. No, Edward; but I feel like showing my gratitude to Heaven in a more sedate and becoming manner.

SHORN. [To Servant] Here is a shilling. Run down and get the extra. [Exit Servant] If the steamer be really in, one half my plans have come to naught. [Aside]

GILT. My dear little Saint, you are always preaching when you should be rejoicing. I respect your religious feelings; but, indeed, they seem to come in very much out of place at present.

AMY. They can never be out of place. Our smiles and our tears are alike from Heaven. I am not about to preach again, however. Let me rail at Mr. Shorn for his sins.

SHORN. If you will permit me to kneel at your shrine, I shall bear any kind of penance patiently.

AMY. Fie, Sir! you are an habitual flatterer. Awhile ago, you sneered at the newspapers; and, almost before your words die away, the voice of the poor little newsboy rings in my husband's ear, as if it bore the august tidings of an angel of mercy. Hark!

NEWSBOY. [Without] *Herald!—Extra Herald!*—Loss of the Steamer *Oc-ci-dent!*

GILT. Oh! Heavens!—[Staggers]

AMY. Sit down, my dear. [*Helps him to a chair*] You did not understand, perhaps. Besides, the steamer may be lost, you know, yet the cargo saved. [*Re-enter Servant with paper*] Read the paper, Mr. Shorn—in Heaven's name, read the paper!

SHORN. [*Reading*] "Telegraph from Portland. The fishing-schooner *Shark*, just arrived at this port, reports that, on the fifteenth of the month, she fell in with a boat, and pieces of a wreck, supposed to be parts of the spars of a large steamer. No doubt can exist that these fragments were fragments of the steamer *Occident*; as the boat was marked"—

AMY. Dear Edward, be a man! You must bear up, for my sake and the children's, if not for your own. Despair is an idle, whining idiot that helps no one. Come, come! this trial was ordained for a wise purpose. You must look to Heaven, Edward, when there is no light upon earth.

GILT. I have no strength for anything.

AMY. Heaven will help you, if you ask its aid. Besides, love, we are not so helpless; here is Mr. Shorn.

GILT. True: the blow took away my senses. Now, James, my only hope is in you.

SHORN. And mine in the southern mail.

AMY. Do not depress him, sir, by suggesting doubts. What fear can be there? The mails come in, as the tides rise, with unerring punctuality. Cheer up, Edward! I will ask nothing for household expenses. I have money and jewels enough to support us for a twelve-month.

GILT. But I want money now—this instant.

AMY. Raise it on the house and furniture; not to forget my ridiculously large wardrobe and the children's trinkets.

GILT. Nonsense! they would not bring a tithe of the sum which I must have; and have it I will, by Heaven, if I wring it from some usurer's heart!

AMY. Do not talk so, Darling! You are beside yourself—Heaven forgive you! Even if I cannot aid you, as I would, surely the house is worth something.

GILT. It is mortgaged. Furies, madam! why do you force me to this indecent exposure of my condition?

SHORN. Edward!

AMY. Don't notice it, sir. He is well-nigh crazed. Indeed, Mr. Shorn, it is the first harsh word he ever spoke to me, and—Well, I have no right to play the fool now. [*Wiping her eyes. Enter a Citizen hastily*]

CIT. Mr. Giltwood, your warehouse is afire! [*Exit*]

GILT. By Heavens! I shall go frantic! Amy, you dunce, why do you hang about me? My hat, my hat! [*She runs to a table for his hat, and returns*]

AMY. Here it is, Edward. What else can I do?

GILT. James, keep her at home. She'll be running to put out the fire next.

[Exit]

AMY. Edward, dear Edward, good bye! Heaven bless you!—bless you!—
[Faints]

SHORN. A hand of iron and a heart of steel, these are the things affliction
gave to me; or such a scene would melt me into man. Out! tempting mercy!
I but equal my vengeance to my wrongs. [Bends over Amy]

SCENE 2: *A street before Giltwood's house. Enter from the house, Shorn.*

SHORN. Shall I renounce the purposes of years—the ends for which I toiled
and sinned—because I feel some twinge of humanity at the sufferer's agonies?
Was it for this I organized such a scheme against society as the world never
saw before? Was it for this I plunged myself in crime to the eyelids, subdued
the last trace of Heaven in my nature, went downward, step by step, until,
now, Satan might ask me to share his rivalled throne?¹¹ Tears! what are
tears? Have I not shed them too?¹² Who felt for me?¹³ Heaven knows, Gilt-
wood, I would not willingly call you foe, had not your fatal union with Amy
made you so; for through your sufferings only can I reach her heart, and
make her feel the pangs that never die in me. I have sworn—I have sworn.

[Exit slowly. Enter Tapeley and Pike]

PIKE. There, Mr. Tapeley, that is Captain Shorton.

TAP. Why do you not arrest him at once?

PIKE. [Laughing] Because I don't wish to make a fool of myself. I have
followed him, like a dog, for three mortal years, in all kinds of disguises, and
I never yet thought of laying my hand upon his shoulder.

TAP. Why?

PIKE. Because I could never bring a shadow of proof against him.¹⁴ To-
day, I caught a poor, rum-soaked hanger-on of his gang, one Pete Dreggs;
but I let him run; there was no use in questions. That's what makes me want
the rack and thumbscrews revived; for his gang will never talk till they are
brought to such a pinch. Hang it! I am as much fettered by the law as he is.

TAP. He must be a strange man to inspire such fidelity.

PIKE. I tell you, Mr. Tapeley, he's a genius. The mind he has worked up
in rascality would have won half the world for him, honestly.

TAP. But you must have discovered him in something, after three years
pursuit.

PIKE. Never in person. He does nothing with his own hand. He is the
brains—the moving power, of his gang, and no more. If I arrest the whole of

them, what does it amount to?¹⁵ I tell you, sir, there is not one in a hundred of his own people who could swear that he has anything to do with them.

TAP. This is very curious.

PIKE. Curious! I¹⁶ think it is. The whole thing is managed by grades. For example: say, Shorton is chief, Ruff second in command, Johnson third. Well then, Ruff must know Shorton, and Johnson must know Ruff; but there is no need of Johnson knowing Shorton, do you see?

TAP. I understand.

PIKE. So they go down, through a hundred grades; each man knows the one above, and the one below him, but that is all. Then, when you¹⁷ consider that the whole infernal association is organized thoroughly, disciplined like a society of Jesuits, supplied with secret signs, and a telegraphic language, you may have some notion of its vast power for evil. Isn't it ingenious, Mr. Tapeley?

TAP. Fearful, Mr. Pike, fearful!

PIKE. Why, sir, it was a year before I discovered that there was such an organization; it was another year before I discovered that it was moved by one man; and it took a third year to trace who that man really was.¹⁸ Once, I got superstitious, thought the devil was at the head of it, and nearly gave up the chase. But three years—every minute of which was spent on this thing—has done the business; and now I know more about the association than any man alive, except the Captain himself.

TAP. You deserve a rich reward for your perseverance, Mr. Pike.

PIKE. I shall get it, if I bring Shorton to justice.¹⁹ Today will be my last chance for a year. By the southern mail he will receive the yearly reports of his officers; he will read them; and five minutes afterwards they will all be smoke and ashes. If I can get those papers, he is gone.

TAP. But, I hear, the southern mail has been robbed.

PIKE. Oh! yes; but he robbed it; for what reason I can't tell. He has run a great risk for nothing; so far as I can see; for the mail contained but little plunder. Now, sir, I'm bound to get the papers, unknown to Shorton.²⁰ If he knew that I am on his trail, Lord! what a dance he'd lead me!

TAP. Good day, Mr. Pike!

PIKE. Strict confidence, Mr. Tapeley?

TAP. The very strictest.

PIKE. And promise to appear against him?

TAP. Yes, I would go beyond my profession to bring so sublime a scoundrel to justice. My friend, the district attorney, is very anxious about these continual fires in the city; do you know anything of them?

PIKE. All Shorton's, sir. They puzzle me as much as the mail-robbery. I never knew him to be engaged in anything that didn't pay before.

TAP. Good Heaven! that such things can exist in the midst of us! [Exit]

PIKE. "Sublime scoundrel!" Great genius! that's the name for Captain Shorton, alias James Shelvill, alias Mr. Shorn! Upon my soul, I admire you, Captain! Yours is the greatest mind that ever busied itself with the philosophy and practice of crime. Here you live, hey! with your friend, a rich and respectable merchant? You sit down at his breakfast table, and by signs, as rapid as the telegraph, you order his storehouse to be burned to the ground; and, before you have swallowed his tea, it is done. Oh! you are a great man—a very great man—and I am about to take a look at your premises. If I am further from you than your shadow this day, laugh at me for a fool. [Goes to Giltwood's door, and takes out a bunch of lock-picks] Number one? you won't do. Five? that looks more like it. [Picks the lock, and opens the door] All quiet. [Listens] Now, Captain, I'll pay your rooms a short visit. [Exit into house, cautiously]

SCENE 3: *A parlor in Giltwood's house. Enter Pike stealthily.*

PIKE. I shall be fit to join the Captain's men shortly: I have such a quiet way of moving through another man's house. Lord knows, I've tried hard enough to get into the Association; but it was no go. I'm a baby to Shorton; and the little I know I learnt by watching him. Well, I've been through his rooms; but there is nothing in them.²¹ However, I must do something; I can't be idle; and who knows but this time—Ah! here comes some one. That closet? No; people open closets. Behind this curtain? Yes, this place will do. [Hides behind a curtain. Enter Amy, followed by Crum]

CRUM. Oh! mistress, mistress!—[Weeping]

AMY. Now, my poor girl, do not go on so. Mr. Giltwood's storehouse is fully insured, and he will suffer no loss; Mr. Shorn assured me of that.

CRUM. Oh! mam, how can a house burn all up to nothin', and nobody lose nothin' neither?

AMY. It would be tedious to explain, Betsy; but you may be confident of one thing; Mr. Giltwood will only suffer a temporary inconvenience.

CRUM. A tenpenny inconvenient! Well, ain't that somethin'? A tenpenny inconvenient must be a dreadful thing; or Mr. Giltwood wouldn't 'er took on so. I was a-washin' the steps when he run out; and he trod in the bucket, and tripped over the brush, and fell flat; and then he got up agin, and put the house-rag in his pocket, and rushed down the street like mad. Don't tell me, mam; it ain't in natur. A man can't have his store burnt over his head,

and ony suffer a tenpenny incon—something or other mam. [*Weeps bitterly*]

AMY. There, Betsy! Your tears are both foolish and useless.

CRUM. They ain't! my eyes is my own, and I'll cry 'em out if I choose. I tell you what, Mrs. Giltwood, if a body can't cry when they please, why I want to quit the house—that's all!

AMY. Really, Betsy, you should not trouble me at such a time.

CRUM. "At such a time!"—There! I knowed it! You're a-tryin' to fool me. We're all ruined, and you want to hide it. Oh! dear! dear! you'll have to take in sewin', and Mr. Giltwood'll have to work at a trade, and the children'll have to beg cold victuals, and Betsy Crum'll have to see you do it—oh! dear!—oh! dear!—and that'll be wust of all—oh! gracious! [*Weeps. Bell rings*]

AMY. Hark! there is some one at the door. The house is in confusion, the servants are all at the fire, and there is no one to answer the bell. Pray run down, Betsy.

CRUM. I hope, I know my dooty, without bein' minded of it, Mrs. Giltwood. I guess, it's only Mr. Shorn, anyhow. He's been a-runnin' in and out all day, and a-trackin' his dirty boots all over my steps and carpet. I suppose, I'm to clean after him, too, am I? I don't like your company, no how, Mrs. Giltwood. He's snaky, very snaky, mam; and ought 'er have a hole in the ground, to stick his ugly flat head in; instid of a-pokin' it into a decent house—he ought. [*Bell rings*] Oh! I'm a-comin', I'm a-comin'—when I get quite ready—drat you! [*Exit*]

AMY. One should have the patience of Penelope, to bear with that creature's disposition. Her good qualities appear only in moments of extreme trial; and to such occasions no one would willing look forward. Poor Edward! why has he not returned? If it had not been for the kind counsels, and inspiring cheerfulness, of Mr. Shorn, I should have followed him to the fire. [*Enter Shorn*]

SHORN. Mrs. Giltwood—

AMY. Go on, sir, go on! You look sad. For mercy sake, what is the matter? Edward is not well?

SHORN. Yes; and striving as becomes a man. But the office, in which his property is insured, has been so crippled with losses occasioned by the numerous fires of late, that it has closed its doors.

AMY. My poor, poor husband! Is there—oh! tell me, sir—is there a way in which I can serve him?

SHORN. I fear not. He requested me to tell you to remain at home.

AMY. In that matter, I must judge for myself. Edward would keep me at home, because he thinks me unable to assist him. He misjudges me, sir. The energies of even a feeble woman, when empowered by the strong arms of

love, may achieve something heroic.²² Never talk of weakness to a loving heart. The will to do is the thing; the power we all possess.

SHORN. *[Aside]* Disobedience! She takes her first downward step!

AMY. But the southern mail, by which you expected your remittances; is it in?

SHORN. Alas! I forgot to tell you. Between the railroad station and the post office, the mail was stolen, by some adroit villains, and there is no clue to its whereabouts.

AMY. Stolen! what next?

SHORN. Heaven only knows! My loss is nothing; but poor Edward!—

AMY. What would you advise?

SHORN. I would advise you to listen to something which I am about to tell you.

AMY. This is strange!

SHORN. Not so strange as my words will be. Mrs. Giltwood, I am about to relate to you something that has given me more pain than any event of my life.—

AMY. Pray, stop, sir. If this matter relates only to yourself, we can postpone it until some fitter time. At present, I feel that it is my duty to devote all my thoughts and energies to my unfortunate husband. Come, sir, let us talk of him; and cheer him, on his return to us, by laying before him some unerring plan for his deliverance.

SHORN. It is of his happiness that I would speak. That which I have to say, concerns him more vitally than the safety of his goods, or even of his mercantile credit: it is of his honor, as a man, that I would talk.

AMY. Be plain then. Speak to the heart of the subject.

SHORN. Just before the fire broke out, a person, resembling your husband in every respect, was seen to steal from the back part of his warehouse, and walk rapidly in the direction of your dwelling. At least a dozen people saw this; and the strange circumstances is public talk. More; there was one man, among the lookers-on at the fire, who boldly says that he saw this same person enter the back alley which leads to your house. Edward's goods were fully insured; and, but for the breaking of the office, he would have suffered no loss. Under all circumstances, it is better, perhaps, that the office failed; otherwise, Edward would be in danger of prosecution.

AMY. Pshaw! Mr. Shorn, this is idle scandal. We can account for every moment of Edward's time this morning.

SHORN. For all but about fifteen minutes. You remember that he left us, on our way to breakfast; returned, in a hurried manner, after a quarter of an hour's absence, and busied himself with the newspapers.

AMY. True.

SHORN. There was ample time to walk to and from his warehouse.

AMY. Very true. Where could he have been?

SHORN. Now, that I think of it, I requested him to bring his balance-sheet to me. He returned without it, to be sure; and made some excuse about his bookkeeper not being at the office, or something of that kind: sufficient to prove, however, that he had been to his warehouse or to his office, at least.

AMY. Did he?—

SHORN. Yes; and don't you remember that, after waiting breakfast for sometime, you said, "Why, there is Edward coming up the yard?"

AMY. I believe I did.

SHORN. I know you did.

AMY. Sir!

SHORN. All these things, taken together, go—

AMY. [Interrupting him] To make up one infamous lie!

SHORN. I hope so, sincerely.

AMY. You know so, beyond doubt, or you do not know Edward Giltwood.

SHORN. Why, really, madam—

AMY. [Interrupting him] Mr. Shorn, if on weighing this matter, with the severest eye of justice, you harbor in any corner of your mind the slightest suspicion of my husband's entire integrity, there lies your path—through yonder open door; and, let me tell you, sir, you are the first man who ever crossed its threshold—were he the most grovelling worm that crawls—with such a doubt in his false and degraded heart! Begone, sir!

SHORN. I only looked at the matter with the eyes of the multitude.

AMY. Then go mingle with the multitude; for you have no right to the hospitality of this house.

SHORN. Your suspicions of my faith in Edward are more unjust to me, than my worst thoughts of him. I believe him to be wronged and slandered, but, not the less, in danger. I have known innocent men, before his time, who have been hunted to death by lies. There was an unhappy man of this city, who died broken-hearted in California, one James Shelvill—

AMY. [Interrupting him] He was an inbred villain. Dare not compare my husband with that man!

SHORN. [Aside] She strengthens me against herself. I shall not falter again. You knew James Shelvill then?

AMY. Too well.

SHORN. Yet not enough, if you believed him guilty. Your maiden name was Amy Startle—excuse me—Miss Amy Startle?

AMY. It was.

SHORN. Your native place was a small town, some miles from this; there Shelvill saw you first—long before your husband heard your name?

AMY. Yes.

SHORN. James Shelvill loved you?

AMY. No; he was incapable of love, or any noble passion.

SHORN. At least, he loved you in the best way he could; even as the base may love and worship Heaven, and from that Heaven gain mercy, if no more.

AMY. Perhaps.

SHORN. You did not show him even mercy. No! You rejected his heart with scorn—²³ you degraded him beneath his self-contempt; you turned his face towards hell, and drove him downward! You have this upon your hands —this ruin of a human soul—to answer for; how can you answer it?

AMY. 'Twas in the days of my girlish folly, when we think lightly of the time to come. I confess that I acted with little wisdom, but with no cruel design.

SHORN. You talk well, madam; but, for all your talk, the issue was the same to him: a life of misery, and a death of horror!

AMY. I sincerely pity him.

SHORN. Pity! he asks it not. You insult his memory with your pity.

AMY. Mr. Shorn, this Shelvill, in whom you take so much interest, was—

SHORN. [Interrupting her] He was my friend—a bold and trusty friend—the best, and only one, I've had through life.

AMY. He was a bad man.

SHORN. He was that which you made him. Until you spurned him, he was an honest man. But you set up the hunt; and all the human pack, whom you call fellows, joined the chase, and drove the hapless wretch to desperation. At the first shout of scorn, he paused in innocent amazement; but the yell grew loud and near; he turned and fled, like Cain, without Cain's crime. Now hear the words he whispered in my ear.²⁴ He lay dying upon the California plains, with nothing but the sailing clouds 'twixt him and Heaven, as thus he spoke: "James Shorn, that woman is the death of me."²⁵ I do not ask just Heaven for vengeance on her head; I only ask for justice on her deed—such as its law metes out to sins like hers. Swear to repay the deed."²⁶

AMY. And you?—

SHORN. I swore.

AMY. Hear me!—

SHORN. Wait, wait! Even as I swore, a whirlwind eddied round us, and snatched up to Heaven—for so it seemed to me—his prayer and my oath.

When I looked on him, the sharp touch of death had fixed his features on eternity!

AMY. Oh! horrible! Dark and mysterious man, the oath you swore was more than sinful.

SHORN. I am neither dark nor mysterious; it is my function makes me seem so. I am—as you now know me to be—but the cold minister of justice; in all else, a feeling man, I trust. It is the dead that haunts you, and your own guilty soul that makes you feel his presence.

AMY. Then do your worst! I am a woman, feeble as I know, with many ties, as husband, children, home, through which I may be struck. Strike here—here at this heart—and let its riven shield protect the sacred beings whom I love, and before whom I cast myself, a willing victim!

SHORN. No, madam; I have thought it over. You must not die, but suffer—suffer until the scales of justice, which Shelvill now drags down, be balanced equally between you, pang for pang.

AMY. Fie! sir, I am awake. You have been playing on my fancy, oppressing me with a wicked dream. In this land there are laws that curb the powerful, and protect the weak. The sense of right is strong within the people; and twenty²⁷ millions of courageous hearts are guardians of mine and of my country's liberty.²⁸ Lay but a finger on my free-born limbs, and you shall see a spectacle of steel rise, like a harvest round you! I defy you!

SHORN. Your patriotic fire were well, if you were free; but you have ensnared and bound yourself in chains more oppressive than those of slavery—in the chains of guilt. The work of vengeance was ready to my hands before I entered on it.

AMY. Go on then! There is not a word of our conversation which Edward shall not hear, and make you answer for.

SHORN. He shall not hear one.

AMY. I am about to seek him, and we shall see. [*Goes to the bell*]

SHORN. Hold! you are pulling ruin on your head, and on your husband's. For his sake, I have paused thus; and may the dead forgive me! Before James Shelvill died, he put this paper in my hands. [*Produces a paper*] It is a police report. A certain country maiden was arraigned, before a magistrate for pilfering. Her name—so runs the print—was Amy Startle.

AMY. Gracious Heaven! has the old shame, that poisoned half my life, returned to craze me? Mr. Shorn, I was as innocent of crime as—

SHORN. [*Interrupting her*] As Shelvill was: I grant it. Yet you have kept it, as a loathsome secret, from your husband.

AMY. Only for shame, only to spare his noble mind the stain of such disgusting memories. I'll tell you all. I was an unknown country-girl. I came

to town, to make some purchases. Leaving my father in a neighboring street, I walked into a store, bought some small goods, turned from the counter—then my brain ran around. I knew no more, until I found myself arraigned for theft, with my poor father sobbing at my side. It seems, a piece of costly lace caught to my sleeve-hook; and, as I put my hand within my muff, I drew the lace in after. It was an accident, such as might have happened to any lady in the land. But I was alone and unprotected; so the base shopman had no mercy on my youth and evident innocence.

SHORN. Yes, yes; and yet your father purchased silence, at any price, rather than bring the matter to trial. The same event, with all your innocence, exposed you to the hints, and taunts, and slights of your whole village; drove you from your native town, and made you seek this city, as a refuge from disgrace.

AMY. I own all that; but I assert my perfect innocence.

SHORN. How? On your husband you have palmed a fraud. He married you, spotless, as he thought; to find you—

AMY. [Interrupting him] Spotless still at heart.

SHORN. But most deformed and tainted in your history. Madam, you cannot evade the fact. You should have told your story before your wedding. You did not. There lies your crime; and my plain duty to Edward, as his friend, is to inform him of it.

AMY. I will confess it to him at once.

SHORN. Dare, and you will drive him mad. Add this infamous affair to his present troubles, and, before tonight, Edward Giltwood will rave in a madhouse. I am more merciful: I pause for pity towards him. No; when the blow comes, it shall come from me; or, rather, from the cold, relentless hand of him whose spirit hovers 'round us now.

AMY. Have mercy on my poor children and my careworn husband! I am guiltless; yet I ask nothing.

SHORN. Not of treachery to Edward.

AMY. Oh! I was thoughtless. A false shame closed up my lips to him. I feared that it might have cost me his love: I could have sacrificed all else.

SHORN. "It might!" it would have cost you his love and him; you know it. You know his touchy honor too well to doubt a moment.

AMY. Sir, you have found some virtues in me, you have praised them too; I assure you, they all spring from that unhappy accident. It humbled me, it brought me to my knees, and from my knees I looked toward Heaven. Hear me! I could not treat James Shelvill, now, as I did in my haughty girlhood. I was a village belle, a silly hair-brained child.—I tell you, sir, that all my little goodness dates from that day. You will not spoil the charity of Heaven, by

turning its mournful blessings into curses? You will not wring the heart of your best friend, at such a time, with such a history? Wait till his mind is at rest; and, then, I promise you that I will not shrink. If, after hearing all, he cast me off, I will depart in peace. Think of my children!—of the downcast man who staggered from you, all aghast, this morning, with ruin staring him in the face—oh! think! [Shorn is slowly departing. She clings to him]

SHORN. Think of James Shelvill, of his wrongs and grief! Think of my oath, that pity cannot touch!

AMY. Oh! spare poor Edward!

SHORN. I promise nothing. Are you humbled?

AMY. Yes; beneath the dust! [Shorn tears himself from her, and exits. She falls upon her face. Pike comes from behind the curtain; and exits thoughtfully]

ACT III.

SCENE I: *The private office of Elton's banking-house. Enter Giltwood and Elton.*

ELT. Mr. Giltwood, there is no necessity for prolonging this conversation. After your notes have been protested, your creditors may grant you an extension; at present, I cannot.

GILT. But it is the protest I wish to avoid. The idea of failing fills me with horror.

ELT. I have nothing to do with feelings. A bank is a mere machine, for the more convenient transaction of business. You know that, as well as I do; and I am really astonished that a man of your understanding, can expect us to depart from our established rules.

GILT. But there are certain cases which, I hoped, might touch the feelings of even a banker. I have been particularly unfortunate, Mr. Elton. I should have had ample means to meet my engagements had the *Occident* arrived; or had the southern mail, which contained the funds of a friend, not been robbed on the way hither. Today, my storehouse has been burned to the ground; and the office that insured my goods failed before the fire was extinguished. You see to what a combination of mishaps I owe my present position.

ELT. Very well; what have I to do with all this?

GILT. Mr. Elton, you are unfeeling. Six months ago, when money was a drug in the market, you came to me, hat in hand, and begged me to borrow

a portion of your idle funds. I refused. You persevered; you filled my head with speculations; you decoyed me into my ruin!

ELT. Sir!

GILT. Aye, I repeat it. You talked of shipments to California, of the immense returns which they had made; you opened before me schemes of sudden wealth. I relied on your experienced judgment; I was fool enough to believe you; and this is my return.

ELT. I cannot control the money-market.

GILT. Then you should not base your promises upon it. You prophesied an easy money-market for the next twelve-month. You bankers have much to answer for. When money is plenty, you entice us into speculation by begging us to borrow; and then, at the least change in the prospect, you call in your loans, before we have reaped the benefits of them, and crush us at a blow. This is the history of my case, and it has been that of a thousand others.

ELT. Really, Mr. Giltwood, I have no time to waste on this discussion.

GILT. Circumstances, of a private nature forbid that I should ask a favor of the holder of my notes, Mr. Tapeley. You refuse to do it for me. My case seems desperate. What would you advise me to do?

ELT. Break.

GILT. Good Heaven! Mr. Elton, can you look me in the face, in that cool way, and offer such advice? It is a proverb that banks have no heart; I fear that some of their officers are in a like predicament.

ELT. You are impertinent, sir!

GILT. No; you have taken away the spirit to be so.

ELT. Go to your creditors. Your notes are with me for collection only. I have no interest whatever in them.—Though, after the rumors that are flying about, I fear your creditors will show you but little mercy.

GILT. Rumors regarding me?

ELT. Much to your discredit.

GILT. How!

ELT. It is reported that you know more about the fire at your warehouse than anyone else.

GILT. It is a base lie!

ELT. Hum! hum!

GILT. What, do you give credence to the falsehood? Confess that belief, if you dare, and I will offer you such an insult as no gentleman can receive!

ELT. Come, this is no place for your theatrical rages. Mr. Giltwood, I have the honor of wishing you a very good morning! [Bows]

GILT. Mr. Elton, do you know what is the greatest curse of this perverted world? Do you know what it is that blinds man to nature, and blocks up the

pathway between earth and Heaven? Do you know what can turn the heart to marble, and the eye to lead? Do you know what can still the bounding blood of youth, and dry up the narrow veins of age? Do you know what can make the intellect and education lick the dust from the feet of folly and ignorance? Do you know what can make the most delicate refinement servile to the most brutal vulgarity? Do you know what can load the scales of justice, and blunt her sword? Do you know what fills the hospital, the almshouse, the jail, and stretches the accursed cord of the gallows? Do you know what can break all the Decalogue, create every crime forbidden in Holy Writ, and invent new ones too numerous and too odious for language? Do you know what draws tears from the angels, and peals of laughter from the fiends? Do you know what keeps Heaven empty, and makes Hell groan with its myriads? I can answer all these terrible questions, and in one word—Money! [Exit]

ELT. Upon my soul, a very excitable young man, and no bad hand at an oration. Really, he should go into politics which, I believe, was invented by some humane individual as a sort of general charity, a refuge for those who have proved themselves unfit for all other kinds of business. [Enter Amy with a basket]

AMY. Mr. Elton?

ELT. At your service, madam. Pray be seated.

AMY. No, I thank you: I shall detain you a moment only. The gentleman who just left you, Mr. Giltwood, was he successful in his mission?

ELT. If you consider his mission to be that of an anti-monetary declaimer, he was very successful indeed. I never heard such a tirade against everything that was, is, or may be, in the whole course of my life.

AMY. Excuse me, sir; but I would rather listen to no jests regarding that gentleman. I remained outside your office, for purposes of my own, until I saw him depart; and now I simply wish to know whether he accomplished his object?

ELT. His business with me was to postpone the payment of certain notes, placed with us for collection.

AMY. And you?

ELT. I could not grant it.

AMY. You "could not grant it?" Weigh your words, sir.

ELT. Under no circumstances. Before we go further, in another man's private affairs, I should like to know what relation you bear to him?

AMY. I am his wife.

ELT. I supposed as much.

AMY. I came here with no purpose of appealing to your feelings. This is a matter of business, and should be so treated.

ELT. A very sensible view of the affair.

AMY. Mr. Giltwood's notes are due today. His funds are, as he has perhaps informed you, in the missing steamer, *Occident*. I am quite ignorant of business etiquette, but if the payment of any moderate amount, or the pledging of some not valueless property, would be a sufficient inducement for you to grant him a little time—say, a week, or two or three days—I am ready to offer you security. [Uncovers her basket] See, sir, here are my jewels—quite superfluous, I assure you—and a small package of trinkets which I will place in your hands. At home, I have other costly property—such as laces, India shawls, robes, furs, plate, and so forth—which I have written down in this schedule. [Offers a paper] They are all entirely at your disposal, on condition—

ELT. [Interrupting her] Good Heaven! Madam, I am not a pawnbroker! You are, doubtless, quite innocent of wrong; but, really, you are wounding me very deeply.

AMY. There can be no insult in intentions as earnest as mine.

ELT. Mrs. Giltwood, I shall offer you the advice which I lately gave your husband: Go talk to the holders of the notes. Both you and Mr. Giltwood seem to forget that I have no power over them.

AMY. Who are the persons to whom you refer me?

ELT. The owner of the bulk—nay, when I come to think of it—the owner of the whole of them is a large capitalist, to whom they came in the course of business. But, I fear, your labor will be lost; for Mr. Tapeley is not a man to surrender—

AMY. [Interrupting him] Mr. Tapeley?—an old gentleman?—a lawyer?

ELT. The same.

AMY. He is saved! He is saved! Heaven bless you, for your kindness in mentioning that name! Why, sir, Mr. Tapeley was an old friend of my father: I grew to girlhood under his eye. To be sure, my marriage with Edward offended him a little, on account of some differences between them; but when he understands our misfortunes, he will certainly relent.—Why do you shake your head?

ELT. Because, madam, you do not appear to know how little such things enter into a man's ideas of business.

AMY. Oh! sir, his heart enters into everything he does. You do not know Mr. Tapeley as I do, or you would not suspect his generosity. You still doubt? Well, I can try, I can try. If I fail, I shall at least feel that I have done my duty.

ELT. Mr. Tapeley's office is in—

AMY. [Interrupting him] I know where it is. I have not lost sight of him, though he seems to have forgotten me. Good day, Mr. Elton! I owe you the blessing of a bright hope, and I am not ungrateful for it.

ELT. Good morning, Mrs. Giltwood! Heaven speed you! for you deserve success.

AMY. Oh! thank you! thank you! [Exit]

ELT. By Jupiter! that's a noble creature! If she had said a few words more, I should have felt inclined to take up Giltwood's notes myself. Well, well, a banker has no business with feelings. If I helped all the cripples that come to me, I should soon need crutches for myself. [Enter Shorn]

SHORN. Mr. Elton, I believe?

ELT. Yes, sir.

SHORN. My name is Mr. Shorn.

ELT. Mr. James Shorn of California?

SHORN. I am he.

ELT. [Shaking his hand cordially] Why, my dear sir, I am delighted to see you. Sit down, Mr. Shorn, sit down. [Offers a chair] Really, sir, this is an unexpected pleasure. To what do I owe the honor of your visit, Mr. Shorn?

SHORN. To our common idol, Mr. Elton, the golden calf.

ELT. [Laughing] Ha! ha! very good, very good! You, who have such a slice of the idol's carcass, can afford to laugh at us poor fellows who pick at its bones. Allow me to take your hat, sir. Upon my word, I am glad to find you looking so well.

SHORN. I called to inquire with regard to some notes of one Edward Giltwood. When are they due?

ELT. Today, at three o'clock. [Aside] Those cursed notes again!

SHORN. This Giltwood is a poor devil, I fear, Mr. Elton.

ELT. A very poor devil, Mr. Shorn.—I beg your pardon: you were about to observe?—

SHORN. It is currently reported that he set fire to his own warehouse, in order to obtain the insurance.

ELT. I have no doubt of it, not the least.

SHORN. And that he has not a penny in the *Occident*, even if she should arrive. All humbug, to gain time.

ELT. All humbug, Mr. Shorn; I never had a doubt of it. His wife is the only valuable thing in his possession.

SHORN. And she—ha! ha! [Laughing] But we'll not be scandalous.

ELT. Ha! ha! [Laughing] She just left me, Mr. Shorn.

SHORN. Oh! Elton, you sly old villain!

ELT. Come, come, you'll say nothing, Mr. Shorn. She made nothing by it, I swear.

SHORN. I'm not sure of that. Oh! Elton, Elton! [*Laughing*]

ELT. Mum's the word.

SHORN. Honor bright, upon my soul! Well, then, the end of the matter is that Giltwood's notes are not worth a copper.

ELTON. Not worth a single farthing.

SHORN. I'll tell you why I wish your opinion, Mr. Elton: I have a notion of buying them.

ELT. Hey!—indeed? Well—if you come to their market value, they are not so bad as you may suppose.

SHORN. You must let me have them, Mr. Elton.

ELT. Why, really, Mr. Shorn, you know that this is entirely out of my line of business. The notes are put with us for collection only, and—

SHORN. [*Interrupting him*] Mr. Elton, by the next packet, I shall receive one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, in gold, which I would as leave deposit with you, as with anyone; provided I have Giltwood's notes at, we'll say, a quarter off.

ELT. Well, I think we can manage it. Tapeley is a friend of mine, and I'll take the responsibility of selling the notes, if we can agree on terms.

SHORN. It would be doing Mr. Tapeley a service.

ELT. I really think so.

SHORN. Further, my name is not to appear in this transaction in any way. The notes are to be protested, as if they belonged to Mr. Tapeley; though I pledge myself to pay them afterwards. If Giltwood should redeem them in time, the whole matter goes for nothing. These notes are of no use to me, unless they be protested. I desire them for an after purpose, to have a certain hold upon this Giltwood. You see, Mr. Elton, I am talking you into my confidence.

ELT. Upon my soul, sir, I see nothing of the kind. This is a very curious and incomprehensible affair, Mr. Shorn; and it places me in an extremely awkward situation. Really, sir, I must decline having anything to do with it.

SHORN. Indeed? I'll tell you why you will oblige me. You will oblige me, because you said that Giltwood was an incendiary and a swindler; because you said that his wife was a wanton, and plainly hinted at your own share in her infamy. Because Edward Giltwood, being a gentleman of an exceedingly fiery disposition, on acquaintance with our conversation, would not hesitate to add another ounce of lead to the already weighty number which you carry upon your shoulders. I have a close personal friendship with that dangerous character, and shall feel it my duty—

ELT. [Interrupting him] Good Heavens! Come into the front office, Mr. Shorn. I have no doubt that I shall be able to satisfy you. Walk in, Mr. Shorn, walk in. [Bows Shorn off, and exeunt. Aside] Upon my word, this Mr. Shorn is rather a sharp man of business.

SCENE 2: *A street. Enter Giltwood, hastily.*

GILT. Why should I hurry from street to street in this frenzied manner? I cannot borrow a dollar on my word, and I have nothing else to offer. I see men's answer in their faces, before I open my lips. My credit is gone; and my character too, I should judge, from the way in which I have been treated. There is no course left but to break—Oh! Heaven! that such an alternative was ever offered to me—unless my friend, James who seems to bear full half my suffering, has been able to effect something. [Enter Shorn] Well, James what success? You need not answer: I see my ruin reflected in your features.

SHORN. Not all, my poor friend!

GILT. What more?

SHORN. What? Ah! there is the sorrow! I will out with it, if he kill me; I have no right to conceal the dishonor of my friend, of his children, from him who—Oh! I cannot, cannot get further.

GILT. You have heard how the town slanders me.

SHORN. Has it got abroad?

GILT. I refer to the miserable falsehood about the fire at my warehouse. Let them bring it to trial: I court, and defy investigation. Have you seen Amy?

SHORN. Have I?

GILT. What, in the name of mercy, are you driving at?

SHORN. Hear me, Edward, but be patient. Nothing but the sacredness of friendship, could compel me to the task. I spurned the faithless woman—I swore to reveal her baseness—and, by Heaven, I will!

GILT. Her!—Who?

SHORN. Of course, you know that your wife is fearful of losing her position in society?

GILT. That is quite natural.

SHORN. If you fail, she must lose it.

GILT. Undoubtedly; I know that.

SHORN. Would you believe that the frivolities of fashion have taken such a hold on her?

GILT. They have not. You heard what she said, this morning, about selling out her establishment.

SHORN. A mere ruse. Her plan, as she confessed to me, was even then formed.

GILT. Her plan for what?

SHORN. To save your credit.

GILT. Heaven bless her for it!

SHORN. Peace! Peace! your blessing is blasphemy.

GILT. You seem to possess some painful secret—something that may affect my good opinion of Amy—something discreditable to her.

SHORN. Ah! me!

GILT. Speak out, and speak quickly; or as she lives, and I love her, I'll strangle you in the open street! [Seizes him]

SHORN. Before I speak, I can promise full and sufficient proof of all I say. You requested her to remain at home; do you know that she is even now running about the streets—paying visits, and so forth?

GILT. Most disgraceful!

SHORN. This morning, when we were alone together, although she must have known that I was using all my power in your favor, she offered me—indirectly, Edward, with proper and lady-like delicacy, I must say that—she offered me—on condition that I would save your credit—

GILT. [Interrupting him] What?—what?

SHORN. Her honor.

GILT. Ha!

SHORN. What do you think of it?

GILT. Think! I do not think at all. I know, James Shelvill, that you are a scoundrel and a liar!

SHORN. I was prepared for this, Edward. I should have said the same to a third person. I know that my life is in your hands, and I am willing to yield it to you—

GILT. [Interrupting him] But you spoke of proof, proof.

SHORN. You shall have it, if you consent to overhear a conversation between us—conclusive proof. I swore to reveal the matter to you, and she is in fear lest I should do it before she can conveniently desert you. Doubtless, she thought that I would be unable to resist her beauty—

GILT. [Interrupting him] Damn her beauty! I'll not leave a vestige of it!

SHORN. Look, she comes. Promise me to treat her kindly, until you are convinced of her perfidy?

GILT. James, you act as a generous man, who has been persuaded against your will, but you are deceived.

SHORN. I would beg in the streets, to believe so.

GILT. Has this, too, fallen upon me? Lend me your arm; for I have scarce strength to stand alone. How dare she meet me, after I ordered her to keep at home? *[Enter Amy]*

AMY. *[Aside]* Edward! If he send me home, I shall not see Mr. Tapeley after all.

SHORN. *[Apart to Giltwood]* Mark her confusion.

GILT. *[Apart to Shorn]* I can see nothing else. The world seems filled with treachery, all centered on myself. *[To Amy]* Mrs., I desired you to stay at home.

AMY. But, Edward, I thought proper to—

GILT. *[Interrupting her]* What right had you to think anything, madam, after my message to you?

AMY. If I have displeased you, I will return. Only, dear Edward, please allow me to run over to Mr. Tapeley's for a moment; will you not?

GILT. Tapeley! my old enemy, the niggardly usurer who holds my notes, and who opposed our marriage! Would that his schemes had all been successful! I wish no worse fortune, and myself no better.

AMY. Edward! what does this mean? *[Aside]* Ha! Mr. Shorn has betrayed my secret. If Mr. Shorn has—

SHORN. *[Apart to her]* Hush! you will destroy yourself. I have not revealed your secret. Spare him the pain; he is mad with excitement.

GILT. *[Aside]* By Heaven! They are whispering—before me too! Go home, Mrs. Giltwood, go home!

AMY. Will you not soon be there? Our children—

GILT. *[Interrupting her]* Fie! fie!

AMY. Edward, what excites you thus? Have you not found means to meet your notes?

GILT. What are my notes to you? Go home!

AMY. I am going, Edward. You are ill? I know that you are, or you would not speak thus to your poor wife. I am a woman; I have that claim, at least, on your forbearance; and no man can ill-use our defenseless sex without deserving rebuke. You are ill, are you not?—Speak to me, my dear husband!

GILT. I shall speak enough before long. Why do you loiter there like a beggar?

AMY. Oh! Heaven! my heart will break! *[Exit weeping]*

GILT. There, James, I kept my promise: I treated her with forbearance, did I not?

SHORN. With perfect kindness.²⁹

GILT. The proof! The proof!—I'll have the proof!—or one of us shall face his doom before yon sun goes down! [Exeunt]

SCENE 3: *Shorn's apartment in Giltwood's house. Crum discovered making up the bed.*

CRUM. I ain't a-goin' to make up beds twice a day for nobody—that's flat.³⁰ Oh! What a lookin' bed! I tell you what, Betsy Crum, the man as sleeps in that bed has a orful conshunce.³¹ Lor' me! If there ain't a place where he's rolled the sheet up in a wad, and bit it half through! Well, I never! My, a hungry wolf wouldn't 'er done that. Me! Me! I'd as leave be Pontus Pirate, hisself, as have that man's dreams. The good-fur-nothin', bed-spilin', lining-eatin', nightmare-rudden Judas! Oh! if I had 'im, I'd learn 'im to be a commin' inter respectable houses, and a-eatin' up all their beds!—I'd show 'im—[Enter Pike, disguised as a porter, with Shorn's trunks, etc.] Oh! Lor!—Oh!

PIKE. Hush! don't make a fool of yourself! I won't hurt a hair of your beautiful head, Miss Crum.

CRUM. Dear me! Mr. Porter, don't flatter yerself; I'm not afeared of a dozen like you. Ony, the next time you come inter a body's room, if you don't knock, I'll know why—that's all!

PIKE. Why, Lord bless you, my lovely creature, I'll tell you why, now: my hands were full.—Ha! by Jupiter! there's the tin box upon the table! [Aside] My sweet girl, couldn't you get a poor fellow a drink of water? If you put something in it, I won't swear—that is, if you make it strong enough to take away my breath.

CRUM. No, sir! I'm a-goin' to stay in this 'ere room till you leave it.

PIKE. Very well. Now, Betsy Crum, I just want to speak a word with you. I'm about to open that tin box, and take something out. If you make a noise, I'll be angry with you; and if I get angry with you, Betsy, I'll lock you up, Betsy—upon my soul, I will!

CRUM. You'll lock me up, will you? I'd like to see you make a beginnin' at that. Now, I jest want 'er speak a word to you, Mr. Porter. If you tech anythin' in this room, I'll wallup you over the head with this brush, Mr. Porter; and I'll raise the house too, you, you—oh! you ugly man!

PIKE. No, you won't, Betsy, my darling. You're too sweet a temper to do such naughty things. Come, come! I've no time to lose. My name's Pike, of the police; and I came here, in this disguise, for the express purpose of opening that box; and I'm going to do it, straight. Sharp's the word!

CRUM. Well, Mr. P'lice Pike, you can't come a-disguisin' about here, I tell you. And the sooner you git out of this, the wholer'll be your skin.

PIKE. I must open the box, you know, dear.

CRUM. You can't, beauty. Besides, it's locked. [*Trying the box*]

PIKE. Now, my love!—

CRUM. Do you know what "humbug" means? [*Takes down the box and sits upon it*]

PIKE. I'm sorry to disturb you; but, really, you must find another seat, Miss Crum. [*Endeavors to draw her off*]

CRUM. I'm quite comfortable, thank you! [*Sitting firmly*]

PIKE. Pshaw!—Oh! by the by, Miss Betsy, you have a brother—Joseph Crum, Esquire?

CRUM. I'm not ashamed of 'im. He's a hard-workin' man; and what he eats he earns, honestly, with the lims Heaven gave 'im; and not with the crookid brain that the devil's always a-creepin' inter.

PIKE. He's so fond of hard work, that he don't get enough of it in his regular business, so he runs with the fire-engines. And that's not enough for him either; he's so industrious that, last Tuesday night, he must hit a man over the head with a spanner—only to keep his hand in, I suppose. Well, now, Betsy, as much as you admire all this in Joseph, the law don't like it: and so the mayor put a warrant in my hands, which I shall serve, on the aforesaid Josephy Crum, Esquire, if you don't get off that box. Here it is: read it. [*Gives paper*]

CRUM. Lors a mercy! what'll you do with 'im?

PIKE. Nothing, Betsy, if you'll be a good girl.

CRUM. But I can't be a good girl. My dooty—[*Sobbing*]

PIKE. Nonsense! If you're obliging, you may make curl-papers of that warrant, when you're going to bed; and they'll become you so too; and you'll sleep so much easier, with your head dressed in that fashion, won't you, Betsy? [*Gradually draws her off the box*]

CRUM. But it's locked, Mr. Pike.

PIKE. See here: it may be interesting to you. [*Takes out lock-picks*] You observe, Betsy, that's too large, and that's too small, but this is just the thing! [*Opens the box*] By the great United States, here they are! [*Takes out papers*]

CRUM. No!

PIKE. Yes! Did you ever have a love-letter?

CRUM. He! he! [*Simpering*]³²

PIKE. And you felt like kissing it, you jade?³³

CRUM. Oh! go 'long!— [*Simpering*]

PIKE. Do you know, I feel like kissing these just as much? As it is, I'll put them next my heart. Then, we'll lock up the box again, you see—[*Locks*

it] And, maybe, nobody, but you and I, will know anything about it: And we'll say nothing, will we, Betsy, for poor Joe's sake?

CRUM. Dear me! but you're a queer man! You ought 'er be sent to the World's Fair in a glass case.—

PIKE. Hist! [Sits upon the box, and whistles. Enter Shorn suddenly. *Pike rises, and bows*]

SHORN. Well, man, what do you want here?

PIKE. [Bowing and scraping awkwardly] Gentleman's porter, sir—Brought over the gentleman's baggage from the hotel, sir.—Like a little porterage, if the gentleman pleases.

SHORN. You did not bring that box; what in the devil are you doing with it?

PIKE. No, sir; gentleman brought that over in his own hand. Just seein' if it's all right.

SHORN. Ha! ha! you are? Get up! [Pike rises] I'll take a look at it myself. [Tries the box] All safe. [Aside] My schemes of revenge are making me neglect my other affairs. The contents of this box should have been destroyed an hour ago. Here is your pay, porter. [Gives Pike money] When you carry my luggage again, you will please to remember that you must not meddle with things which do not concern you.

PIKE. No offense, I hope? [Apart to her] Not a word, Betsy! Good morning, Captain Shor—[Aside; and exits hastily] What a fool I am!

SHORN. What's that? Call the fellow back! Quick, you hussy!

CRUM. Hussy! I'll set you up with hussy!—

SHORN. Call him, I say!

CRUM. Porter! porter!—

SHORN. From the window! [Snatches up the box] Is this an old scratch near the keyhole? [Feeling for his keys]

CRUM. [Running to the window] Here, porter, porter! There go his coattails round the corner, sir!

SHORN. [Opening the box] Gone, by hell! Who was that man?

CRUM. I know I've acted wrong, sir; but poor Joe—

SHORN. The devil take poor Joe! Who was that man?

CRUM. I'd have you know, Mr. Shorn, that the devil's not as likely to take Joe, as some other folks I know—

SHORN. Look you, woman, I am a man of few words; speak to the point, or, by the Lord, I'll choke the truth out of you! [Threatens her]

CRUM. Mr.—Shorn—I hope—[Sobbing]

SHORN. Speak!

CRUM. Well, then, that man was a-disguisin' about—[Sobbing]

SHORN. Ha!

CRUM. That man was no porter, sir.

SHORN. No porter!

CRUM. No, sir; he was—he was—[*Sobbing*]

SHORN. Who?—who?

CRUM. P'lice Pike!

SHORN. Oh! Heavens! an officer! I am a ruined man! [*Sinks into a chair*]

CRUM. Lors a massy! so am I! [*Sinks into another chair*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I: *The drawing-room in Giltwood's house. Enter Shorn.*

SHORN. In three hours I must depart; but, by that time, my vengeance will be complete. The papers are all written in a difficult cipher: that must delay discovery. I have stationed my spies in every part of the police office, to give me early warning. No! I will not be frightened from my designs by a stupid policeman. But I am suspected; that is clear. How can it be that plans, which have baffled the world for years, shall be discovered in a day? Poh! I terrify myself with shadows. [*Enter Giltwood*]

GILT. I have come home, according to my promise, a miserable, heartsick man. In a few hours, the public voice will declare me a bankrupt. It has already whispered that I am a criminal; and, in truth, I am so broken down and wretched, that I begin to doubt my own honesty.

SHORN. You must not give way to fancies. You should face destiny, nay, trample upon it, as I have done.

GILT. You counsel with pride of Satan, another, with the humility of a saint; yet the issue of your counsel is the same: I must bear up.³⁴ Test your philosophy in your own life, before you prescribe it to another. Well, what of Amy? I suppose I must bear that, too, with a placid face? I must smile at my own dishonor; I must laugh at it, as the world will laugh at it? This is all very beautiful in theory—it is happiness made easy upon paper; but it is not human; and I, abject and down-trodden as I am, have not ceased to be a man.

SHORN. Poor fellow—

GILT. Peace! You have wasted sympathy enough on me. Give me the proof of Amy's falsehood, which you pledged yourself to do; and if I do not meet it with manly fortitude, I will grapple it with fiendish rage. Something shall be done. I will not sink into this lethargy of mind and body, without a struggle, if I die in the effort.

SHORN. I will, Edward. That much I owe to your honor.

GILT. Honor!—pish! The word seems strange and unnatural to me. Honor flew to Heaven long ago; it was washed out of the world by a flood of gold more destructive to man than the first deluge.³⁵ Away! with your wordy virtues, that only live in terms! I, for one, will henceforth be a natural man.³⁶ If Amy prove false in the trial, I'll drive her from the door of this house, as I would a thief. If you have even erred in judgment, take care, and fly betimes. I'll hear no explanation of your course, no cry for mercy, no appeal to the remorseless fire that burns within me; but, on this spot, I'll tear you limb from limb!

SHORN. And I will offer no resistance. Edward, Edward, it wrings my heart, to think that we two have seen the day when such words can pass between us! You need forgiveness, and I forgive you.

GILT. You see that I am not moved by your words. Grief has fallen upon me, drop after drop, until I am hardened into stone. Take back your friendship! From this day,³⁷ I will neither call man friend, nor woman wife. I am disgusted with you, one and all!

SHORN. Your wife is coming: I heard her chamber-door close.

GILT. What will you do with me? Is she so bold in crime that she will speak before me?

SHORN. You must secrete yourself.

GILT. That's thievish; and, in your catalogue of terms, might be called dishonorable. Well, man, why do you stare at me with such perplexity? I am ready for your contemptible purpose. You must not be too nice with a bankrupt incendiary; it is but little more, to prove him a wittol.

SHORN. Edward, you will kill me with your bitterness.

GILT. Fie! sir; you are faint-hearted. Come, begin!

SHORN. Conceal yourself within this closet. [*Opening a closet*]

GILT. What if I steal the things within? They are not mine; they belong to my creditors. Ha! you can trust me? That's fair, but hardly wise. [*Enters a closet*]

SHORN. Just so I suffered.—Now, wit, be present! [*Enter Amy*]

AMY. Has Edward returned?

SHORN. Not yet.

AMY. That is strange: I thought I heard his voice.

SHORN. He was here awhile ago, but—

AMY. [*Interrupting him*] Well, well, what news? Is the *Occident* in? Has he raised the money? Are we safe? Say yes, Mr. Shorn, for today at least.

SHORN. I am sorry—

AMY. [Interrupting him] Ah! you are sorry! and that means all you can say? I want a word to express the misery I suffer. Can you do nothing?

SHORN. Nothing.

AMY. Not for the offer which I made? It was all I had to give. Here, sir. [Takes him apart, and whispers] I would not be overheard. Edward hates Mr. Tapeley so much, that he would not forgive me, if the act saved him. But do you take this note, and all the useless jewels and finery, to Mr. Tapeley; and see if such a spectacle of misfortune do not move his feelings. I know that it will, more than words could.

SHORN. I cannot, madam. What do you take me for?

AMY. Oh! you men are so proud, so foolishly proud. Now I could beg, in such a cause, and feel no qualm of pride.

SHORN. I believe it. You have such abject thoughts to struggle against, that pride could hardly find a refuge in your heart.

AMY. You are severe. But I will not quarrel with you; because I wish this thing done.

SHORN. You ask in vain. Had you an angel's tongue and graces, I would not be concerned in so dishonorable an affair. Think of my friend Edward's reputation.

AMY. But neither he nor anyone need know, if we are prudent.

SHORN. Your humiliating proposal would be worse than bankruptcy.

AMY. You mistake. Only save his credit, and I am willing to suffer almost any personal humiliation. You will not do it?

SHORN. No!

AMY. Pray, Mr. Shorn—

SHORN. [Interrupting her] You waste your words.

AMY. [Kneeling] Heaven knows, such service is its own; yet here, upon my knees, I beg you to relent! [Giltwood rushes from the closet] Oh! I am lost!

GILT. Stay there, fixed upon your knees, as a living monument of woman's degradation! Oh! you vile hypocrite, who, through a life of disimulation, have dared face the man who loved you! Out! I cast you from my house, as from my heart!—Out! to the world, and steal your daily crumbs, till your vile plunder choke you!

AMY. Steal! Good Heaven, Mr. Shorn, have you betrayed me?

SHORN. I swore to do it to yourself.

GILT. Ay! you hit upon a man at last, too honest to conceal your loathsome secrets. You have made deceit the practice of your life, until the world seems tinged to you with your own baseness!³⁸

AMY. Listen, Edward, listen! 'Twas for your sake—

GILT. [Interrupting her] Oh! wretch, to make me the excuse for your guilt!

AMY. Indeed, dear Edward—

GILT. [Interrupting her] I will not hear a word. And, though I am a ruined and degraded man, I will not suffer the further insult of being "deared" by you.³⁹ Go! you will lose nothing by separation. I have not a farthing, to clothe your proud back with silken finery, not one to pander to your luxurious appetites. Go! you may earn this splendor in the streets, by your own natural ways.

AMY. You reproach me with your own gifts, with the kindness which, I thought, came warm from your heart!—

GILT. Silence! I would not hear you speak. The sound of your voice offends my ears.⁴⁰

AMY. You judge, not only without mercy, but without trial. Is this just, Edward?

GILT. Have I not heard enough? Your crime, under the rigor of the ancient law, would have exposed you to the populace. Such things as you, were in the old days stoned to death beyond the city's walls.

AMY. Has Mr. Shorn told you all?

SHORN. All.

GILT. All! ay, he made excuses for you, madam;—Talked of your pride in me, your love, and Heaven knows what! He is one of those rare moralists who make one virtue the excuse for a thousand vices. What, now! you'd have me take her to my bosom—forget my wrongs—Heaven—bless her—and what not? Would you not, Cato?⁴¹

SHORN. Yes, indeed I would.

AMY. Heaven be as merciful to you as you have been to me!

GILT. I knew he would; he is so soft of heart; but I am flint. Oh! you might talk yourself to death, upon this theme, and I would never relent. By Jove! it amazes me, to see you stand so long beneath my eye, and not dry up to dust! Madam, your impudence keeps at full pace with your crime.

AMY. And it amazes me, to see you so very passionate about a crime of which, as Mr. Shorn has told you, I am quite innocent.

GILT. Innocent perforce. Was your deceit to me innocent?⁴² Is black white? or can you make it so, to my sight, by persisting in it? Have you looked upon your guilt until it seems pardonable in your own eyes?⁴³ Away!

AMY. Oh! Edward!—husband!—[Approaching him]

GILT. Touch me not, or I shall forget my manhood. Begone! your touch would defile a leper!

SHORN. Go, madam, go! You cannot help yourself by staying here. Time may do much. [*Apart to her*] Edward will feel the loss of you, and then—

GILT. [*Interrupting him*] Promise her nothing. If her sobs and tears move you to pity, or you breathe a hope of our reunion, in the sight of Heaven, I'll curse you.⁴⁴

SHORN. Might I but say a word in her behalf?

GILT. Say it, and I will strike you!

SHORN. You hear, madam.

AMY. Edward, I beseech you to pardon me! I do not ask to be your wife again; I only beg to be allowed to remain near you—to wait upon you—to toil for you—to be your slave. Lest you should think my humility beneath me, it is not for your sake, alone, I ask it. A mother's heart cries through my lowly prayer. What will our young and helpless children do when I am far away? Whose hand shall smooth their pillows; or allay our little sufferers' agonies when sickness withers them? Whose hand shall join their rosy palms in prayer to the great power whom we so much offend? And if Heaven's wisdom should remove them hence, as it has done with one before their time—the child we buried in the spring, my husband; among the violets and early flowers, dropped like a severed bud—oh! then, what hand would not desecrate the dead, if it performed those offices of love which Heaven has sanctified to me alone? Think of it well. I only ask to live beside my children. I promise you, I will not vex your thoughts, by keeping my poor person in your sight.

GILT. Your female eloquence is lost on me. I prepared myself for these tricks of the tongue.

AMY. Edward, you are not yourself. I know that trade has hardened you, day by day, and that the absorbing lust of gain has slowly usurped the place in your heart which belongs to your family by right; but I never thought that you would so far forget your better nature, as to resist a plea such as this, even from the lips of a stranger. I am not weeping to make you pity me. I do not wish to soften you by any but rational means. These tears are shed over the disgrace which is about to fall upon our children. You have no right to forget them in your passion. You have no right—Oh! Edward, if my heart breaks down, and I am so choked with sorrow, my silence does not prove my cause unjust. [*Weeps*]

GILT. Have you done?

AMY. Never! While I can speak, I will raise my voice for my children—our children, Edward; and when my utterance fail me, nature shall echo me, in the stillness of your bosom, with tenfold power. You will regret this. I am of little value in your thoughts, perhaps; but when I am gone, there will be

an empty chair ever before you, a familiar voice lost from your house; and in the dead of night, you'll stretch your arms out, in forgetful sleep, and start awake to find me gone. Better for you if I were dead—oh! would to Heaven I were!

GILT. Amen.

AMY. Oh! misery! Grief has quite worn me out. I would speak, if I could; for I am sure I might say more. There yet must be some slumbering warmth within your heart, which my faint breath might blow to flame. The children, husband—Edward and Amy, our repeated selves—what shall you say to them, when they turn up their innocent faces, and ask you for their mother? Answer me! I will be answered. Why, the thought of them could reconcile me to a felon—could make me gentle to him—if I heard their tender voices call him “father.”

SHORN. Dear madam—

AMY. [Interrupting him] Sir, you interpose 'twixt man and wife; there is no power, save one on high, that has a right to whisper in their counsels! Speak, Edward Giltwood, speak! How has your unjust wrath provided for your children?

GILT. Take them along with you. How can I know if they are mine?

AMY. Ruffian! you have insulted me, and cast stain upon your guiltless children! Here, the pride of my poor, trampled sex can rise sublime against you! Till you spoke those words, the gates of love were open wide between us: now they have closed, forever, with a clash that startled those above us. Heaven grant, that its pity stopped the ears of our departed child against its father's voice, so that its saintly joy may not be marred! I will not ask you, sir, to seek our Nelly's grave, and keep it clear of weeds. No, no! the weeds, and noxious things, would sprout beneath your eyes. I will do all that duty, and such love as never entered in your callous heart, can do for Nelly's memory. Never, if you have any sense of shame, never dare meet me by that little grave!

GILT. Amy!—

AMY. Peace! I bore the foulest and most unjust taunts man ever heaped on ~~woman~~, calmly, from your lips—I bore your brutal manner, when you cast me from you almost with a blow; but, now, you dare despise your offspring, soil the glittering links that Heaven let down to us—and in Heaven's name, and with Heaven's dread authority, I say to you that you, Edward Giltwood, have committed sacrilege! I, who have neither power nor will to judge you here, shall see you judged before all-powerful Heaven! Farewell! May some good spirit come to you, and bend your stubborn heart to better ways! My influence over you is gone forever. Look!—look in my

eyes—and see my innocence! Look!—for you've taken your last gaze on me!
 [Exit]

GILT. Amy!—[Falls]

SHORN. Vengeance is mine, forever! [Exit]

SCENE 2: *A room in Mrs. Startle's house. Enter Mrs. Startle.*

MRS. S. Dear me! these dreadful reports about Edward Giltwood frighten me to think of. I always said that Amy should not have married him.⁴⁵ I wonder if she's really happy? Fashionable life is too often a refuge from domestic misery. Ah! me! rich dresses, and bright jewels, cover as many aching hearts as the rags of the beggar. When the heart of a refined and educated person once begin to ache, it aches indeed! I'll put on my bonnet, and run over to Amy; for it is in vain for me to try to be easy here. [Going. Enter Amy, with her two children, followed by Crum] My dear daughter, I am so delighted to see you! I was about to pay you a visit. You have brought the children, I see: then, you mean to spend the day with me? Why, here is Betsy, too!

CRUM. Yes, mam; I follererd her, and I ain't done a-follerin' her yet. If I foller her fur enough, I'll foller her to Heaven; I know that, Mrs. Startle; and I'd jest like to hear anybody gainsay it.

MRS. S. Amy, what has happened? My child, you have been weeping!

AMY. I have had reason for more tears than my eyes could yield me. Mother, I will not pain you with doubts and surmises; I will tell you at once.

MRS. S. Then, speak, speak!

AMY. You remember the disgraceful charge that was once brought against me?

MRS. S. The old affair about the lace?

AMY. Yes.

MRS. S. Too well; yet you were entirely without blame.

CRUM. There! there! I knowed it! Her own mother says so! and if her own mother don't know, I'd like to know who does?

AMY. Pray, be quiet, Betsy.

CRUM. I'm a great, red blatherin', ugly fool—I know I am, Mrs. Giltwood; but unfortunately for me, and other folks, I've got a heart, Mrs. Giltwood, and it's always a-bustin' out—oh! dear! [Weeps]

MRS. S. Betsy, Betsy, you must be quiet.

CRUM. Well, I'm a-bein' quiet, as hard as I kin. I wish you'd send me where I kin cry in peace and happiness; and not be a-scoldin' me when—when—[Weeps]

MRS. S. Go into the little parlor, and take the children with you.

CRUM. Oh! I'm a-goin', I'm a-goin' I suppose, I've got ears; and, I suppose, they're a leetle too long for this company? Come along, darlin's! Betsy Crum's a jabberjaw and a gabbler—mind that! Your nuss can't be trusted, she can't. She's the wust woman you ever seed—she is—she is—[*Exit with children*]

AMY. Poor Betsy! she has been most kind to me in her own strange way! Mother, would you believe that when the whole world seemed against me, yonder uncouth creature broke into such a passion of indignant love, that my accusers fairly quailed before her? Ay, and she brought me all her little hoardings, and vowed to leave me if I did not take them. Oh! gracious Heaven, what I have endured! [*Weeps*]

MRS. S. My dear child, you must calm yourself, and tell me your troubles.

AMY. Yes, Mother. I have come to your bosom again for refuge, as I sought it many a time in my childhood. Alas! It seems to be the only refuge, next the grave, that is left to me.

MRS. S. You shall never ask shelter from me: I will give it, unasked⁴⁶ and bless you for receiving it.

AMY. Thank you, my own true mother!

MRS. S. Your thanks shame me: I can do so little. You are a mother; how would you act, if one of those weak beings who just left us, sought your protection from the storms of life?⁴⁷ Now, speak.

AMY. I have but little to say. The unhappy occurrence of my youth I never confided to my husband.

MRS. S. That was very wrong.

AMY. I know it. Say no more. I have been punished far beyond my fault. I meant to inform Edward of it a thousand times, but my heart always failed me.

MRS. S. Well?

AMY. A friend of Edward's, Mr. Shorn, became acquainted with my history, and under some dreadful vow, made to a dying man, he told my husband all.

MRS. S. Mean tattler!

AMY. No; I cannot judge his motives, nor can you; let Heaven arraign them.

MRS. S. Go on.

AMY. Edward grew furious at my deceit, and so—[*Pauses*]

MRS. S. And so?—

AMY. I came to you.

MRS. S. For my advice, you mean? Well, then, let us go back to him. I will explain the matter to his satisfaction.

AMY. No; we cannot.

MRS. S. Why?

AMY. He drove me from his house! [*Weeps*]

MRS. S. Inhuman villain!

AMY. Hush! dear mother, hush! Edward may be passionate, unjust, even cruel; but he is no villain, on the word of one who has suffered the most from him.

MRS. S. But all this cruelty for so small a thing!

AMY. So small! Mother, to me it seems the greatest sin a woman ever did.

MRS. S. Amy, this is not all: you deceive me.

AMY. Indeed it is.

MRS. S. In solemn truth?

AMY. Yes, by my father's soul, the only grave fault I ever committed towards my husband. Do you, too, doubt me?

MRS. S. No, my child: But there has been some villainy afoot. Who is this Mr. Shorn?

AMY. An old friend of Edward's; I saw him this morning for the first time.

MRS. S. Trust me, your husband thinks you guilty of some worse offense, than a piece of shamefaced concealment. Did he accuse you of nothing else?

AMY. No.—Why, Mother, deceit to him seems monstrous in my eyes. He made no charge save that. He only railed at me, and ordered me to quit the house.

MRS. S. Amy, I believe, your husband is in error, and supposes you guilty of some other sin. Men do not turn their wives from their doors for such a woman-like fault as you committed.

AMY. Do you think so?

MRS. S. Yes.

AMY. Bless you, Mother! I should so love to forgive him!

MRS. S. Do not go back at once; but write to him, and ask a full explanation.

AMY. I will be guided by you. If that which you hope be true—

MRS. S. I have no doubt of it.

AMY. No doubt! are you in earnest?

MRS. S. Never more so.

AMY. [*Embracing her*] Come to my heart! You feel, dear Mother, how high it beats with your hopes! But Edward—Good Heaven! do you know

that he is on the brink of ruin? and I might save him even now! What is the time?

MRS. S. Just two o'clock.

AMY. Then, I must hasten: but one hour remains. Oh! what a faint-spirited wretch am I, to forget his necessities in my selfish griefs! Run, run! —order a carriage!

MRS. S. But—

AMY. [Interrupting her] Oh! do not speak. I will explain when I return. I am not going to Edward. But, now, be quick, if you would save us both! [Exit Mrs. Startle] How slowly she walks! Oh! had I wings!—[Enter Shorn] Ha! Mr. Shorn, you enter unannounced!

SHORN. But not unwelcomed, I trust.

AMY. Has Edward—

SHORN. [Interrupting her] No! nor does he deserve to feel the blessings of forgiveness. A man who casts his wife off, on so slight an occasion, deserves no pity. I kept my painful vow to Shelvill: I told your husband all, most circumstantially; yet while I did it, I hoped it might have no effect. I even pleaded for you; but when I saw how he still raged, I thought him mad, and I left him.

AMY. You did not act the friend.

SHORN. Not I, by Heaven! I left the bankrupt beggar to his fate!

AMY. [Aside] Let me keep calm, and hear.

SHORN. A man who, in his passion, would renounce the only blessing of his life, is like a drunkard in his cups, who spills the precious wine that gives him joy. Pshaw! I consider him beneath my anger, the hollow, weak-brained ingrate! You squandered love upon a fool who thus repays you.

AMY. I fear you speak too truly.

SHORN. Do you know that he has already made you infamous throughout the town?—that he has whined his wrongs into every ear unmanly enough to listen? Not content with his first insufficient charge, he has tried to establish it by a lie.

AMY. How?

SHORN. He has accused you of infidelity, spread the base slander far and near, and set the whole world hissing at your name.

AMY. Villain!—You, you, I mean! [Aside]

SHORN. Damned villain! I, too, am wrung into his obscene fraud. He charged me with being the partner to your guilt.

AMY. Shame! oh! shame!

SHORN. Does he deserve the least remnant of your love?

AMY. How can you ask? Now this secret fiend begins to unfold himself. I must be patient, and lure him on. [*Aside*]

SHORN. But were there one who really loved you?

AMY. No one could love a woman so traduced.

SHORN. Oh! yes; and love you better for that cause. One, whom the world has wronged, as it has you—one, whose innocence was no protection from obloquy—one, to whom you seem a being marked out by Heaven as his only mate.

AMY. Is there my equal in misery?⁴⁸ Oh! I would weep away my wretched life with him, if I might discover him, sitting in tears, amid his realm of grief!

SHORN. Behold him at your feet! [*Kneels*]

AMY. You, you, James?

SHORN. Yes, Amy. The false world has already coupled our names with infamy; let us mock the slander with our mutual happiness.

AMY. Happiness! Oh! where is happiness?

SHORN. It exists, even for us. There is an island of the southern seas, once visited by me, long years ago;—a piece of Paradise, which Heaven's relenting hand severed from Eden, and, with jealous care, hid from mankind in the wide waste of sea. A place all balm and sunshine, where rude winds are laid in heavy slumbers; while, above the palms, waved on by gentlest zephyrs, fan to life odors that mock the Persian's⁴⁹ mimic arts.⁵⁰ There fruits, that seem as if they drew their birth from the thick golden veins beneath the soil, hang from each bending branch their mellow offerings to the thirsty lip. There all is peace. The jarring foot of trade can never break harmonious nature's music.⁵¹ Oh! could you tread that fair oasis of the seas, its charms would find a voice in you; and nature, speaking with your lips would say, this place was surely formed by Heaven, and, with its grand solemnities, forever consecrated to undying love!

AMY. How beautiful! And I may be the goddess of this wondrous isle?

SHORN. It's only one. The goddess of the isle, of all things in it, and of me. Fly, dearest, fly! for even now, perchance, the hungry miniōns of man's impious laws are on your lover's track.

AMY. Yes, in a moment I shall fly.—But, while I gaze upon your face, strange memories reassemble. My fond heart whispers me that your too winning voice was heard before; and that your features have, in times long passed, looked, like a cloud-girt star, upon my dreary path of life, then vanished again, and left me desolate.

SHORN. True, true! Know me for one, changed in all things but this, a deep and passionate love for you; at once the curse and blessing of my life.

I am the old made new, the abhorred made lovable, the dead returned to life—know me as James Shelvill!

AMY. As a despicable and shallow rogue! Oh! I could laugh, till echo answered me, to think how all your arts and snares have fallen to naught before the simple craft of woman's love!

SHORN. Traitoress!

AMY. I read your black heart like an open book. Now there is not a word of yours, an act of my husband's, not a point in my own history, that is not clear to me. I see it all. Lies, lies, and only lies, have brought about this monstrous nothing. I thought it out, while you described your gorgeous islands of the southern seas. Ha! ha! [Laughing] You silly trickster! Now, I will re-begin my sunny life: your clouds have blown away. I'll save my husband, win his love again, bring the old peace back to my frightened home, heal every wound inflicted by your hand—so that not even a scar of malice shall remain; and, as for you, let Satan do his will,—you are beneath my punishment.

[Going]

SHORN. Where are you going?

AMY. I will answer you; I have received such blessings at your hands. First, Mr. Shelvill, I go to save my husband's credit; then, straight to his heart, to make it bound with joy.

SHORN. [Drawing a pistol] Another step, and I will fire!

AMY. [Advancing toward the door] Lo! it is taken!—fire! [Crum steals behind Shorn]

SHORN. Dare you!—[Points the pistol. Crum seizes him, behind, around the arms]

CRUM. Yes, fire, fire, if you can! Run, mistress, run! [Exit Amy] Ho! tug your fill! If I can't hold you, Betsy Crum's big arms have scoured pots and pans to no purpose. Ugh!—ugh! It's pull Dick, pull devil!

SHORN. Let go, you she beast, or I'll shoot you!

CRUM. Blaze away!

SHORN. Take that! [He strikes her down. As he rushes toward the door, enter Pike]

PIKE. [Tapping Shorn on the shoulder] I beg your pardon, Captain, but you can't pass there. [Other policemen appear at the door] How's Joseph, Betsy?

CRUM. Why, bless my eyes, if that ain't the P'lice!

PIKE. Yes; you see I make myself at home wherever I go. By the by, Captain, I'd rather not have that revolver pointed at me. Not that I care at all—because there are others, just like me, at the door—only I fear, you may get yourself into trouble with it. It might go off accidentally, you know; and that

would be dreadful. That's a good, sensible fellow, now. [*Takes the pistol*]

SHORN. Sirrah, you are insulting. What is the meaning of this?

PIKE. Well, now, that is gamey! Why, Captain Shorton, you are arrested.

CRUM. Is he?

PIKE. Yes, indeed!

CRUM. By the lore?

PIKE. By the law, my dear.

CRUM. [*Sings*] Forward two!—ballinsay!—up and down the middle!

[*Dances up to Shorn*]

SHORN. Silence, scullion! Officer, am I to be outraged in this manner?

PIKE. You must be decent, Betsy, indeed, you must. I've seen as fine a girl as you dance on nothing, with nobody for her partner; and she began by being only a little cruel. You must move along, Betsy,—as much as I desire your company. [*Points to the door*]

CRUM. Oh! you're all alike—you're all alike! Everybody must have a snub at Betsy Crum,—they must. I jest might as well be a lobster, in a kittle, as try to be happy in this world 'er hot water—I might—I might—[*Exit*]

SHORN. Officer—

PIKE. [*Interrupting him*] Why, don't you know me, Captain? Don't you remember the old French gentleman who played billiards with you, in New Orleans, for weeks together?—That was Mr. Pike! Don't you remember the black-faced ruffian who tried so hard, and so often, to get into your Association,—though you wouldn't have him?—That was Mr. Pike! Don't you remember your roommate in the crowded hotel, at San Francisco, whom you caught looking through your trunks, in his sleep, only in his sleep, I assure you?—That was Mr. Pike! Don't you remember the young swell who got drunk with you—I did, but you didn't—in Charleston?—That was Mr. Pike! Don't you remember the gentleman's porter, [*Bows, scrapes, and mimics his former character*] who carried over the gentleman's baggage this morning, and would fancy a certain tin box that didn't belong to him?—That was Mr. Pike!

“Oh! don't you remember young Alice, Ben Bolt?”

In short, I am Mr. Pike; and I hope, for the future, you will remember me.

SHORN. [*Laughing*] You seem to be a jolly sort of a treacherous dog, Mr. Pike, and I admire you.

PIKE. [*Bowing*] Oh! I admire you, too, Captain, if you come to compliments. You gave me my education, and I ought to.

SHORN. In what, pray?

PIKE. In villainy. Now, Captain, I have made you a study, for three interesting years; and I should like to know why you were so imprudent as to leave that tin box in your room. It was a great pity, indeed it was. I fear, you have let your feelings run away with your usual caution. Haven't you been in love or in hate, or something? If you had carried the cool head, for your peculiar affairs, that distinguished you so long in California, I should not be here with this warrant. [Shows a paper]

SHORN. I am completely ignorant of your meaning.

PIKE. Prudent at last! The cipher, in which the papers were written, was no go. We got hold of a poet—a great genius people will say, after he's dead—and he read off the cipher, as if it had been⁵² printed. Mr. Poe is waiting at the office to explain his system to you.

SHORN. Look here, Pike! [Produces a pocketbook] Here are twenty thousand dollars in—

PIKE. [Interrupting him] In good money?

SHORN. See, for yourself. [Gives the pocketbook]

PIKE. Well, I'll just put it into my pocket. You might try this trick on some weaker brother of mine. I tell you, it's no use, Captain: a shipload of gold wouldn't bribe me. The pride I feel in taking you is more than all you can offer. If you have any reasonable wish, I'll grant it, before I lock you up; for I admire you, Captain,—upon my soul, I do!

SHORN. You shall repent this usage, when my innocence is established.

PIKE. I shall be ready to repent then. Let me tell you, I've got you pinned to a board, like a beetle in a museum; and all your wriggling won't alter it.—So come along!

SHORN. On my way to the magistrate, I demand to see my friend, Mr. Giltwood.

PIKE. For what?

SHORN. To procure me bail, if necessary.

PIKE. Cool as January! You're a great man, by Jupiter! For how long?

SHORN. About five minutes.

PIKE. Granted! Now let us be jogging; his honor, the mayor, is waiting for us. You shall see Mr. Giltwood; but you mustn't try to run, or talk, or to make signs. Pop's the word, if you do. Here, Bill and Jim! [The other Policemen advance] You walk before the Captain, and you behind; I'll enjoy the pleasure of his society. If he makes a motion, you know what: and keep your hands on your pistols. Step on lively, Captain!

SHORN. [Aside] Infernal fate!—Now for my last move on the board of life! The game is up with me; yet they who won shall rue their victory yet!⁵³ [Exeunt]

ACT V.

SCENE I: *Mr. Tapeley's office. Tapeley discovered writing at a table, surrounded by books, papers, etc.*

TAP. Here's my last will and testament. I, who have made so many for other people, should needs set about one for myself. Perhaps, it would be better, if there was some one, by the name of Tapeley, to leave my money with; but, as there is no one near me in blood, I'll even leave it to one near me in heart. Amy Startle—or Giltwood, as they call you now—you shall have every dollar of it.⁵⁴ Amy will employ my wealth to good purposes, I know. By the by, I'll go over and make friends with her again; and if she seem pleased to see poor old Paul Tapeley, once more, why, by Jove, I'll stick to this will. I was all wrong about Giltwood, it seems; and hang me, if I don't beg his pardon for my opposition to his marriage. By the way, I had some notes of his, that fell due today. I wish they had not been sold to this Mr. Shorn, as Elton writes me in confidence—Why, in confidence, forsooth? I should like to make Amy a present of those notes. Elton was a fool for selling them, without permission. I'll withdraw my account from him. The numbskull! not to know—[Enter Amy] Why, Amy Startle—Giltwood, I mean; but I'm always forgetting—bless your pretty face! let an old man kiss it! [Kisses her] I have been thinking of you, for a long time past, and I was about coming to see you.

AMY. It was very kind in you, Mr. Tapeley.—

TAP. [Interrupting her] Booh! Mr. Tapeley! Call me Uncle Paul, as you used to. You must forget the coldness there has been between us. I was in fault; and I'll ask your husband's pardon, frankly; and—There, there! read that paper. [Offers the will]

AMY. Excuse me—Don't you know—[Bursts into tears]

TAP. What is the matter with my darling? Quit, Amy, quit! You're a naughty girl; and I'll cry, like a fool, if you don't behave yourself. [Wipes his eyes]

AMY. Uncle Paul!—Oh! you are too good! [Embraces him]

TAP. Hey! Heaven bless you!—there it is!—Uncle Paul, just as you used to lisp it!

AMY. Edward is in trouble. I fear he cannot pay the notes you hold against him.—

TAP. [Interrupting her] He need not. Lord bless me! I'm not so badly off as that. 'Twas all in business—business, Amy.—But, by the by, they have

passed out of my hands; or I'd give them to you, to make little soldier-caps for your thumbs, as you used to in old times. Ah! Amy, Amy—

AMY. [Interrupting him] Where are they?

TAP. They were bought by some Mr. Shorn, a stranger to me—

AMY. [Interrupting him] But not to me. Alas! Edward is lost, and all my labor in vain!

TAP. Lost!—hey!—how? What do you mean?

AMY. Shorn is a villain, bent on our destruction.

TAP. He is?—well?

AMY. If he has the notes, Edward is ruined.

TAP. Can't they be paid?

AMY. No; Edward's misfortunes—

TAP. [Laughing] Ha! ha! ha! You little goose! Can't Paul Tapeley pay them?

AMY. Can that be managed, if Mr. Shorn refuse?

TAP. Why, you helpless, sweet know-nothing! we'll see if it can't be managed. [Writes] Here, Jacob! [Enter a Servant] Run over to Mr. Elton's with this—quickly too. [Looks at his watch] My stars! 'tis nearly three o'clock! If you are not there before three, don't come back to this house. Do you hear?

SER. Yes, sir. [Exits hastily]

AMY. But if Mr. Shorn will not take—

TAP. [Interrupting her] My little lady, I advise you, as a friend, not to be tying your silly brains up into such hard knots. Shorn can't refuse: because it is not in the way of business to do so.

AMY. Business! Oh! that's enough! I never wish to hear that word again. But are you now sure that Edward's credit is safe?

TAP. Has he other obligations?

AMY. I believe not.

TAP. Then he is entirely safe.

AMY. Uncle Paul!

TAP. What, Amy?

AMY. I wish to kiss you.

TAP. I'll not flinch. [She kisses him] Oh! you sweet, little wretch! This is the way you crawled into poor, old Paul Tapeley's heart, long before you could walk alone.

AMY. And, then, Uncle Paul, I wish to lay my head on your dear, kind bosom, to have a good cry; and, then, I have something so terrible to tell you, —all about Edward, and me, and the children—[Enter Pike suddenly]

TAP. Go away, man!

PIKE. I have him, sir—I have him; and you promised to appear against him, you know? I took him, so pat, in Mrs. Startle's house—

AMY. Mrs. Startle!

PIKE. Yes, mam.—Oh! Mrs. Giltwood, your servant. [*Bows*]

AMY. You seem to know me.

PIKE. I know pretty much everybody. My name is Pike, of the police; and it's a part of my business to know everybody.

AMY. By whom did you arrest at Mrs. Startle's house?

PIKE. Captain Shorton.

AMY. Captain Shorton! Who is he?

PIKE. Well, there is a poser? I couldn't tell you in a week. However, he was your guest of a day, Mr. Shorn.

AMY. Indeed!

PIKE. Yes, mam. Shelvill, alias Shorton, alias Shorn. That's the order of his names. I've got him all straight at last.

TAP. And he has been your guest, Amy?

AMY. It seems so.

TAP. Why, he is the most consummate scoundrel on the face of the earth!

AMY. For what did you arrest him?

PIKE. For every crime on the statute books, for every sin in Holy Writ; among other things, for frightening a certain lady with that old lace affair.

AMY. What do you know of that?

PIKE. Why, bless your soul—

TAP. [*Interrupting him*] Mr. Pike, I wish you distinctly to understand that Mrs. Giltwood's soul does not require blessing.

PIKE. Oh! well, I beg your pardon, mam. But, as I was saying, I arrested you, on the shopkeeper's oath, who was pushed forward by this same James Shelvill. I saw it all.

AMY. That man has been the bane of my life. But I was innocent, Mr. Pike; you know that?

PIKE. As a lamb unborn. I knew it, as soon as I put my eye upon you.

TAP. Poh! Amy, don't trouble yourself about that ridiculous business. If anybody doubts your innocence, let him come here, and I'll hammer it into his head with my cane.

AMY. It has been a cause of much recent sorrow to me, Uncle Paul. To think that Shelvill was received as a friend by Edward!

PIKE. They were old cronies, long before your marriage, Mrs. Giltwood. Shelvill is with your husband now.—

AMY. What?

PIKE. He wished to speak with Mr. Giltwood, and I granted it.

AMY. Madness!

PIKE. He is quite safe: I have a guard of armed policemen 'round him. Trust Pike, mam.

AMY. He is now with Mr. Giltwood?

PIKE. Yes.

AMY. What imprudence! Who may tell of what diabolical scheme he is now making Edward the victim!

PIKE. By Jupiter! I never thought of that.

TAP. Pike, you are something very like a fool, I fear.

AMY. Come, Uncle Paul!

TAP. Where are you going?

AMY. To Edward. I am in agony. Come, come!

TAP. But I can't come without my hat. [*Looking about him*]

AMY. Yes, yes, you can. [*Dragging him off*]

TAP. But I won't!—Oh! there it is. [*Picks up his hat*] Now, Amy! come Pike!

NEWSBOY. [*Without*] *Herald!—Herald!—Extra Herald!* 'Rival of the steamer *Oc-ci-dent!*

AMY. Hark! [*Pauses*]

PIKE. Yes, mam; the *Occident's* in at last, dismasted and crippled, but all safe. Another thing, mam: the fellow who set fire to your husband's warehouse, one Pete Dreggs, has been arrested. He confessed it, too, while laboring under his old complaint—a rush of rum to the stomach. But not a word of his Captain—not a word—for love, rum or money. Ain't it queer, Mr. Tapeley?

AMY. Mr. Pike, despite your stern office, you are a messenger of good to me.

TAP. Yes, Amy; even the law has its bright side.

NEWSBOY. [*Without, and more distant*] *Herald!—Extra Herald!* 'Rival of the *Oc-ci-dent!*

AMY. Hear that, Uncle Paul! Its music will cheer us on our way.—Dear Heaven! it seems to me as if the angels were singing all together! [*Exeunt*]

NEWSBOY. [*Without faintly*] *Herald!—Extra Herald!* 'Rival of the steamer *Oc-ci-dent!*

SCENE 2: *The drawing-room in Giltwood's house. Giltwood discovered sitting on a sofa. A clock strikes three.*

GILT. [*Rushing forward*] Oh! Heaven! I am a bankrupt!—Why should I rave? Why does not the blow stun or kill me? I had not the strength to meet

my ruin at my post, like a brave man; so, like a coward, I have slunk away, to hide me from the world's contempt. Vain act! My self-contempt pursues me here, and makes this solitude more odious than man's sneer could be. And I, bereft of all, have no bosom, to lay this aching forehead on; no tongue, to sing of hope, amidst the dreadful tempest that bursts around me.—Oh! helpless misery!⁵⁵ It seems to me, as if all the curses of a bad man's life were gathered in one mass, and hurled from Heaven on my devoted head. [Enter Shorn, accompanied by Policemen, who remain at the door]

SHORN. Edward! [Embracing him]

GILT. It is all over, James. I am a broken merchant!

SHORN. Heaven grant, that may be the worst!

GILT. If you have any mercy, do not mention the other degrading thing: I will not hear her name.

SHORN. Edward, do you see those officers?

GILT. What then? I have done nothing to offend the law.

SHORN. The law thinks otherwise. Those men are here to arrest you for firing your warehouse.

GILT. What foul injustice! It needs only that a man should be weak, to find oppressors at every corner.

SHORN. Be patient, if you can.

GILT. Talk not of patience to a desperate wretch, without a single hold on life. I have pistols here; and as I am next door to madness, with my sufferings, I will not be taken alive!

SHORN. I pity you sincerely, Edward. I have known men who, in your case, would not have borne this malice of fortune tamely,—brave hearts who would rush on death, rather than wait his tardy coming, and find within his arms a sweet release from all their torments. [Opens a pistol case upon the table, and gazes at it thoughtfully] Were I in your state—so abject, so forlorn, so hopeless—I would—[Pauses]

GILT. What would you do?

SHORN. I cannot tell but I should be tempted to blow my brains out.

GILT. That would settle all. One pang would cure the aches of many years. Do me a favor,—the last I'll ever ask: Withdraw those villains from the door one moment.

SHORN. I'll try. [Going]

GILT. James, a word. I am going where I may not hear of her any more; and, I suppose that, in a situation such as this, it were not unmanly in me to ask of Amy—

SHORN. She has fled, I know not where.

GILT. Avaunt! Your words sting me like a serpent's fangs! [*Exit Shorn with the Policemen*] Why do I pause? [*Takes up a pistol*] 'Tis but a gentle motion, a mere touch of the finger—and then all is darkness,—unending and untroubled sleep. There's but one thing: Could I only see her and bid her a last farewell, I would not falter in this act.⁵⁶ Oh! shame upon me! I love her still! Courage, thou bankrupt wittol!—Courage, thou beggarly incendiary! It asks but resolution. [*Puts the pistol to his head*]

AMY. [*Without, faintly*] Edward!—Edward!

GILT. Was that voice from Heaven? [*Lays down the pistol*]

AMY. [*Without, nearer*] Edward! Edward! [*Enters, followed by Tapeley, Pike, with Shorn in custody, and others*]

GILT. Amy, herself!

AMY. [*Falling upon his bosom*] My husband! Nay, do not put me from you. I am pure; all these will bear witness. You are the only one, in the wide world, who thinks me guilty. Even that bad man is dumb: he dare not, now, deny it.

PIKE. Speak, Captain—if you wish to lie a little more—speak out!

GILT. How is this?

PIKE. Simple enough. Mr. Shelvill Shorton Shorn is the most outrageous scoundrel in the whole human menagerie of such beasts, and you have been his victim. There's a short character, which I am willing to give him in writing.

GILT. James!

SHORN. Pshaw! go bill and coo with your prodigal wife! I am sick of you all.

AMY. Edward, your notes are paid—the *Occident* is safely arrived—the children—Ha! ha! ha! [*Laughing*] Oh! Heaven, spare my reason!

GILT. Amy!—dear Amy!—[*Embracing her*]

AMY. You forgive me, Edward?

GILT. I should ask mercy, on my knees, of you.

AMY. 'Twas not your fault. There is much to be explained.—

SHORN. And something to be done! Think you my plans shall reach this sickly end? that you shall riot in your happiness, while I rot in a dungeon? Think you, Amy Startle, that you shall not suffer a long life through, pining to death by slow degrees, with a most deathly sickness of the heart? Let this be the answer to my question! [*Snatches up the pistol and levels it at Giltwood. As he fires, Amy springs before her husband; and Pike, who, during Shorn's speech, has stolen close to him, strikes up his arm*]

PIKE. Very well intended, Captain! Indeed, I may say that your intentions are always good. But, luckily for the security of Mrs. Giltwood's life, and

your own valuable neck, I was just in time to save her from the grave, and you from the gallows. Come along, you murderer at heart! [Seizes him] They are, perhaps, twisting hemp for you in the rope-walks;—who knows? At all events, you have done enough for the present. So come along!—Easy, easy, now!

SHORN. The devil palsy your officious arm! Hands off! [Dashes Pike aside] I'll walk alone!

PIKE. Isn't he game? [Exit Shorn slowly, followed by Pike and Policemen]

AMY. Edward, do you need further proof of this man's villainy?

GILT. No, my dear wife.

AMY. Wife! wifel yes, that is the word I wished to hear again! You hear that, he acknowledged me; and the foul blot cast on my children, by their mistaken father, is wiped away forever! [Enter Crum, running, followed by Mrs. Startle with Amy's children]

CRUM. [Panting] Oh! mam, am I in time?

AMY. For what, Betsy?

CRUM. To see Shorn hung. I heared all about it. And I thought P'lice Pike 'ud hang 'im up, in the middle of the room, like a chandelier. And, then, we'd all dance around 'im and be so happy! And then—

GILT. [Interrupting her] Be quiet, Betsy!

CRUM. Mrs. Giltwood, all I've got to say—

AMY. [Interrupting her] Be quiet, Betsy!

CRUM. I vow, Mrs. Startle—

MRS. S. Be quiet, Betsy! be quiet!

CRUM. Mr.—What's your name—

TAP. Silence! woman!

CRUM. Well, I'm a-goin'—I'm a-goin', Mrs. Giltwood! and when you see me agin, you'll be glad to hear me talk.

AMY. Where are you going, Betsy?

CRUM. To the deaf and dum asylum, Mrs. Giltwood, where you think I ought'er be.

AMY. Oh! Betsy, Betsy, how foolish you talk!

CRUM. I can't help it, mam. Natur gave me a tongue, and it 'ud be flyin' in the face of Providence not to use it. Well, mam, I suppose, I'm out of place in the drawin'-room, you think? I suppose, the kitchin is Betsy Crum's speer? Very well, mam; I'll go to my speer—I'll go to my speer! I'll go—I'll go—I'll go—[Exit loftily]

AMY. Edward, embrace your children. Only long years of kindness can pardon the wrong you did them. Uncle Paul, shake Edward's hand.

TAP. We shall be friends for the future, Edward.

GILT. Willingly. My hand and heart are both at Amy's command. [*They shake hands*]

AMY. As they have always been. You must be happy, Edward; yet, in your happiness, do not forget the troubles that have passed. The fruits of sorrow are more wholesome and lasting, than the fleeting blossoms of joy. I hope the storm of today may clear your mind for tomorrow; though I would not have you slight, amid your prosperity, the lesson taught to the bankrupt.⁵⁷

THE END

NOTES

THE BANKRUPT

¹ MS II is a typescript bearing the title: *A Commercial Crisis: A Play: by: George H. Boker: Philadelphia: 1886.*

² MS I originally gave the remainder of this speech as follows. The later deletions were followed in MS II:

“. . . Your unjust tyranny imposed upon me my first degree in crime—branded me with a felon’s name—poisoned the purity of my young mind—suspected me until I deserved suspicion—and then howled me forth to destruction. Ten years ago, I left you poor, persecuted, yet innocent; now I return to you rich, powerful, yet guilty. Oh! what a change! The hypocrites, who trod my boyish virtue out under their merciless feet, bow their obsequious foreheads to the Dust before the full-grown criminal. I spit upon your adulation! I will make you sob in your houses, and lament in your streets! I will cram you with new grief, until it equals my old sorrow! Every step, over your pitiless tones, renews the recollection of my sufferings, and recalls the terrible curse with which my soul cursed you when my parched and choking throat refused me utterance. For ten long years I have cherished that curse. For ten long years I have toiled for the golden power to make it deadly; and, at length, I will pour it upon you, not in words, but in deeds that shall seem rained over you by the unsparing hand of fate. Woe! to you who trampled upon my reputation!—Woe! to her who trampled upon my heart! I will glide among you like a serpent; no rustle of the grass, no warning rattle, shall betray my progress, until you feel my fangs at your hearts. There was but one man, among this multitude of men, who raised a voice in my behalf when the world disowned me. Now, Heaven, hear one swear! if need be, over his ruin, over all that he holds dear, over his very corpse, will I stride to my revenge!—stern as justice, calm as religion, inflexible as fate! You, who keep watch above us, know that I love him, that the only prayers I ever breathed were for him—register my vow! If he stands in my path of vengeance, I will crush him—I will crush my own heart—but I will not turn aside. This will I do; and then, unnatural mother, city of my birth and infamy, farewell forever! [Enter Dreggs.]”

³ MS II reads “around.”

⁴ MS I reads “heirs,” later changed to “ones.”

⁵ In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: “You never had a match in your life, and you never aughter have, you lonely, miserable, rickety, bad piece of furnitur! —Ugh.”

⁶ MS II reads “awake.”

⁷ MS II reads “on.”

⁸ MS II omits this sentence.

⁹ MS II omits this speech, ending the act with Amy’s speech, preceding.

¹⁰ In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: “Some of the richest storehouses in the place have been consumed.”

¹¹ In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: “No! as soon shall the tremendous cataract, that thunders on our northern borders, pause, and leap back across its rocky barrier, or ebb into a dull, inactive pool, as I pause in my onward course.”

¹² In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: “And groans of anguish? Oh! ye sterile plains, that stretch your boundless wastes between us and the new found land of gold, have I not filled your desolation with my groans? Have I not made you more horrible with my cries than when the famished wolf, with dripping jaws, howls on the bloody track of the fear-frantic bison? Are not the restless winds of California still dolefull with my sighs? Have I

not climbed, for weary hours, through the crumbling snows of the Nevada, stood upon their topmost peaks, and shrieked my anguish into Heaven? Who heard me then?"

¹⁸ In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: "Nature lay dumb before me; the great hills shut up their reeky ears, and refused even to echo me. On, then! I will avenge myself on all of you. You, reluctant nature, shall not now deny me your harmful elements. Your fire consumes, at once, my enemies goods, his love for his wife, and her half-broken heart. Ruin hangs over him, like a tottering rock; and my hands shall speed and direct the fall."

¹⁹ In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: "Hundreds of his tools, who think themselves his comrades, have passed through my hands; yet I could not wring the slightest sign from them."

²⁰ In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: "He fills up his ranks, as fast as I can thin them."

²¹ "should" deleted in MS I, omitted in MS II.

²² MS II reads "come to consider."

²³ In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: "I have been all astray a thousand times."

²⁴ In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: "The banks have promised me more than enough."

²⁵ In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: "For if I should not hit upon the right ones, or should excite his suspicions, all my plans would be knocked in the head."

²⁶ In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: "His trunks have not come from the hotel yet; so I'll go there, as a porter, and carry them over for him. There is not much use in that though. I have rummaged through his trunks a dozen times, without finding anything but the wardrobe of a gentleman."

²⁷ In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: "The sagacious ancients pictured Love as a blind child, only to show what real power was lodged in his seeming weakness. That same sightless infant could make Jupiter tremble amid his thunderbolts, and brawny Hercules sob beneath his lion's skin."

²⁸ In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: "You spat upon it—made it a joke among his acquaintances;"

²⁹ In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: "while his hot pulses smote against my hand, like the vibrations of a tense-drawn chord."

³⁰ In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: "She struck the arrow through my heart, and I have crawled, far from my home, to perish in strange lands."

³¹ The speech originally concluded: "Yet bear no hate to her." The phrase is deleted in MS I and omitted in MS II.

³² "twenty" is deleted in MS II.

³³ In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: "Go talk to despots of your base designs! Heaven is too near this liberal land of ours, to suffer the stain of public or private tyranny to pollute us."

³⁴ In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: "[*Aside*] what a dull fool is a man in a passion."

³⁵ In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: "If Mr. Shorn wants to take naps in day time, he may make his bed up hisself."

³⁶ In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: "I'll tell you why, Miss Crum, because I know you to be a lady of sense, edcation and discretion—it's because he tumbles it so, and gives you so much trouble to make it up."

³⁷ Omitted in MS II.

³⁸ Omitted in MS II.

³⁹ In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: "Now, sir, I do not believe you to be the devil, nor my other counsellor Saint Anthony; and I tell you both that, if you felt as I feel, you would each show an agony equal to mine."

⁴⁰ In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: "The world is sinking into a refined barbarism, to which man's savage state seems noble."

³⁶ In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: "I have thought this matter over, step by step, I may be passionate in my determination, but I am fixed as the star above the pole."

³⁷ In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: "I abjure the common softness of our nature."

³⁸ In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: "and your jaundiced eye makes all things yellow."

³⁹ In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: "Repeat that word, and I cannot answer what use my anger may make of my hands."

⁴⁰ In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: ". . . Your breath is poisonous, and breeds a pestilence."

⁴¹ This speech, in MS I, is written as blank verse, although not all the lines have initial capitals.

⁴² In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: "Can the soul be foul, and the body pure?"

⁴³ In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: "Then, know that only long use can make it seem so. When, for the first time, it bursts upon a fresh and natural sense, it shows as loathsome as an inclosed tomb, foul with the storage of an hundred years."

⁴⁴ In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: ". . . with all the rhetoric of my wrongs."

⁴⁵ In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: ". . . and she did it against mine, her father's, and all her friends' wishes. But, since their union, she seemed so happy, and he has been so kind to her, that I began to be reconciled to the match. Then, she became such a woman of fashion, and dashed out at so grand a rate, that her own mother hardly knew her."

⁴⁶ In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: ". . . whether you be worthy of it or not. . . ."

⁴⁷ In MS I Mrs. Startle's speech is broken by the following speech of Amy, later deleted in MS I and omitted in MS II: "If I acted as you do—and there is One above us who knows how hard it is to do our simplest duty thoroughly—he would more than repay me with the content that springs from him alone."

⁴⁸ In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: "—a king of sorrow, to whom I could be queen?"

⁴⁹ MS I reads "gentlest mimic arts."

⁵⁰ In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: "—rich perfumes, drowsy with delicious rest, and more luxurious than Paphian's dreams. There birds, as brilliant as the gems that strew this island's shores flame through the ashy dawn—sing up the rising sun—blow the triumphant clarions of his daily march—and lull his rest, as in his grand repose, he lies along the glowing bosom of the West, calm as a weary god."

⁵¹ In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: ". . . for she, distrustful of our tyrant race, has fenced her isle with edged coral—reefs, wall beyond wall, o'er which the angry waves shout high defiance to intruding barks."

⁵² For "had been" MS II reads "were."

⁵³ This sentence is omitted in MS II.

⁵⁴ In MS I the following is deleted. It is omitted in MS II: "No foundling hospitals, or almshouses, to fatten the directors, and starve the poor under their care, after I am gone. No, indeed! I have no desire for that kind of selfish glory. If I leave my money in good private hands, I shall do the world more real benefit than if I squander it on any insolent set of thankless speculators, who abuse the name and uses of a corporation. I would rather have my good deeds remembered in Heaven than on my tombstone."

⁵⁵ This sentence omitted in MS II.

⁵⁶ MS II reads "Could I only see Amy, even in her guilt—loathsome with sin and laughter—making my misery her jest—could I only see her," etc.

⁵⁷ MS II reads "taught by a Commercial Crisis."

GLAUCUS

DRAMATIS PERSONAE¹

GLAUCUS, *a Greek nobleman*

ARBACES, *an Egyptian prince*

CALENUS, *a priest of Isis*

APAECIDES, *a neophyte priest of Isis, brother of Ione*

CLODIUS, *a Roman, friend of Glaucus*

SALLUST, *a Roman gentleman*

PRAETOR, *a governor of Pompeii*

DUDUS, *a Roman fop*

LYDON, *a gladiator*

BURBO, *a retired gladiator*

SAPHAX, *a freedman of Glaucus*

IONE, *a Greek lady*

NYDIA, *a flower girl*

STRATONICE, *wife of Burbo*

GLADIATORS, LICITORS, ATTENDANTS, FREEDMEN, SLAVES, SOLDIERS, ETC.

SCENE: POMPEII. TIME: A.D. 79 AUGUST—FIRST YEAR OF THE REIGN OF TITUS

ACT I.

SCENE: The part of Pompeii bordering on the Bay of Naples, laid out as a pleasure ground, with seats, etc., surrounded with palaces. The back of the stage crowded with gaily colored booths, etc., and thronged with buyers and sellers. Fishing boats, filled with fishermen, occasionally arrive at side of scene, well back, from which fishermen disembark with nets, fish, etc. Vesuvius, a highly cultivated mountain, covered with villas, gardens, etc., seen in the distance. [R. of C.] Hetairae gaily dressed in transparent costumes, mounted in chariots, conducted by slaves, drive across the stage, accompanied by throngs of young gentlemen who offer the Hetairae flowers, wreaths, presents, etc. The richly curtained litters of ladies of rank, borne and accompanied by slaves, occasionally cross the scene.² Enter [L.2. and 3.E.] as from the games, Dudus, Burbo, Stratonice and a miscellaneous throng of soldiers, citizens, etc. Clodius and Sallust land from a boat, and advance.

CLOD. [To Burbo] Are the games over?

BUR. For today, my lord.

And you not there!

CLOD. State business called me hence,

As far as Baiae. Who was victor?

STRA. Who?—

Shut up your mouth, you Burbo! The worst use

You make of it is to be talking thus,

Unless you are guzzling.

BUR. Stratonice, now!

His lordship spoke to me—

STRA. He knows you not;

Or he had better spoken to a parrot.

Why will you talk and talk, while no one listens?

Who, your lordship, who won the first prize?

Why, Lydon, Lydon ever.

SAL. Lydon again:

Then I win half a talent.

STRA. A mere boy;

But then he meets but pygmies. In my day,

When I turned hulking Burbo on his back,

Like a great tortoise, with my net's first cast;
 And he screamed out for mercy, which for fun,
 For sheer fun all the laughing people gave—
 I wish they had not: he is such a care:³
 Then there were women in the bloody ring
 That would have given this Lydon more to do
 Than what you now call men,—call gladiators!
 Fie! gladiators, without strength enough
 To sweep my kitchen out. Take that, and that,
 For all your gladiators! [*Cuffs Burbo*]

DUD. Gracious Venus!

Is that a matrimonial rite?

SAL. Take warning.

It is not safe, my Dudus, as you see,
 To wed a gladiator, he or she.

CLOD. You were in the arena, Stratonica,
 Some years, I think?

BUR. She was—

STRA. [*Putting her hand over Burbo's mouth*] Five years, my lord.

DUD. Dear, dear!

STRA. And vanquished only twice.

DUD. The men

Of your day were polite.

STRA. Polite! Young man,
 Feel this right arm.

BUR. [*Interposing jealously*] Nay, nay—

STRA. [*Flinging him aside*] Out, double ass!

Polite! Feel this. [*Bending and unbending her arm*]

DUD. [*Retreating*] Gods! I would rather not,
 As Burbo feels it.

SAL. But, besides myself,
 Who won on Lydon?

DUD. Glaucus won enough
 To build a temple.

SAL. The sagacious Greek!

STRA. There is a man for you! By Hercules!
 When he was born a gentleman, the games
 Lost a great fighter. Just the other day,
 Out of mere sport, there in the fencing-school,
 He took a foil, and drove this very Lydon

Around the ring, as if he were a cur.
 Why Lydon panted like a winded horse;
 But Glaucus did not draw one heavy breath
 Through his bright, laughing lips. I'd love to kiss them.

BUR. Nay Stratonice—

STRA. Ass!

DUD. The gods forbid

Poor Glaucus such a fortune!

STRA. Look you here,

You gilded toga, you fine heap of clothes,
 With no more man within them, than enough

To carry them about for show,—feel this! [Offers her arm]

BUR. Nay, Stratonice, nay my dearest dove,

My little pidgy, widdgy! why, oh why

Are you forever flirting with that youth? [Pats her cheek]

STRA. Flirting? you oaf!

BUR. Yes, darling; that's the way

You flirt with me.

SAL. [To Clodius] Was it not strange, that freak
 Of Glaucus, Stratonice told?

CLOD. Oh! no;

He is Achilles in his woman's garb.

Luxurious indolence has not quite quelled

The man within him. If he had a cause,

Great as himself, to which his heart was given,

There might arise a hero in a day

Degenerate as is ours.

SAL. Well, Clodius,

You are the best of friends.

CLOD. How so?

SAL. To make

A hero of that Attic fop.

CLOD. Wait, man,

Till some strong passion moves him—love or hate.

SAL. When will that be?

CLOD. Who knows? There is a maid,

Of Greek descent too, fairest of the fair,

Rich, graceful, cultured, of a noble stock;

Heart free, as spotless as Diana's cheek,

In all ways fit for Glaucus: I would give

A half year's income, just to bring those two
 Closely in contact; while I stood aloof,
 And watched the issue.

SAL. Grand experiment!

Who is this paragon, before whose feet
 You'd sacrifice poor Glaucus?

CLOD. Guess you not?

That damsel of Neapolis, Ione—
 Arbaces' ward. You must have seen the girl,
 Despite the jealous care with which her guardian
 Secludes her from the public, all he can.
 She's now of age, free from his tutelage:
 Has her own household on the street of Fortune;
 Welcomes her guests, and like a princess too,
 And entertains them, as Aspasia might,
 Had the light dame been pure as is this maid.

SAL. Hey, Clodius! you are eloquent today!
 Arbaces' ward? I like not that.

CLOD. Nor I.

SAL. They give him out a sorcerer. And we see
 How he has turned this city upside down
 With his new worship of Egyptian Isis.
 God's, man! her temple elbows Jupiter's,
 And puts our ancient Thunderer to shame,
 With her increasing crowds of devotees,
 While his cold shrine stands empty.*

CLOD. In good faith,

If our old Latin gods gave us no aid—
 In spite of sacrifices and processions—
 During the recent earthquakes; do you blame
 The silly folk for flying to new gods,
 After the old ones fail them? I do not.
 As for Arbaces, he is rich, and lives
 In Oriental splendor; and there is
 A world of mystic beauty in his face,
 Dark as the grave, and as unfathomable,
 That wins the curious gazer at a glance.

SAL. He has the evil eye; to that I'll swear.

All things are blighted that he looks upon.

CLOD. Pish! I have supped with him; and such a feast
 I shall not see again until the gods
 Transport me to Olympus. Look at me:
 Do I look blighted with the evil eye?

SAL. Not yet; but wait: the bane is slow but sure.
 But when came Glaucus back?

CLOD. A few days since;
 While we were witnessing that wondrous show,
 The Emperor's coronation rites at Rome.

SAL. Was he not there?

CLOD. He! it is said he told
 His old friend Titus, to his very teeth,
 That he would never see an emperor crowned,
 While Greece remains enslaved.

SAL. And Titus?

CLOD. Oh!
 He only laughed: he and the Greek are friends.
 Too close to quarrel.

SAL. And for that, 'tis said,
 Our Praetor scowls on Glaucus; and suspects
 He will be ousted from his office here,
 Since Titus reigns, for certain sentences,
 Against the Greeks, which Glaucus has denounced
 As cruelties. Let Glaucus have a care;
 Or, ere he gain his end, the Praetor's hand
 Will fall upon him.

CLOD. Have no fear for him.
 What are our stupid Romans at intrigue
 Against the subtle Greeks, and, of all men,
 Against a man of Glaucus' influence,
 Wealth, wit, and boundless popularity.
 Fear for the Praetor, Sallust.

SAL. As for him,
 I wish him all the ill the gods may send,
 And to his crony, that Egyptian snake,
 You are so fond of supping with.

CLOD. [Laughing] Ha! ha!
 When he invites you, you will change your tune.⁵

NYD. [Sings without]
 The land of all lands is the land of my love,

Whose bosom the gods, from their gardens above,
 Have buried in flowers, and have watered with dew,
 Made grandest of nations, and fairest to view.
 O land of the hero, O pride of the earth,
 O mother of beauty, and wisdom and mirth,
 The glory of battle, the splendor of peace,
 The boast of the ages, my beautiful Greece!

In bonds thou art standing, a shame to the host
 Of barbarians who smiled when thy freedom was lost;
 A shame to thyself, that thou resteth in fear,
 While liberty whispers her dream in thy ear.
 O Pallas Athenae, awaken our trance!
 Make dreadful thy shrine with the buckler and lance!
 Lead forward thy children! let war never cease—
 Strike, strike from our land, for our beautiful Greece! [*Enter Nydia*]

STRA. Here comes that little termagant again,
 Singing her treason. You blind idiot.

Ha! would you have me make you sing, you slut,
 Another song? [*Threatens Nydia*]

BUR. Yes, answer that! [*Pushes Nydia rudely*]

STRA. Hands off!
 By Pollux, if you touch my slave!—Come here,
 You Grecian baggage! Sing a song like this. [*Sings grotesquely*]
 Buy flowers—buy flowers—for—for—for—
 Buy flowers—for—for—

DUD. Brava! for what? to fill your purse? Here girl,
 Here is a piece of gold for you. Take care
 Your mistress do not see it. [*Gives her a coin*]

BUR. What, real gold? [*Tries to snatch it*]

STRA. Of course, it is. [*Pushing him aside*] You do not think a youth,
 So sweet-faced and so gay, would give a maid—
 A poor, blind damsel—anything but gold? [*Takes and pockets the coin*]

BUR. I thought so, Chucky; and I wished to see—

STRA. “You wished to see!” You wished to see it melt
 In wine, you tosspot! No, no; this is safe,
 To feed our children, after you have drowned
 Your life in liquor.

BUR. “Children?” We have none.

STRA. But who knows what might happen? Go, girl, go!
Your market waits you.—Vixen, hop, and sing!

NYD. [Sings, offering her flowers for sale to all. Some take and others reject her flowers]

Buy my flowers, buy my flowers, at early morn,
To garland the front and the gilded horn
Of the sacred beast, that bows to the priest,
Where the altar burns and the fumes arise
To the gods in a holy sacrifice.

Buy my flowers.

Buy my flowers, buy my flowers, at golden noon,
For armlet and girdle and long festoon,
To fetter in one, while the rites are done,
Both Cupid and Hymen, as side by side
Stand the gallant groom and the blooming bride.

Buy my flowers.

Buy my flowers, buy my flowers, at shady eve,
And goblet and flask with the roses weave.
Let the chaplets shine through the mist of wine,
Till the table reel, and each mellow man
Lie stretched in the flowers like a drunken Pan.

Buy my flowers.

Buy my flowers, buy my flowers, at gloomy night,
To crown those features, so solemn and white,
Which the Unrevealed hath both signed and sealed,
With a name that makes rosy Love grow pale,
And his sceptre fall, and his spirit fail.

Buy my flowers.

[Exit, followed at a distance by Burbo and Stratonice, watching her. Shouts, music, etc., without. Enter a procession of Gladiators, bearing Lydon, crowned with a wreath, in a litter upon their shoulders. All singing]

The day is done, and the victory won,
And the victor sits his throne upon.
And the dusty sand has drunk the blood
Of those who our hero's sword withstood.

Sing hi, sing ho! 'twas a jolly show,
As the buckler rang to the falchion's blow,

And the people shouted, Ho, ho, ho!
 As the vanquished fled to the shades below.
 Sing hi, sing ho! 'twas a jolly show!

Alone he stands on the bloody sands,
 Mid waving garments and clapping hands,
 Victor o'er all, and lord and king
 Of the laurel crown; so sing, boys, sing,
 Sing hi, sing ho! 'twas a jolly show,
 As the buckler rang to the falchion's blow,
 And the people shouted, Ho, ho, ho!
 As the vanquished fled to the shades below.
 Sing hi, sing ho! 'twas a jolly show!

[*Lydon descends from*

the litter. The Gladiators disperse about the stage. Music. Enter Soldiers, who force aside the people, then enter the Praetor, attended by Officers, Guards, Slaves, etc.]

PRAE. Halus, come here! Let not a thing like this
 Happen again. You were remiss today.
 The majesty of Rome is trample on
 By such a scene.

1ST OFF. My lord, we could not pass
 Without a use of weapons.

PRAE. Use them, then,
 On such occasion. Shall a Praetor stop,
 To let a Greek light from his chariot;
 And before all, this demagogue, this Glaucus,
 Who spends his wealth in ostentatious shows
 Of charity, to win the rabble's shouts?
 Go over him, and all his following,
 When next we meet.

1ST OFF. I shall obey, my lord.
 But Glaucus—

PRAE. Glaucus! Fellow, that man's name
 Is wormwood to me. Let him watch his house,
 Or I may tumble it about his ears.
 March on, without a pause; and let the mob
 Care for its toes and heels.

1ST OFF. Attention! March! [*Exeunt the Praetor and train, driving the people aside*]

SAL. Pray mark that, Clodius, how his majesty
Crushes the people underneath his feet!

CLOD. Gods, yes! I wonder when the brute will wipe
Our senatorial purple with his hoofs?

LYD. Hey, comrades, did we risk our lives all day
In the arena, to amuse that man,
To have our bodies prodded with his spears,
Here, in the peaceful street?

1ST GLAD. By Hercules.

I'd like to catch him once upon our ground,
When spears were flying!

LYD. Yes, you mighty man,
You'd run from him, just as you did from me,
This very morning. [*All the Gladiators laugh*]

1ST GLAD. Lydon, won't you, now,

Allow a fellow to agree with you?⁶ [*Music. Enter Glaucus, followed by Saphax, Freedmen, Attendants, etc. Two Ethiopians fanning him with large peacock fans*]

SAL. You are most welcome back, my lord.

GLAU. Your slave,
Good Sallust! Clodius! Dudus!—Do you mind,
Standing a little off, to let the breeze
Have passage to me? It is very hot:
I drove home from the game, and eat a fig,
And that fatigued me. [*Seats himself, languidly*]

SAL. That fatigued you! Ah!
You find it hard work living?

GLAU. Very hard.
If one could only live without the strain
Of eating, drinking, drawing breath, and, oh!
Eternal dressing; life to me might be,
Quite tolerable. Fan me. [*Negroes fan violently*]
And Eolus, you chill me. Gently now Boreas.
Give me a zephyr, not a hurricane.
Clodius, some day these things of ebony
Will blow me quite away.

SAL. How pitiful!

GLAU. You have a kind heart, Sallust.

SAL. Tell me, Glaucus,
Where were you for the last six months?

GLAU. Ah me!

It is a labor to remember that.

Voyaging about the world, in search of rest.

I was so bored with Egypt, India,

And what I saw of rugged Scythia,

That I came back to find my mansion here

Split through with earthquakes, all my frescoes cracked,

And half the people houseless. Why will not

The earth keep still; and at least until I die?

DUD. He's simply perfect! Shall I ever be
Just like him?

GLAU. Clodius, have you ever read
Strabo, our Naturalist?

CLOD. No.

GLAU. Sallust, you?

SAL. We are not scholars.

GLAU. Nor am I. It must

Be most fatiguing to learn anything;

So useless too. They say, our Strabo says,

Yon pygmy mountain—no more than a wart

On nature's face—yonder Vesuvius—

Was once volcanic. That was long ago,

Ere history began. And that same Strabo—

That quite unpleasant person—further says,

That at some future day, Vesuvius

May take it in its silly head once more

To burst in flame and lava on the world.

DUD. What a sensation that would make!

GLAU. Well said!

You are the prince of dandies. [*Patting Dudus*]

CLOD. But, my lord,

The thought is terrible.

SAL. We dwellers here

Would not be safe.

GLAU. Safe, Sallust! We would be

Cooked, like so many capons, in our fat.

DUD. How very droll!

CLOD. Now I remember, once,

I heard Arbaces say the self same thing;

But as a prophet, not a naturalist.

DUD. Then I will bet a talent, more or less,
It is a lie, and will not come to pass.

GLAU. Hey, Dudus, sceptical?

DUD. Of him, my lord.

I have laid up a fortune, by my bets
Against the oracles of Isis. Yes:
I'll give you two to one, no prophecy,
Made in her temple, ever is fulfilled.

GLAU. Speaking of betting; was not Lydon here?

DUD. Yes. Lydon, Lydon! [*Bring Lydon forward*]

GLAU. So you won today?

LYD. My lord, before you, I should blush with shame
For my poor adversaries. They must be
Weaklings indeed in your sight.

GLAU. Nay; why so?

LYD. Have you forgot our practice, when you drove me
Before you like a feather? I would face
A storm of lightning sooner than your blade.

GLAU. But that was play, my Lydon.

LYD. Not to me;

I did my best. I was so furious,
I would have killed you if I could; my lord,
Had I your arm and skill, I'd go to Rome,
And face the champions of the world; for that
Might hasten matters.

GLAU. Hasten what?

LYD. My end,

Or something better. Do not think, my lord,
I am a brute from taste, to maim and kill
My comrades but to hear the arena roar.

GLAU. You are an honest fellow. Out with it!

I'd like to have a reason why a man
Should be a gladiator.

LYD. Oh! this world

Is hard to some of us. I have a father,
Old and half blind, whose dulness feels the lash
When he is halting.—In a word, a slave.
You know what that means, when the taskmaster
Is pitiless.

GLAU. Ye gods! And so you fight—

LYD. But to win gold enough to set him free.

GLAU. Saphax!

SAPH. My lord. [*Advances*]

GLAU. Take Lydon, and go buy
His father's freedom.

SAPH. At what price, my lord?

GLAU. How do I know? His owner will tell that.
By Pallas, one day I shall go insane
With men's eternal questions. Fan me, boys!

LYD. My lord—

GLAU. Oh! yes; I see your eyes. Enough!—
Do not excite me.

LYD. Only this, then, more.

If you should ever need a man to die,
Smiling and happy, for you—

GLAU. Pray, be gone!

You make me warm. [*Exeunt Lydon and Saphax*]
Forgive me this disturbance.
Lydon is dreadful with his gratitude.
But then I won some money on the knave,
And owe him that much for his victory.

SAL. Who lost?

GLAU. The Praetor lost to me. He let
His spite outrun his judgment.

CLOD. That accounts

For why he used the crowd so brutally,
As he passed by.

GLAU. Yes, yes; he is a brute—
Like all Romans.

SAL. Thanks!

GLAU. For what?—the truth?
Do you so seldom hear it? Poor, poor Praetor!
Some people tell me it is very hard
To be a gentleman.

DUD. Delicious!

GLAU. Hum!

I must displace this Praetor, when I have time
To write to Titus. And, meanwhile, one pig,
One Roman pig, is like another.

CLOD. Glaucus,

You can say anything.

GLAU. Like truth, I hope.

I am so weary! Would you mind, my friends,
To talk a little less?

DUD. The gods be thanked

For such a man among us! [*Enter Ione, borne in a litter, followed by Waiting Women, Attendants, etc.*]

GLAU. [Regarding her intently] Who is that?

SAL. A woman.

GLAU. Nay, a goddess, if they grace

Our wretched planet, as they did of old.

CLOD. Hey! Glaucus! you are waking.

GLAU. Who is she?

CLOD. Ione of Neapolis; a Greek—

And so far like yourself—rich, cultured, young,

And as you see her. Is she beautiful,

According to your fancy?

GLAU. Marvellously!

CLOD. Shall I present you?

GLAU. If she will. [*Clodius approaches Ione*]

CLOD. Hail, fairest!

IONE. Welcome, most courteous Clodius!

CLOD. May your slave

Present a friend, Glaucus of Athens, to you?

IONE. How now, the sybarite, the woman-scorner?

What has bewitched him?

CLOD. Ask that of your eyes;

Or, better still, of him.

IONE. Well, I confess,

I have a woman's curiosity

To know why he would meet me.

CLOD. You are gracious. [*Goes to Glaucus, and returns with him to Ione*]

Permit me lady, to present my friend,

Glaucus of Athens. As you both are Greek,

I leave you to your treasonable talk

Against poor Rome. [*Retires*]

GLAU. The treason of the slave,

To curse his chains, to love his native land;

And, above all, to love that liberty
 Which is, or should be, all men's heritage.

IONE. What's that? [*Springing from her litter eagerly*]

GLAU. What Clodius would call treason. Lady,
 I hope it is not treason to your ears. [*They sit*]

IONE. To mine? Oh, no! These are the noblest words
 I ever heard; though startling, as from you.
 My Greece—oh, let me say our Greece—my dream
 Of glory is to see her marble face
 Once more ablaze with that grand liberty
 Which made her forehead beautiful of old.

GLAU. Yes, beautiful as yours, her faithful child;
 Faithful amid the false!

IONE. How men have wronged
 Your nature, Glaucus!

GLAU. Hardly. I was born,
 Save in my blood, a Roman. All my race,
 Since our subjection, held great offices,
 And power and wealth, under almighty Rome,
 Trampling upon their country, as the slave,
 Put in the master's place, will ever do.
 I am ashamed to utter what you hear;
 But, Heaven knows, not ashamed of what I feel,
 In spite of that which made my boyhood base,
 And my youth idle. What is the career
 A Greek may follow, while the heavy heel
 Of Rome is resting on his country's neck
 With hopeless weight? What can the slave do now
 But serve the master?

IONE. He can strike, and die.

GLAU. Yet to no purpose; and cheerless fact
 Has made an idler of me, in a world
 Where action is in vain, and mankind groans
 Under a burden he cannot shake off.

IONE. Is this the trifler, Glaucus?—this strong man,
 Alive with thoughts of empire for his race,
 Albeit desperate?

GLAU. Never would I be
 A trifler in your eyes. You have aroused
 Feelings that slept, and only dreamed, sometimes,

Of possible fulfilment, till your soul
 Looked into mine, and made the dream appear
 Reality, and you the living type
 Of Grecian liberty. Pray, pardon me!
 But we must not be strangers; for my heart
 Was ready as a temple, for the shrine
 And statue of the goddess, ere you came
 To make my life your worship.

IONE. [Aside] What is this,
 This fiery current setting to my heart?
 Lie quiet, traitor! It is not the man;
 It is my country wakes you into life. [Enter Apaecides]

APAE. Sister!
 IONE. My brother, welcome! [They embrace] Pray you know
 Glaucus of Athens. [They bow stiffly]
 APAE. Who does not know him,
 Who has an eye for glitter and for pomp?

GLAU. I pray you, do not make me blush, to hear
 How I am known. Perhaps there is a soul,
 Under my garb, more worth the knowing.

IONE. Yes;
 For that I answer.

APAE. You!

GLAU. A neophyte
 Of Isis, by your robe?

IONE. A neophyte,
 No more; not yet a priest.

APAE. Nor e'er to be,
 Perhaps; a scholar merely.

GLAU. Then you read,
 Our Grecian sages, the philosophers?

APAE. Not I.

GLAU. Not Plato even?

APAE. [Aside] Ye gods, 'tis strange!
 [Aloud] Do you know Plato?

GLAU. Yes, almost by rote.
 Let me commend to you the fountainhead
 Of human wisdom, whose exhaustless flow
 Springs from the earth, and soars into the heavens;
 Links creature to Creator; makes our life

One with its Source, immortal as the Power
Which is the central soul of all that is.

IONE. This is pure teaching, Glaucus.

APAE. [Aside] I am stunned:
Such words from him!

GLAU. Are you not curious
To have a glimpse of Plato's heaven?

APAE. I am.

GLAU. Come to my house then. I have roll on roll
Of Plato's writings in my library.

APAE. You have a library!

GLAU. In Greek alone.

'Tis hard to tempt a man so bigoted
To read the works of the barbarians.

IONE.⁸ O Brother, Brother, you should not neglect
The writers of our country. Where on earth
Find you such poets and philosophers,
Such dramatists, and such historians,
So full of beauty, power and sacred truth,
As in the writers of our native land?

APAE. I shall accept your hospitality;
Perhaps to own a teacher in yourself.

[Aside] This is the strangest of strange things; to find
A scholar hidden in the glittering garb

Of Glaucus, the Athenian fop! [Enter *Arbaces, Calenus and a brilliant train of Freedmen, Slaves, etc.*]

ARB. How now!

Your litter waiting in the public streets!

IONE. Where 'er it is, it waits without your leave,
Asked or expected.

ARB. Pardon me. I saw

The child that used to run with outstretched arms,
Into my bosom from a stranger's face.

I still forget the change.

IONE. Remember it.

You should not wish to make a child of me
Before the world. Permit me to present
Glaucus of Athens.

ARB. Glaucus? We have met
Before, I think.

GLAU. I cannot recollect.

ARB. Your memory is as bad then as your manners.

GLAU. My lord, I try to make my company
Better than either.

ARB. You are keen.

GLAU. What, I?

Only by contrast with a duller wit.

ARB. By Horus!—

IONE. Peace! Do not forget my presence.

ARB. 'Twere better, than to see you sitting thus,
Like an Aspasia, in a public place.

GLAU. Strange words from an Egyptian. In your land,
For ages, women held the public place—
Did the man's duties, as we know them here;
While he with distaff in his puny hand,
Or babe on knee, sat with his modesty
Safely secluded in his wife's abode.
This thing was so, or else your chronicles
Lie about that, as well as other things.

ARB. Ha! ha! it moves my mirth, to hear a Greek
Be so ungrateful, as to cast a slur
Upon the land to which he owes the birth
Of all his saucy greatness. Where were art,
Religion, wisdom, all that makes you proud,
Had you not stolen from Egypt everything.

GLAU. And bettered all, so that its owner knew,
But by tradition, that the thing was his.
Or if, indeed, the mother germ of all
Slumbered not in the twilight of the race,
And wakened when the worthiest called.

CAL. [Aside] Ha! now,
Here is a nimble wit, and rich. I wonder
If service with him might not pay me more
Than starving with Arbaces. Gold is gold,
Wherever it be mined.⁹ [Enter Nydia, running, pursued by Strato-
nice, Burbo and a laughing crowd]

STRA. Ha! nimble legs,

You will outrun your mistress then! [Seizes Nydia]

IONE. [To Glaucus] My lord—

BUR. Take that! [Offers to strike Nydia]

GLAU. [*Hurling him aside*] Off wretch! What beast begot you then,
 That you dare lift your impious hand against
 Your mother's sex? [*Nydia shelters herself behind Glaucus*]

1ST CIT. [*To Burbo*] Go at him, man!

BUR. Not I:

His grip is torture.

GLAU. What is this about?

BUR. Why not ask that before you cripple me?

STRA. Bah! sheep, you crippled! With a club, you sot,
 He could not kill you! Pray, your lordship, hear.
 She is my slave—

GLAU. Your slave! That is name
 To raise up all mankind in her defense.

IONE. 'Tis nobly said.

GLAU. What then?

STRA. She is the most
 Unbidable, cross-grained and crooked thing
 That ever eat my vituals. You bad brat,
 Let me but get these hooks into your skin,
 And you shall know it!

GLAU. What is her offense?

STRA. What—what? This morning, I commanded her
 To wash, and dress, and put her finery on,
 And go to Lord Arbaces' house—

ARB. [*Apart to her*] Hush, hush!

STRA. That's all; she would not go.

GLAU. Why not?

NYD. My lord,

I am a damsel; and I cannot go
 To that licentious house, where riot raves
 From night till morning—

ARB. [*Apart to her*] Silence!

NYD. [*Shuddering*] He is here!

I dare not speak. Or if I do, her whip
 Will tear the skin from my shoulders.

STRA. Yes;

That is a safe prediction. [*Trumpets, etc. Enter the Praetor and train*]

PRAE. What is this?

Must all our byways be obstructed thus,
To wait for you, Lord Glaucus?

GLAU. I, my lord?

I am most innocent of this. Behold,
A public illustration of the charms
Of your domestic slavery. That blocks
The thoroughfare, and makes the heart
Hard as the stones we tread on.

PRAE. [Saluting her] Fair Ione! [She bows coldly]

My noble friend Arbaces. [They salute cordially]
Tell me now,

Why is the rabble gathered thus? To hear
A lecture on the naked, sovereign man,
Or the nobility of poverty,
From one whose race runs backward to the gods;
And whose poor fortune, turned to gold, would sink
Caesar's best galley. [He, Arbaces and their followers laugh]

ARB. 'Twas a tumult raised

With these good people, Burbo and his wife,
By that Greek gentleman, about a slave,—
Yon girl beside him. I will finish it.
Sell me the slave.

NYD. O gods, no! not to him.

Save me, my lord, if you have ever loved
Sister or mother! [To Glaucus]

GLAU. Burbo, let the girl

Go to my house. My steward will pay your price.

STRA. Well, but—

ARB. O Praetor, mark this insolence.

Mine is the prior right. I offered first.

PRAE. What say you, Burbo?

STRA. Say! The slave is mine:
And he is mine.

PRAE. Well, well, what say you then?

STRA. The girl earns me a living, selling flowers,
And making music for the gentlemen
At feasts and suppers. In the temples, too
She sings at festivals—the bonny bird!

She is a proper and religious girl:
 'Twould break my heart to part with her.

BUR. [Weeping] Ye gods!—

STRA. But if the gentlemen would have her, I
 Will not prevent her bettering herself,
 Poor innocent!—I therefore say, my lord,
 Let him who'll pay the highest price for her,
 Take the poor child from my maternal arms. [Weeps]

ALL CIR. Shame!—shame!

STRA. Oh, go to Pluto with your “shame”!

PRAE. Most provident affection! Be it so.

BUR. But this is hard—so hard!—[Weeping]

STRA. Stop, ass! we've had
 Enough of that.

PRAE. My lord Arbaces, bid.
 Yours is the first chance.

ARB. Let the Greek speak first:
 I waive my right.

GLAU. I do protest, my lord,
 Against this thing as most unseemly. What,
 Make a slave market of the pleasure ground
 Of the whole people!

PRAE. Oh, “the people”—pah!
 You always have the people in your mouth.

GLAU. I am but one of them.

PRAE. Come bid, come bid! [Glaucus looks at Ione, who smiles assent to him]

GLAU. Then I will give a talent more for her
 Than any bid the Egyptian may make.

CAL. Now have a care. If you go very high,
 He'll let you take the girl. Beware Greek tricks! [Apart to Arbaces]

ARB. Well thought of. 'Tis a farce. She is not worth
 The tenth part of a talent. I am not
 A fool!

CAL. No, not that way. Who ever said
 Arbaces was a fool in lavishness? [Aside laughing]

PRAE. Then you abandon bidding?

ARB. I will not
 Stand here, to be a butt, before the mob,
 To his audacious wealth. The infernal gods

Give you the profit of your purchase, Greek!
Add Nydia to your Harem. You must have
A singing girl among your other things.

GLAU. My lord, this foul-tongued fellow, who respects
Neither a lady's presence nor the truth,
Should have a bridle in his liquorish mouth.

ARB. Poh! it is public scandal.

GLAU. Then, as such,
Whisper it darkly to your sister crones
Over your sewing.

PRAE. Peace; no more of this!
The girl is yours.

NYD. The gods be thanked! [*Kisses Glaucus's hand*]

BUR. My lord,
The price you bid—

STRA. A talent—that it was—
An Attic talent, all in pure, bright gold.

GLAU. Yes, yes.

CAL. You two are little less than thieves;
To sell a blind girl at a price like that.

GLAU. Blind! Is she blind?

STRA. Not blinder than the fools
That make their offerings at Isis' shrine.

CAL. Blind as that woman's conscience. You would not
Purchase a goat on such scrutiny.

GLAU. One cannot err in purchasing a slave
Meant for my uses at the seller's price.
The more infirm, afflicted, useless, valueless—
The more in danger of the tyrant's rod—
The more her worth to me.

NYD. I need not eyes
To serve you, master. Take another sense
From my defective body, leave me but
My willing heart, and I could do more work
For you, my lord, than any stalwart slave
Dare venture on.

PRAE. Bold promises sometimes
Forerun a faint performance. I have heard,
It was your boast, you never owned a slave.

Perhaps it is your policy to talk
In that way to the people.

GLAU. Policy?

No, when I have the people's ear, I feel
That I am talking to my brothers. Gods,
Forget me and my fortunes, when I dare,
Under your eyes, forget my fellow man!
I never owned a slave, 'tis true, my lord,
Longer than time was needed to set free
The hapless being. Fair Ione, deign
To give this girl the shelter of your house.

IONE. Most willingly.

ARB. Ione, I protest

Against your taking up this gutter filth,
This trumper of the streets, this sightless toy
Of every scamp to whom she sells a flower,
To give her lodging in your spotless home.

NYD. Send me not from you. Let me stay with you.
I shall no more disturb your quiet house
Than a poor mouse. I cannot go, my lord,
To that great lady's service.

GLAU. It were best.

You are a damsel, and to bide with me
Would bring you shame, whether deserved or not.

NYD. True, true, but then—What matter how a slave
Be thought of?

IONE. Slave! you are a slave no more.

Hold up your face, alike to gods and men,
Free citizen of Rome! There are no slaves
Beneath my roof. No man or woman there
Serves on compulsion; but for labor done
Receives that labor's worth.

NYD. Hear, Mother, hear!

Bend from your blest abode above the clouds,
And hear the gentle voice that says your child
No longer is a slave. Yes, twice a slave,
If gratitude can hold an honest heart
Stronger than human bondage. [*Kisses Ione's hand eagerly*]

IONE. Kiss my lips:

And let the world behold how I esteem
Your purity, my sister. [*Kisses Nydia*]

NYD. Take my soul!

My body could not serve you well enough
To recompense this blessing.

GLAU. [*Aside*] Peerless maid,

How this new thing discovered in my breast,
This waking heart, is throbbing at your words!
Yea, my whole nature, in a storm of light,
Bursts from its darkness, and votary kneels
Before your feet,—forever, ever, love!

The die is cast! No rest can be for me
Until by deeds, however long and hard,
I shall have won your virgin lips to own
A kindred passion. Lo! I am transformed
Out of my former self, and am become
Inspired with vigor of the deathless gods.

What can I not achieve, thus armed, to brave
Man's puny opposition? [*Ione ascends her litter. Passes along, followed by Nydia, attendants, etc.*]

IONE. Farewell, Glaucus!

GLAU. Will you not change that dreary word, farewell,
To welcome for me, when we meet again?
A house so open to the world as yours,
Should not exclude me. Shall I be received?
One word, one little word, Ione!—

IONE. Come! [*Glaucus stands looking eagerly after Ione. She, in going, turns her head once, and looks back at him*]

ACT II.

SCENE: *A garden set with statuary, fountains, seats, flowers, etc. overlooking the bay. Vesuvius in the R.C. distance. Maids of Ione are discovered, embroidering, etc. Two or three men pass through the garden, bearing flowers, gifts, etc. and enter the palace of Ione.*

1ST MAID. More violets!

2ND MAID. Forever violets!

1ST MAID. If we were nearer Greece, I'd say those flowers
Were gathered on Hymettus.

2ND MAID. Do you know
The violet is the national flower of Greece?

1ST MAID. Oh, yes; on holidays Minerva's fane
Is loaded with them.

2ND MAID. Cloe, what is the Greek
For violet?

1ST MAID. I know not. Whew!—

2ND MAID. What now?

1ST MAID. I stuck my finger. Where is Nydia?
The darling, how I love her!—she could tell
The Greek for violet.

2ND MAID. Yes, yes; and what means
The name of Glaucus. [*They all laugh*]

1ST MAID. There is little need
Of a Thessalian witch to tell us that.

3RD MAID. Mum, girls!

1ST MAID. Ask her. [*They all laugh*]

2ND MAID. I dare you to.

3RD MAID. Be still! [*Enter Ione*]

IONE. What are you tittering at?

2ND MAID. At awkward Cloe:
She stuck her finger.

1ST MAID. And it smarted so! Fie,
Unfeeling girls!

IONE. What are you doing?

1ST MAID. [*Shows embroidery*] See.

IONE. There's too much red here, and here too much green.
Make this all violet.

1ST MAID. Violet roses! What,
And violet leaves! O nature—

IONE. Nature! Why
Did not this tyrant nature give the rose
The violet's color and perfume?—Ah, me!
How much there is in nature, and in fate,
That might be bettered with a little taste!
Who has been here?

1ST MAID. No one, as yet.

IONE. No one?

I wonder why my house—pleasant enough—
Is such a solitude. No one, you said?

1ST MAID. Not even my lord Glaucus.

IONE. Child, I thought

Nothing of him. For he you know, is not—
Is not the world. He comes and goes, in faith,
Just as he chooses. [*Weeps*]

1ST MAID. Ah! my lady!—

IONE. Oh!

I am so lonely! [*Sits*] Nydia! Nydia! Where
Is our bird flown?

2ND MAID. Into the streets again.

She's always homesick for the streets.

IONE. Alas!

They were her former home.

1ST MAID. A mere pretense.

I tracked her once. Where do you think she goes?
Straight to Minerva's temple, where she spends
Whole hours in prayer and offerings of flowers
For you, my lady.

IONE. She's a wild bird yet.

What, Nydia! [*Claps her hands. Enter Nydia rapidly*]

NYD. My lady? [*Sits at Ione's feet*]

IONE. [*Smoothing her head*] You are here,
At last, you little runaway.

NYD. My heart

Is always here, dear mistress.

IONE. How, again

That odious name! I do not like it, child.
Call me Ione, friend, or sister, please.

NYD. How slavehood shapes the habits of the slave!

I thank you, lady.

IONE. "Lady"! There again!

Call me Ione: Try!

NYD. [*Timidly*] Ione.

IONE. Hum!

Now call my name so all the world may hear,
Ay, and the listening gods!

NYD. [*Boldly*] Ione!

IONE. Good!

My Roman citizen!

NYD. But you are sad:

I hear it in your voice.

IONE. I sad?

NYD. Alas!

IONE. Your ears are better than another's eyes.

Truly, I am not merry. Sing to me:

But nothing cheerful. Sing a doleful song;

Something to make me feel that others are

As wretched as myself—heigh ho!

NYD. Ah me! [Sings]

What keener woe than for a heart o'erladen

With love, that flown can never come again—

Life's venture for a pure and simple maiden—

A joy to win, to lose a world of pain:

What if the venture prove in vain, in vain?

What keener woe!

What keener woe than to behold above her

The stormy terrors of a darkening sky;

No heart to shield her, and no heart to love her,

The light of hope bedimmed within her eye:

What can she do but die, but die?

What keener woe!

IONE. Weeping! Why Nydia, have you known a grief

So sad as that, and you a very child?

NYD. Child, child! The heart of woman is a flower

That blossoms early, and the fruits of life

Follow the bloom apace.

IONE. Too true. What keeps

That careless man away? Has he no heart

To tell him that I wait? [Aside] What is the hour?

1ST MAID. The tenth.

IONE. And no one here! Surely the world

Is bathed and trimmed by this.

1ST MAID. [Apart to other maids] For world read Glaucus.

3RD MAID. Hush, hush! You reckless thing! [Enter a servant]

SERV. Lord Glaucus.

IONE. Ha!

Girls, girls, how do I look? My robes, my hair?
This girdle sits awry: give it a pull.

Hand me that bunch of violets. [*Maids busy themselves about her*]
There, there!

You may retire. How glorious is the day!

I thought the morning threatened rain. Go, go!

1ST MAID. Now the whole world is in the house, we must

“Go, go!” out of the crowd. [*Apart to the others, who retire laughing. Enter Glaucus*]

GLAU. Ione, hail!

IONE. Hail, Glaucus! [*She extends her hand, which he kisses*]

[*Starting*] Oh! Cannot I give my hand,
In way of greeting, without having someone
Kiss it? [*Secretly kisses the hand which he kissed*]

GLAU. It was imprudent to expose
My weakness to temptation.

IONE. Ah!—my lord,
Where have you been today? I thought—

GLAU. You thought?

IONE. Nothing.

GLAU. Well thought of! I have been at home,
Obeying your commands. A loyal slave,
Even in my sovereign’s absence. We have read—
Apaecides and I—a deal today,
Plato’s *Symposium*.

IONE. Well, well! And he?

GLAU. Is deeply moved. I left him with his brow
Knotted in thought; rereading for himself
Parts of the scroll. I could not wait—

IONE. Not wait?

GLAU. To pay my duty here. [*She extends her hand which he kisses*]

IONE. You are sorely given
To kissing people’s hands.

GLAU. Not all hands.

IONE. Then,

Apaecides is moved, you say? Perhaps
‘Twill shake his faith in Isis, and the lore,
The hideous lore of Egypt.

GLAU. So I hope,
 If all that is most beautiful in faith
 Can win a nature, sensitive as his,
 From the degrading ugliness that glares
 From those brute-feathered things, whose history
 Is but a record of repulsive crime.

IONE. Thanks, Pallas! I would have my brother bide
 True to our native gods. Not wander off
 With doubtful strangers. And, besides, I have—
 I know not why—an instinct that should he
 Assume the robe of priesthood, it will end
 In misery to him.

GLAU. It must not be.

NYD. [Sings]

The land of all lands is the land of my love,
 Whose bosom the gods, from the gardens above,
 Have buried in flowers, and have watered with dew,
 Made grandest of nations and fairest to view.
 O land of the hero, O pride of the earth!
 O mother of beauty, and wisdom, and mirth!
 The glory of battle, the splendor of peace,
 The boast of the ages, my beautiful Greece!

IONE. Hark, Glaucus!

GLAU. Yes. Is it the genius
 Of our dear native land that sings, to wake
 Contented slaves to manhood?

IONE. No, alas
 It is the blind girl, Nydia, your gift.
 She is Thessalian, and fiery blood
 Of her wild race is in her daring heart.

What, Nydia! [Nydia advances. Glaucus lays his hand upon
 head. She starts and cowers with emotion]

GLAU. My child, where learned you that?
 A song unsuited to the lips of slaves,
 And to their ears.

NYD. Of slaves!

GLAU. Are we not slaves,
 We Grecians, Roman slaves—political,
 If not domestic? Who taught you that song?

NYD. The fierce sun's heat, the arrow of the blast,
The sounding billows, and the crash and howl
Of thunder shouted to my echoing heart:
"Freedom, forever freedom! We are that
Which Greece should be!" [*Glaucus kisses her forehead*]

GLAU. From her unworthy son,
Take thus your country's benediction.

NYD. [*Starting with emotion*] Ha!
The gods have overpaid me!

GLAU. Nydia [*Offering a violet*]
Know you this flower?

NYD. The violet? Oh yes;
It is the flower of Greece.

GLAU. Its Grecian name?

NYD. Ion.

GLAU. And hence Ione—fairer flower
Than ever grew upon our Attic hills;
More full of sunlight to the darkened heart,
More full of odor to the weary brain,
The rest and promise of an aimless soul,
Nature's supreme consummate flower of flowers—

IONE. My lord, my lord, you are extravagant:
You drown me with poetic dew. I feel
Like a poor violet in a deluge. Fie!
You change the color of your violet
To burning crimson. Nydia, my lord
Asked you a question.

NYD. Yes, I know this flower,
Whence my dear lady takes her gentle name;
Love-lies-a-bleeding is a flower I know,
Somewhat too well—the solemn amaranth.
That never dies itself, but crowns the brows
Of the pale dead as if in mockery;
The mortal and immortal side by side.
Love-lies-a-bleeding: it is often so! [*Exit pensively*]

GLAU. Strange girl!

IONE. What feeling moves her? I so love
Her gentle nature that my heart would ache
At any sorrow hidden in her own. [*Enter a servant*]

SERV. The priest Calenus.

IONE. Well, [Exit Servant. Enter Calenus]

CAL. Hail! Let me hope

My presence will not be unwelcome. I
Come as the herald of my lord. Heaven knows,
I am tired of blowing on his horn.¹⁰

Shorten my skirts, and crop my priestly hair,
And I would look the slave I really am:
At a slave's wages too—frowns, growls and sneers,
And bones to comfort me; but not a glimpse
Of the dear yellow gold; and he so rich.

Gods! he must trust me. I could tell—ha! ha! [Laughing]
Were I so minded, what would make this town
Dance as if shaken with an earthquake. Well,
The time may come—

GLAU. His trust seems well deserved.

CAL. Mum! He is coming. More anon some day. [Retires. Enter Arbaces and train]

ARB. My ward! [Salutes Ione affectionately. Bows stiffly to Glaucus]

GLAU. That was.

ARB. [Fiercely] You spoke?

GLAU. Sometimes a voice
Comes from the conscience.

IONE. Nay, nay, gentlemen;

Why will you bicker—[A loud rumbling sound. The scenery slightly agitated]

What was that?

GLAU. A shock,

A slight one only, of the earthquake. Earth
Gives us a hint, to let her children know
We are resting on her bosom.

IONE. But it made

My heart leap up, and every pulse stand still.

GLAU. 'Twas but a trifle. Where were you, Ione,

During the recent earthquake, that so shook
Our poor Pompeii?

ARB. Ha! he said "Ione";
And so familiarly!

IONE. I was away,
Upon the sea, bound to Sorrentum. Yes,

And fast asleep too. It is terrible,
To think the earth, in which we firmly trust,
Can, in a moment, be an enemy
To all her children—nay, a murderer.
Are we so little to the gods, that they
Can sweep us from their sight, as if we were
A nest of emmets?

ARB. Lo, a mystery,
That Isis hides behind her triple veil,
And she alone can answer.

GLAU. Only one,
Among a thousand, met at every turn.
Nature is ruthless to the toys she makes:
One cannot answer whether to create,
Or to destroy, is more her purpose. Both
Go on together: the result is—what?

ARB. Is this religion, Greek?

GLAU. No, this is life:
Faith is above it. Once I stood appalled
Amid a scene of human sacrifice
Upon this earthly altar of the gods.
I was at Smyrna, one bright summer day,
A day dropped out of Heaven, so fair it was.
At the seventh hour;—yes, 'twas at very noon—
A creeping shadow overspread the sky,
All cloudless heretofore. The dusky sun
Smouldered above us, like a dying coal,
Seen through thick smoke. The people held their breath,
And such a stillness settled on the town
As made one's life a burden. Then there came
A sound that drowned all other sounds;—a roar,
To which the nearest thunder is but tame;
Pelides' shout, that paralyzed a host,
Was but a whisper to it. Crash on crash
Followed the deafening roar, and all the land
Crept, and vibrated to and fro and swayed,
Like a dense liquid; as though one might stand
Upon tempestuous waves, and feel them move
Under our tottering feet. Great fissures yawned,
Where once were streets, and their unfathomed mouths

Swallowed a multitude, half stupefied
 With wretched sickness and the sulphurous fumes
 Exhaling from the earth. House fell on house,
 Palace on palace, and the temples reeled
 And twisted on their columns, ere they fell
 Upon their vainly sacrificing priests.
 Amidst the awful din of rending earth,
 The rush and crash of falling walls, man's voice
 Lifted in terror, moaning in despair,
 Was lost; an aimless mob of fugitives,
 Howling, unheard of either gods or men;
 Mothers with babes hugged to their panting breasts—
 I could not hear them, but I saw they shrieked;
 Children, uncared for, trampled on, or tossed
 Dying above the heads of ruthless men,
 Swept back and forth, along the trembling shore:
 All thought of sex, or rank, or manly shame
 O'erwhelmed in that bewilderment of fear
 And omnipresent death. The vision passed;
 The dreadful sentence of the frowning gods
 Was executed, and the blazing sun
 Lighted again our ruined world, and smiled,
 In bitter irony, upon the wreck
 Of all things human—man and all his works—
 In half the time that it has taken me
 To dwarf the wonder with my feeble words.

IONE. But you?

GLAU. Nay, think as little of me now,
 As then I thought, amidst such dreadful scenes,
 Of my poor self.

IONE. But Clodius says your gold
 Flowed, like refreshing waters, o'er the town;
 Your galleys brought provisions, and thus saved
 Those who survived from death.

ARB. Could he do less?

GLAU. Thank you, my lord, for answering for me!
 No less, unless I held your ghastly creed
 That but the dead are happy.

ARB. Umph! My lord,
 Have you no business in the town? for I

Have somewhat with this lady. Have you not
 Another fair to visit with your smiles,
 And your calamities by sea and land,
 That take you longer to narrate than they
 Consumed in happenings?

IONE. [*Apart to him*] Pray you, Glaucus, go:
 Make no reply to him.

GLAU. Is this sweet day
 To be thus clouded with a slanderer's breath?

I hoped—

IONE. Well, come again; and reunite
 The shattered hours. 'Tis early: come again.

GLAU. O gracious lady, there is in my heart
 That which is burning to discern a way
 Unto your private ear.

IONE. Not now.

GLAU. But when?

IONE. O Glaucus, credit me with shame at least,
 If not with maiden modesty.

GLAU. Dear heart,
 What virtue is there, or in earth or Heaven,
 With which my love has not endowed you?

IONE. Go!

GLAU. I obey; but when shall I return?

IONE. Come when Vesuvius casts her creeping shade
 As far as Pansa's villa.

GLAU. Until then,
 My prayers will be to Phoebus, that he urge
 His fiery horses to the cooling waves.
 Until we meet then, fairest.

IONE. Till we meet. [*Exit Glaucus. Nydia steals in, and seats herself apart, listening*]

ARB. Ione, if a friend may trust his eyes,
 That Grecian dandy has advance apace
 Into your confidence. Perhaps—but that
 I scarce can credit—snake-like, he has squirmed
 Into a vacant corner of your heart.

IONE. If it were so, you are the last whom I
 Should choose for a confessor.

ARB. How is this—

This new distrust of me? Have I not been
A faithful guardian of your infancy,
Your property, your honor;—ay, that now
Comes up for guardianship.

IONE. Of that last care

Henceforth I shall relieve your mind. I am
The proper guardian of my honor.

ARB. Child—

Most inexperienced child—do not mistake
Your innocence for knowledge, or the power
To grapple with a wicked world. Even yet
The last conditions of your father's will
Are not fulfilled. Look here. Read for yourself. [*Hands her a document*]

IONE. [Reads] There is a casket in your custody,
Containing among other things, a letter
Of last instructions from my father. This
Is to be opened only at your house,
And in your presence—that is very strange—
When I have reached a marriageable age.
Curious conditions!

ARB. They concern me not.

That is a matter 'twixt your father's will
And your own conscience.

IONE. Very strange!

ARB. Perhaps

'Twill not be so mysterious when you come
To read the letter.

IONE. True. My father's will

Is sacred to me as a voice from Heaven.
Albeit his latter days were clouded o'er
With mental shadows, never was the time
My eyes of love lacked power to penetrate
The meaning of his heart.¹¹ When shall I come?

ARB. Now, if you will.

IONE. Or later?

ARB. Quite as well.

Ione, of this Glaucus?—

IONE. What of him?

ARB. You know the man, you know the character
He holds among his fellows, the gay tribe
That flutters in the sunlight of its days
Passing the time in revels, shows, or worse,
Debauches, that draw on the innocent
To flounder helpless in a mire of guilt,—
Ruined and ruining.

IONE. My lord, my lord!
Is Glaucus such as one?

ARB. Why yes; unless
The world belies him. He does not conceal
Those vices which he seems to glory in,
For the weak wonder of the rout he leads
Into perdition. Ask the first who comes.¹²
This is not slander; 'tis the common talk
Of all who know him.

IONE. It is very sad.
A man of his attainments—

ARB. There it is.¹³
That makes him more dangerous, more adroit
In bad inventions, more ingenious
To hide his wicked ways in treacherous flowers,
And thus delude the simple eyes that look
Upon his social acting when he plays
A virtuous part, as means to a success.
Ah! there is many a bitter heart that beats
Here, in Pompeii—of your sex, I mean—
Which he has rifled, and then cast aside
In his disdain, to all the world's contempt.

IONE. Alas! alas! Can this be true?

ARB. How else?
Ask your first friend, ask Sallust, ask that ape,
Dudus, who strives to imitate, and fails,
The foppish manners of his model. Yes,
That grinning idiot said of you, of you—
Just think of that!—in public at the games—
That Glaucus holds you now so well in hand,
That you must follow where a multitude
Of your fair sisters have already led.

Yes, and Lord Glaucus smiled to hear the words
 His shallow flatterer uttered. Not a man
 Of those who heard had more grace than to laugh
 In chorus to their master's smile. Ye gods!
 Had I but heard, I'd torn the lying tongue
 Out of his teeth!

IONE. How pitiful! Are men
 Worse than the innocent can dream? Without! [Claps her hands.

Nydia advances]

Nydia, give orders at my door that none
 Shall enter for the day. I am not well.

NYD. Not Glaucus even? [Apart to Ione]

IONE. No one. Pardon me:
 I must retire.

ARB. Forget not. You will come?

IONE. Within an hour. [Exit Nydia] Oh, heart, poor aching heart,
 How is your dream of happiness, that seemed
 To kiss the earth, and fold me in its arms,
 Shattered by man's unworthiness!

ARB. Farewell! [Exit Ione]

Triumphant! The first step is safely made:
 The second plain before me. After that
 She will be all my own—must be; for then
 The whole world will reject her, force her back
 To her sole refuge in my loving arms.¹⁴
 As for this Grecian fop, who crosses me,
 Let him beware a man who never brooked
 A life between him and a settled aim.
 And this of all, the purpose of my life,
 The glory of my future; which to win
 Has made me stoop to falsehood, forgery.
 Degrading guile—I, an Egyptian prince,
 Who should command my fortune from a throne.
 He must be meddling with Apaecides,
 Turning his heart from Isis, to implant
 The shallow creeds of his philosophers
 Within his wavering brain. Goddess supreme,
 Is not that sacrilege? Is not the doom
 For that offense destruction; more than death,—

Annihilation both to flesh and soul? [Enter *Apaeclides*]

My son!

APAE. I seek my sister.

ARB. What of that?

Have you no word in passing, for the guide
 Who led your youthful steps from height to height
 Of human knowledge, and who stands prepared
 At last to lift old Isis' mystic veil,¹⁵
 And show you truth—truth absolute and pure—
 Not as man see it, as the gods above?

APAE. Delusion?

ARB. How?

APAE. Delusion was my word.

Even as the steps, to reach this mystic veil,
 This vestibule of truth, have been through fraud
 Practised upon the people. Say to what
 Can falsehood lead but to the central lie,
 The nothing that sustains it? No my lord,
 Withdraw your hand from Isis' veil for me.
 I have seen enough. I seek to know no more.
 I have seen your oracle, Calenus there,
 Bawling for Isis through a speaking tube
 Unto her wondering worshippers. Alack!
 Our poor Calenus for an oracle!¹⁶
 Here, take your robe of neophyte! I hurl
 The garment at you, buzzing with its lies,
 Like a fallen beehive; and beware the swarm
 Sting not your goddess or yourself! Henceforth
 I walk in freedom; and, for penance, I
 Will blow the secrets of the frauds, wherein
 I was concerned, to the four winds of Heaven.

ARB. Beware!

APAE. I fear you not.

ARB. Recall your oath—

Its penalty, death, sudden death.

APAE. An oath

Made in good faith with falsehood, binds me not¹⁷
 Longer than I can penetrate the lie.
 Death! what is death to this poor mortal frame.
 If lingering or if sudden, while the soul

Stands ready for its flight in either case?
 But you would so befoul my spirit's wing
 As to unfit it both for life and death.
 Away, imposter! if my soul be pure,
 I may defy your threats!

ARB. Beware, beware!

APAE. Look to your own house, juggler! [*Exit*]

ARB. That I shall.

Calenus!

CAL. Here, my lord.

ARB. The blow must fall.

CAL. On whom?

ARB. Apaecides. He will betray
 The secrets of the goddess, bring our faith
 Into contempt among the multitude
 By whom we live.

CAL. The villain! As we stand
 Our revenues are small enough; and mine—
 With all my ticklish work at oracles,
 And prodigies, and miracles, and things—
 Scarcely maintains me.

ARB. Miser! You have robbed
 The patient Deity, before her face,
 Of more than I can reckon.

CAL. Ha! ha! ha! [*Laughing*]

ARB. I wonder that you dare, you patent thief,
 Commit such sacrilege, without the fear
 Of Isis' vengeance.

CAL. Oh! come, come, my lord!
 You and I know about her vengeance, since
 We deal it out ourselves. What of the lad?

ARB. Apaecides must die.

CAL. So I suspect:

That is the fate of all.

ARB. But, suddenly,
 And by your hand.

CAL. Excuse me. That would do
 In Egypt doubtless. Here there is a thing—
 A most impertinent and prying thing—

Called Roman law, that sometimes makes the man
Who strikes the blow follow his victim's ghost.

ARB. Amongst your other virtues, you are then
A coward.

CAL. Call me what you please. I'll not
Stand by, and see these precious bones of mine
Fed to a tiger, while you sit at ease,
Among your noble friends, and grin at me,—
Your poor Calenus! I am not a fool:
No; not to that extent.

ARB. I am glad to know
There is a limit to your folly. Well,
Put by your fears. I'll hire some ruffian,
Some gladiator, or some desperate slave,
To do the work. At all events, I'll take
This business on myself. 'Twere surer thus.

CAL. Surer and safer for your humble slave.

ARB. Yes, 'twere absurd to trust you.

CAL. Cunning ape,
You'll get no fiery chestnuts by the paw
Of this poor pussy! [Aside] Are you done, my lord?

ARB. Yes, yes; you tire me.

CAL. Then, I'll go and make
The eyes of Isis roll above the worshipers.
I greased her up last night; and now she works
Without a hitch. I have some oracles,
Of double import, for my trumpet too.
Come see, my lord, if you can keep your face,
And not spoil all with your untimely laughter.

ARB. Go, go, you knave!

CAL. Quoth pot to kettle. [Enter Glaucus followed by Nydia] Humph!
Here is another customer for you, my lord! [Salutes Glaucus and
exits]

GLAU. Go, Nydia, to your lady. Take this flower. [Gives a violet]
It was a talisman but yesterday,
To make me welcome. There is some mistake.
Deny me, child! Not half an hour ago,
She bade me to return. Say I am here.
According to my promise.

ARB. What is this,

This mawkish sentiment, so out of place?
You must have left your manners in the street,
To force an entrance to a lady's house.

GLAU. If you should find them, do not pick them up:
They will not fit you.

ARB. Heaven be praised for that!

GLAU. Fly, Nydia. [*Exit Nydia*] My lord, we are alone—
ARB. Not quite so much alone as I would be.

GLAU. I'll not detain you. Go, and have your wish.¹⁸
My purpose in addressing you was this:
You seem to bear me some ill-will—just why
I neither know nor greatly care. Perhaps
Your hatred is so deadly, that 'twould suit¹⁹
To ease your rancor even with my life.
Lo! I am at your service. Any day
During my natural life, however remote,—
Though we outlast your mummies—I shall be
Obedient to your call, in any way,
With any weapons, any time and place,
Your fancy may determine.

ARB. This indeed

Is gross self-flattery. Can you think I feel
So deeply toward so slight a thing as you?
Ione comes. After she answers you,

You may feel tamer. [*Enter Ione followed by Nydia*]

IONE. I am here, my lord.

I understand you will not be denied:
See me you must. Why is this urgency,
When I have other cares that need me?

ARB. Good!

There's frost upon his fire. [*Aside. He retires*]

GLAU. Ione!—What,

What has changed you? Is it but caprice,—
Your sex's birthright? Is your memory
A mere convenience? I beseech you, be
True to yourself, if not to me.

IONE. My lord,

Truth to myself compels me to this course.
I should be false indeed to all I know

Of woman's purity, and the demands
That custom makes upon a maiden's fame,
If I consented longer to permit
Your visits to me.

GLAU. That should be enough
For pride to hear, without reply. But I—
Pardon the weakness—have a heart that lies
Prostrate before your mercy. Not again,
Though I should tire the ages with my life,
Can I feel pride towards you; or any passion,
Save that which overwhelms all else and me,
The deep humility of sovereign love.
I do confess, lower than I can kneel,
A sense of my unworthiness; but you,—
Goddess in all things, as your form declares,—
May lift demerit higher than its worth,
And, with a smile bestow a happiness,
For which the worthiest victor upon earth
Would give his laurels.

IONE. You o'erestimate
A transient feeling. You are of the world,
A king among the gaudy butterflies
Of fleeting fashion. Seek your world again
And there forget me, as you will.

GLAU. Alas!
Henceforth for me is no forgetfulness.
Like mortals who have tasted heavenly food—
The nectar and ambrosia of the gods,
At an Olympian banquet—I shall thirst
For that which made my clay almost divine.

IONE. My lord, 'tis needless to prolong our words.
I am resolved.

GLAU. Resolved! So pitiless!
What have I done deserving your contempt?
Grant me no better than my ruder sex,
Grant I want all that makes you lovable;
Surely I am no worse than other men,
Than those you tolerate, to come and go
Under the roof your presence makes a Heaven.

IONE. Not worse?

GLAU. I know not that I am. If I
 May sit in judgment on myself, I say
 That I am guilty only of such sins
 As thoughtless youth commits. I never wronged
 Man with a lie or woman with a vow.²⁰
 I may have had my follies, until you
 Walked, goddess-like, across my path of life,
 And, with a glance, transformed me; made me shake
 The flowers of pleasure from me; made me strive,
 With all resolution of my soul, to be
 Somewhat akin to you in guiltlessness,
 If not in natural purity. Alas!
 Who has maligned me? Who could make your heart
 Do me the wrong of listening with belief
 To false reports? Why do I ask? See, see,
 That dusky shadow which steals back and forth
 Across the scene, an omen of mischance!
 What touch but his could soil the robe of truth
 So darkly and so foully? If I do
 Injustice to the man whom I suspect,
 I ask his pardon. Silent still? O speak!
 Who charges me with aught that should affect
 Your former kindness towards me?

ARB. [Advancing] I.

GLAU. Go on.

ARB. I told my ward, and still maintain my words,
 That one of your loose habits, one whose life
 Is given to daily riot, one whose wont
 It is to sneer at woman's purity—
 Pointing your scorn by instance of the girls
 Who gather round your gold with open hands—
 I told this fair and innocent young maid,
 That you are not a proper man to come
 Nearer to her than coldest courtesy
 Sanction if you should come at all.

GLAU. Oh, shame!

You told her this, yet dare to come yourself,
 Soiled with the orgies of your wicked house?
 You who make lust religion, thinly veil,
 With impious Isis' presence, deeds so foul

That their mere mention makes a wholesome taste
Sick at their fancy. But go on, go on!

ARB. The goddess will avenge the sacrilege
Your ignorance has uttered at her rites.

GLAU. But was this all?

ARB. Enough I think.

IONE. My lord,

You told me something personal to me:
An outrage done to common decency,
Even though I be so humble that my name
May be the gossip of abandoned men,
Reclining idly at the bloody games.

GLAU. Ah, ha! I see a light begins to break
Out through the darkness. What of that?

ARB. Of that?

Let me remember: I forget. . . . Oh, yes:
There was a rumor—scandal—what you will:
Haply not true, but proving, true or false,
What an unfit associate you are—
Because of your companionship, my lord—
For any maiden who regards her fame
Above her transient pleasure.

GLAU. Out with it!

My heart is standing in my mouth to speak,
When you are done.

ARB. It was trifling thing—
I give the rumor as it came to me.
'Tis said that at the games—some time ago—
One of your comrades used Ione's name
Without that reverence which a man should show
Towards one as unprotected as she is,
Coupling her name with yours—the merry fool—
And that you smiled, which made the others laugh.

GLAU. Then I deserved to have my carcass thrown,
Alive and shrieking, to the hungry beasts.
Do you believe it?

ARB. Nay—

GLAU. For if you do,
Why do you let me live an instant more?
Methinks her cause would make a coward brave

As angry Herakles. Witness my oath,
 Great Power, to whom the secret soul of man
 Is as an open volume, if by act or thought
 I ever to your fairest creature paid
 A less respect than to yourself! Oh, no;
 My love is my religion; and its shrine,
 Within my heart, is spotless as the maid
 To whom 'tis consecrated. Why should I
 Stoop to deny a lie so evident?
 Or to disclaim what were impossible
 To any offspring of my ancient race?
 Look you, Egyptian, I am that which you
 Cannot conceive of, princely though you are—
 I am a gentleman.

ARB. The gods forbid,
 I should deny a title of his rank
 To one of their descendants. Dearest child,
 A madman must be humored, to avoid
 Scandal, or worse, even bloodshed in your house.
 Get him away. I am not quite a stone,
 And he may move me in the end. Be sure,
 As I shall tell you in a little while,
 That there is more of truth in this report
 Than he can meet by anything but rage. [*Apart to Ione*]

GLAU. You are still silent; and in that I read
 My fate, even harder than it is unjust.
 I have o'erstaid your pleasure it would seem.
 If, lady, sometime in the happy life—
 Which the gods grant you!—it may ever be
 That you shall need a friend—no common friend,
 But one who will confront impending death
 With solemn pleasure, but to save you pain—
 Cry Glaucus, cry it to the listening air,
 And, though I be a thousand leagues away,
 The sound will reach me; and, with such a speed
 As lightning rushes from the hand of Jove,
 I shall appear before you. As for you,
 Arbaces, traitor to the truth of Heaven,
 The world is not so wide, but we shall meet
 Before the throne of justice.²¹

ARB. [Apart to her] Come, come, child!
 Leave to the vanquished schemer all the good
 Possession of the field may give. For this
 Is not a place where you should linger now;
 As though you doubted that which you have said;
 Thereby inviting him to ask of you
 Another hearing.

IONE. [Apart to him] I do doubt indeed.

ARB. Have you not character enough to stand
 Upon your own matured decision, backed
 By the approval of your dearest friend?²²
 Pshaw! this is weakness, and unworthy her
 Whose reason, from her infancy, I trained,
 Not as a woman's, as a man's, to cope
 With the delusive lures that falsehood spreads
 Before the senses.

IONE. By my brain gives way,
 And from the center of my prophet heart,
 I hear a voice, that cries, in reason's spite:
 Glaucus is true!

ARB. You are bewildered, child.
 Take time to think. I'll answer that this bird
 Will come again whene'er you whistle him.²³
 Then let tomorrow, if you so decide,
 Heal up the wound that you have given today.
 Come to my house, as you have promised me;—
 I will precede you there a little while;—
 And after you have read your father's letter,
 We may talk over calmly, and without
 This stress of passion, your poor heart affair,
 That, to my colder judgment, now appears
 Both weak and miserable. Pray, be firm.

IONE. Arbaces?

ARB. Dear Ione?

IONE. Fly at once:

Outstrip the wind, and these delaying thoughts;
 Or I shall stand here, parleying with my heart,
 Until I shame myself!

ARB. [Aside] Victorious! [Exit with Ione, supporting and drawing
 her off]

GLAU. Gone! Not a word of parting or regret!
 Gone with that basest, falsest, worst of men;
 Electing him and falsehood for her guides,
 Rather than love and truth—than me. Alas!
 There is the sting, there in my very heart—
 The personal, the selfish, famished cry
 For love bestowed, demanding love's return.²⁴
 And yet I thought that, one time, in her eyes
 I saw the dawning light of what might be,
 Full risen, a golden day of love for me.
 Oh, cruel deception! Is it possible,
 The gods should clothe a sorceress, whose guile
 Is to entrap and ruin trusting men,
 In such a winning shape; so outward fair,
 That Solon's self would say the temple's walls
 Must enshrine a goddess radiant with the beams
 Of every heavenly virtue? Oh! shame, shame,
 Upon the doubt! I will not credit it.
 She is both pure and virtuous; or I see
 A prodigy, before unknown on earth,
 Of beauty false unto itself. Poor heart,
 Toil on, toil ever! In this earthly life
 There's but one goal for you. I gird myself,
 Like the Olympian runner, for the race.
 The prize or forfeit, at the course's end,
 I see before me—love or death! [Enter *Nydia*]

NYD. Or death!
 What has the youth and the abounding life
 Of happy Glaucus yet to do with death?

GLAU. Judge your own happiness, my child; but fear
 To answer for another.

NYD. You are wise.
 But what has happened in this house, since I
 Left it so merry, to yourself and her
 Who just fled from it? As I stood beside
 Her litter, as she mounted, I could hear
 Her heart that beat, as an alarm to life,
 While death besieged it.

GLAU. Ask her. It is not
 For me to know why her heart beats.

NYD. But why
This bitterness?

GLAU. A moment hence, you'll ask,
Why this strange sweetness? Such is human life.
Where went your mistress?

NYD. To Arbaces' house.

GLAU. Ha!

NYD. You may well exclaim.

GLAU. Why went she there?

NYD. Why goes the dove into the fowler's snare?
I begged her not to go, but all in vain.
I warned her of the danger, vain that too.
She seemed as one who desperately walks
Straight on a peril, full before her set,
Because it is so fated.

GLAU. Why do you
Tarry here safely, while a danger hangs
Over your mistress' head?

NYD. I seek you, Glaucus.
Woman's aid cannot avail her now.
She needs the brain and strong determined hand
That serve your courage.

GLAU. She shall have them.

NYD. Man,
Are you asleep? Will you not take alarm?
Have you not seen, unless you are blinder far
Than I am, that Arbaces, in his way—
His vile, unscrupulous, remorseless way—²⁵
Loves her?

GLAU. He loves her!

NYD. Yes, and means this day,
By fair means or by foul, to win her.

GLAU. Gods!
And we stand talking! [*Going*]

NYD. Pause, my lord: one word.
You, singly, cannot rescue her—

GLAU. But I
Can die in the endeavor.—

NYD. That would be
Death and dishonor, at one blow, to both.

Hear me, my lord. I know Arbaces' house
 From roof-tree to foundation-stone: I can
 Without the knowledge of an inmate there,
 So place you that, whene'er she needs your help,
 You, in a moment, may be at her side.²⁶
 Think what depends on this—her life, her love,
 Her spotless name, her future and your own.
 Success is born of prudence, not of force.

GLAU. Delay no more. But place me face to face
 With any wretch that means to do her wrong,
 And if I fail to win her, from the mace
 Brandished by Herakles, this thing is sure,
 That I shall never know it, if by death
 We mean oblivion of this world's affairs.

NYD. My signal to you, howso'er you stand,
 Victor or vanquished, be my Grecian song:
 When you hear that—

GLAU. Away! we waste the time,
 While she, perhaps, now stands on peril's brink,
 Frozen with horror. Girl, I feel my sword
 Creep in its scabbard; my ethereal soul
 Loosens its hold upon my grosser clay, and soars,
 Like a young eagle, with defying breast,
 Fronting the storm of life or calm of death!
 We can contrive our plan upon the wing,
 As well as here. Delay may mean defeat.

NYD. [Aside] Shade of my mother, have I not done well? [Exeunt rapidly]

ACT III.

SCENE: *The palace of Arbaces. A great hall, richly furnished, containing strange astrological and alchemical instruments, a library of scrolls, etc. A statue of Isis, with a coffer at the base. A table upon which are papers and a naked sword. In the center of flat a large archway, covered with curtains. As the curtain rises, an orgy of Isis is going on—with music, dancing and drinking, etc. Enter Arbaces hastily.*

ARB. Vanish! I weary of these mummeries. [Exeunt suddenly all the revellers]

Calenus! sluggard, have you leaden feet? [Enter Calenus *deliberately*]

CAL. The slave reports that she has left her house,
Bound hither.

ARB. Well.

CAL. [Aside] For you, mayhap: for her—

ARB. Are the ships ready? All the stores aboard?

CAL. All but the treasure.

ARB. That will be embarked,
Under my eyes.

CAL. [Aside] He does not trust me. Well,
I would not trust him were his case my own.

ARB. The captains are instructed, and can cut
Their cables in a trice, and put to sea?

CAL. At any moment.

ARB. And the secret way,
That leads from this room to the shore, has that
Been cleared of rubbish? It has been disused
So long, that it may be encumbered.

CAL. Yes:
And torches are at hand to light the way.

I wonder if I told you—

ARB. Told me what?

CAL. Something about that passage.

ARB. What?

CAL. One day,
About a month ago, when she was here
Singing for you, I met blind Nydia
Feeling her way along the dripping walls
Of that same passage. Why, the gods can tell.
For when I boxed her ears, and questioned her,
She sank into that obstinate, dumb mood,
She is so good at, and made no reply.
I think that little demon knows the house
Better than any rat that ranges it.

ARB. Pshaw! she is harmless.

CAL. Yes; so was the mouse
That gnawed the lion's net.

ARB. You will remain.

CAL. For what?

ARB. To take my property in charge,
And carry on your house of Isis work.

CAL. Oh, Pluto take old Isis and her work!
I am sick of her. Our profits will run down
Almost to nothing if Apaecides
Turn traitor, and go brawling through the streets
About my new machinery, as he threatens.
Ha! ha! the scoffer calls me—think of it—
“The soul of Isis!” Well, as if the goddess
Might not have had a worse soul than myself.

ARB. Apaecides? He must be looked to. You
Think sacrificing him to Isis’ wrath
Were dangerous.

CAL. Very: for the worldly law
Might call our good deed by another name—
Murder, for instance.

ARB. Umph! I have a crypt,
Under this very room, of solid rock;
There he might pass the remnant of his days
In penitence to Isis, or relate
His dangerous stories to the listening stones.

CAL. An excellent and pious pastime.

ARB. [Aside] Yes.
Should you become irksome to me, you,
You grasping miser, also may find room
In the same lodging. [Aloud] You must watch the boy:
Track him about the city like a hound;
Know all his doings, from the time he wakes
Until he slumbers.

CAL. How about his dreams?

ARB. His dreams, his dreams! Is not life all a dream—
This chase of phantoms, and this tug with fate—
As we may find when death awakens us?
Are my slaves ready, armed, and at their posts?
The girl shall yield; or must be made to yield:
This day shall end the matter.

CAL. I said, and say
Your orders, to the letter, are obeyed.

ARB. Why do you linger then? It is your charge
 To keep your eye upon my Nubians,
 And bring them when I call.

CAL. I thought, perhaps,
 You might have something else besides a charge
 To give—a credit, say; or, what were better,
 Some solid cash, hey!

ARB. How this avarice
 Grows on you, man! And it is hideous,
 To see a man whose only thought is gold,
 Forever gold! Here, take this bag. [*Gives bag from the table*]

CAL. All gold—
 I think you said, all gold?

ARB. Look for yourself. [*Calenus counts money*]

CAL. But seventeen pieces. Hum! now had it been
 Twenty, to make things even.

ARB. Miscreant!
 Go, ere I brain you.

CAL. Barely seventeen. [*Exit slowly*]

ARB. That knave will quarrel with my patience soon.
 His raging maw would bolt a world of gold,
 And still be hungry. Fellows of his kind
 Cannot be trusted. His fidelity
 Is in his pocket, ready to desert
 To any rival bidder. Well, my man,
 There is a cell, to pocket you alive,
 And all your stealing, if you dare to show
 Treachery to me. [*Re-enter Calenus hastily*]
 How now?

CAL. My lord, the girl
 Is at the door.

ARB. Admit her. Hide yourself:
 Your grin would breed suspicion in a lamb.

CAL. Well for the lamb. [*Exit*]

ARB. Now to assume the sage. [*Seats himself at the table in seeming
 study*]
 That footfall and the rustle of that robe
 Set my blood bounding. [*Enter Ione, escorted by Arbaces' slaves.*
Exeunt slaves]
 Dear Ione, welcome! [*Rises*]

IONE. You show scant hospitality, my lord,
Not to receive me in your atrium.

ARB. That which you seek is here. [*Pointing to a large coffer*]
I was absorbed
In reading o'er your horoscope.

IONE. Ha! ha! [*Laughing*]
What say the riddling stars about a girl
As humble as myself?

ARB. Nothing but good,
If you but heed the stars' interpreter.

IONE. But of the letter.

ARB. [*Hands key*] Open for yourself.

IONE. So then. [*Unlocks coffer*] What's here?—Jewels and gold! Ah! yes;
Here is a letter. By your leave, my lord. [*Reads*]

ARB. Let me read you, as you peruse the lines.
Distress?—a frown?—what, anger and disgust?
No sign of pleasure! Am I come to this?—
A priest and king of Egypt, of a race
Older than earth's traditions! Upstart Greek,
Those looks shall cost you dearly! [*Aside*]

IONE. This is all?

ARB. All that I know of, and that little all
Seems not to please you.

IONE. Do you know, Arbaces:
The substance of this letter?

ARB. Certainly:
Your father read it to me as he wrote.
It was his darling project; planned, he thought,
To be your happiness and mine.

IONE. You know
It is impossible, and always was,
And always will be. Let me pass. [*Going*]

ARB. [*Preventing her*] Not yet.
Listen to me. When you were yet a child,
I but a man, your father solemnly
Betrothed us two; as far as then he could,
Joined us as one forever. You have read
His dying testament, confirming that;
And then enjoining you, by all the love
You bear his memory, to obey his will;

And, at a marriageable age, to give
Yourself to me in wedlock.

IONE. I cannot:
The thought is monstrous.

ARB. Why?

IONE. Pray let me go!
There was no moment in my life or yours,
When the mere thought of marriage with yourself
Could have been tolerable to me.

ARB. [Retaining her] Alas!
And I have loved you, ah! so tenderly,
Not with a parent's or a tutor's love,
But with the fiery passion of a man
Who saw before him his one hope in you,
And bent his life to compass that. For that
I toiled, I studied, won both wealth and power;
Made man my subject, and the hands of men
My willing instruments; became, Ione,
That which I am, that which you know, I am,
A giant among pygmies. O, I pray you,
Pause ere you put this mighty love aside,
To pick up slighter morsels! You are great;²⁷
Your spirit longs for grandeur and for power;
See, I can give them. Think you I abide
In this dull country, rather than the land
Where I am priest and monarch, for aught else
Than to crown you my empress? Let us flee
To the dateless, deathless Egypt; to the realm
That ruled the world ere history began.
Come, come, aboard! My ships await us, love,
Eager to start as I am. Pause, and think:
Take time for thought.

IONE. I ask for that alone.
Come to my house tomorrow—

ARB. Ha! ha! ha! [Laughing]
Be sure of this; if you wed me, my own,
You will not wed a fool.

IONE. How dare you use
A term like that to me?

GEORGE HENRY BOKER

ARB. My own you are.

For when I look about upon these walls,
Mute, deaf, impenetrable, I almost think
That you are quite my own. You must decide
This matter ere we part; for, once at large,
You might assume your woman's right to change
Your tender mind. An oath as deep as hell,
As high as Jove's Olympus, must be bound
About your soul before you quit my sight.
What of your father's will?

IONE. O villain, cease!

Wrong not the dead with falsehood, howsoe'er
You play the tyrant with his helpless child.
That letter is a fraud, from first to last,
As you best know of all men.

ARB. Grant it so;

Then, of all women, who can better tell
Than you before what sort of man you stand?

IONE. Arbaces, hear me: would you force my love?—

ARB. Nay, win it, darling.

IONE. Mockery of a man,

My senses sicken at your loathsome words,
Call me your slave, your victim; do not dare
Thus to profane the sanctity of love
With foul endearments. Have a care! today
Will not be time's conclusion. I have friends,
Who will exact a reckoning at your hands
For all I suffer now.

ARB. Within an hour

We shall be sailing on the middle sea
Towards Egypt, my beloved. Once there, where I,
The son of kings, am master of events,
Your friends may rage uncared for.

IONE. Gracious gods,

Are you responsible for such a man,
Or did the demons form him?

ARB. Come, aboard!

Go kindly with me, or my slaves shall toss

Your haughty beauty, like a bale of goods,
Into my galley. Come, come! [Seizes her]

IONE. Pity me!

Pity the child whom once you seemed to love,
Not as a satyr, as a father!

ARB. No!

You have heaped insult on my love; 'tis now
My turn to answer scornful words with deeds. [She breaks from
him and kneels]

IONE. Pallas Athene, save your helpless child!

GLAUCUS!—My Glaucus! [Enter Glaucus from behind the statue of
Isis]

GLAU. [Drawing] I am here, beloved!

Call on your gods, Arbaces, for your time
Is dwindled to a span. Have courage, love!
O flower of women, lift your drooping head!
The storm is passed. Behold me at your side.
Now there can be no danger; for the right
Strengthens my arm, and makes my buoyant heart
To dance with joy, that I am here to brave
Nought worse than death in your defense.

ARB. Vile Greek,

Boast when you see the sun again; not now,
While Hell prepares to swallow you! Begone!

Your sight is odious to me! [Snatches sword from table. They fight;
Arbaces is disarmed]

Murderer!—

Ione, spare me!

IONE. Oh! no blood, no blood!—

Not before me, dear Glaucus!

GLAU. Do I hear?

You said, “dear Glaucus?”

IONE. Now and ever. Hear

The coward’s prayer. Henceforward he can have
No portion in our lives.

GLAU. Go, miscreant!

And pass your days in sorrowing o’er yourself.

A voice within me says I am unwise

To spare a broken serpent; but her voice,

Lifted in supplication, is too sweet
 To be resisted. Trickster, solemn knave,
 Who make an earthly trade of heavenly things,
 Return not to your shallow juggleries
 In Isis' house, or I shall let the world
 Into your frauds. Go wallow in the Nile,
 Whose slime begot you, to make men ashamed

Of you, their likeness. Come, Ione, come! [Going with Ione. As they reach the door, Arbaces sounds a sistrum. His guards drive back Glaucus and Ione from the door. Other guards enter from the side, and surround Arbaces. Enter Calenus]

ARB. The trap is sprung. Now, insolent, some more
 Of your abounding eloquence! Let me have
 A little more insufferable advice
 About my future life! I wager you,
 You cannot tell as much about your own
 For the next hour or two.

GLAU. [Apart to Ione] Be not dismayed!
 Yet there is hope, if my prevision hold.
 Where, where is Nydia?

ARB. Seize them! To the ship—
 But tenderly, no rudeness—with the girl.
 The man I shall provide for. There's a cage,
 My Attic linnet, underneath this hall,
 Where you may sing your death-song to yourself,
 Till voice and life both fail you. Seize on them! [As the guards advance cautiously, dreading Glaucus' sword, Nydia sings without]

NYD. [Sings] The gods are descending in power from the sky;
 The darkness is broken, and succor is nigh;
 Hell quails at their glance, as their glories increase,
 And light bathes the forehead of beautiful Greece. [Enter Nydia]

GLAU. [Apart to Ione] At last! Forget not, darling, that you are
 Almost my wife: be brave!

NYD. What, Glaucus!

GLAU. Here:

Come hither, child! [She approaches, and whispers Glaucus]

ARB. Why do you pause, my men,
 To watch this comedy? Another mouse
 Has fallen into the trap, and that is all.

Disarm the Greek! aboard with both the girls!

Athenian fribble, let the latest look

You take of earth, ere you descend forever

Into the darkness of your living tomb,

Be on my triumph! Look! and let that look

Be Hell's affliction to your solitude,

Upon my galleys rocking in the bay;

Ere long to bear me and my lovely bride

Upon our wedding progress. Look your last! [*Flings aside the curtains of the great door, and discovers Clodius, Apaecides, Lydon and an array of Gladiators, heavily armed, standing there in silence. Arbaces' guards, who have been advancing on Glaucus, retreat. Arbaces recoils in confusion*]

GLAU. [*Apart to Arbaces*] Shall it be peace or war? Think, ere you make
Your house a shambles.

APAE. [*Advancing*] Sister, you are safe.

IONE. Safe evermore. For am I not the prize

And willing trophy of that brave man's sword?

GLAU. Ione, make me not insane with joy;

Oh, make me not even grateful to the wretch
Who brought me such a fortune.

CLOD. [*Advancing*] Glaucus, pray,

What is the meaning of this summons?

GLAU. [*Apart to him and Apaecides*] Friends,

I beg your silence. You shall hear anon.

Arbaces had prepared a spectacle

Of Isis, to amuse himself and us;

And so I summoned you for company.

Somehow, the spectacle has failed to work

Indeed he seems to be, unwillingly,

The only spectacle within our view,

Save that which you present him.

CAL. [*Apart to Arbaces*] So, my lord,

The game is up.

ARB. [*Apart to him*] Not for another set:

Not while they leave me life. Be silent, man!

Today is theirs; tomorrow may be mine.

ACT IV.

SCENE: Before the house of Isis. A colossal statue of the goddess seen within. On the right, the entrance to the palace of Arbaces. On the left, the entrance to the theater. Time, before sunset. As the scene darkens, the eyes of the statue of Isis are illumined. The stage is filled with people who have just left, while others are leaving, the theater. Enter from the theater Burbo and Stratonice.

BUR. Oh, such a lion! Wife, in all your life,
Did you e'er see a beast like that?

STRA. Yes, dunce,
A bigger.

BUR. When?

STRA. Why, when I first saw you.

BUR. Ha! ha! you always have your little joke.

1ST CIT. What of the lion, Burbo:

BUR. We just saw,
My wife and I, by favor of a friend,
Who tends the beasts—

STRA. Well, if my wife and I
Saw such a sight, let that one tell of it
Who saw not double. He came in today—

BUR. Brought here by Pansa.—

STRA. Fresh from Africa—

BUR. Wild as a hawk—

STRA. A savage, brave young beast—

BUR. 'Twould make your hair stir but to hear him growl—

STRA. Growl! Will you still be braying, ass? He roars
Like double thunder.—

BUR. Tears the iron bars—

STRA. Rolls, like a kitten, o'er and o'er again.
With fury, till his cage rocks.—

BUR. Just to stand
With no more than those rattling bars between
Him and yourself.—

STRA. Made Burbo green with fear:
You shameless coward!—

BUR. Gods! his dreadful tail.
He thrashed the floor with that same iron tail—

STRA. Tail, dummy! Had you seen his ivory teeth,
As keen lancets—

BUR. And his crooked claws,
Ripping the boards. What chance would a man stand
Before the brute?

STRA. And there they'll keep him shut,
In that vile cage, until he'll grow as weak
And worthless as my husband.

1ST CIT. What a shame!
Will not one fight him?

BUR. Were I young again—

STRA. You'd show that lion such a pair of heels,
That he would take you for an antelope.
There is no criminal to feed his maw.

BUR. Now, what a godsend were a murderer!
To let us see the lion do his work
At crunching bones. By Pollux! there's no man
Could front him: not a gladiator; no,
Not Lydon even.

STRA. Lydon; I would like
To see some nobleman—your Glaucus, hey?—
That man with thews like Hercules;—if he
And that young beast together were let loose
In the arena, you would see some sport—
Something you would remember. It would be²⁸
Quite even betting too. If Glaucus had
Sign of weapon, I would lay my purse
On the Athenian against Africa.

BUR. I tell you what were funny; if young Dudus
Should have the courage with her slippery hair
To strangle any girl of his tonight.
By Jove! to see the lion mouth him!

STRA. Pshaw!
That beast would take him like a pill. One gulp,
And all were over. No, I want to see

A fair, square fight; a long one too. [*A rumbling sound is heard*]

BUR. There, there!
Do you not feel that?

STRA. What, that little shake?

BUR. It makes me seasick.

STRA. You are given to qualms,
 You bearded woman! 'Twould be well, I think,²⁹
 If you and I should interchange our garments,
 To save the family from shame. You flinch
 At every earthquake. Pigeon, use your wings
 When earth has colics.

BUR. If I only had
 The wings to use! I do not like the day:
 This hot dull sun, this smoky air, this smell
 Of burning sulphur. Ever since I rose,
 I have been coughing at that smell.

STRA. Pish! pish!
 How will you do when you must breath those fumes
 Through all eternity? Come home, you sheep! [Exeunt]

BUR.³⁰ Look, look! they come. [Enter Lydon, bearing a palm branch,
 and the other Gladiators]

STRA. Lydon, again! That fellow makes me tired.
 Hail, man of many palms! I heard you said,
 After your daddy gained his liberty
 You'd leave off fighting.

LYD. And so I say still:
 But I am bound to fight this meeting through
 By oath to Pansa.

STRA. If you live so long.
 They say the Praetor rages at the part
 You and your fellows took upon yourselves,
 Last night, at Arbaces' house. Hey, boy,
 What if you all were scourged for that?

LYD. 'Twere better.
 That when my father bore the scourge for nothing,
 From that Lord Glaucus freed him. Let them whip
 This back into a jelly. I shall smile,
 Just as I would upon the bloody cross,
 To know I died for Glaucus.

STRA. Brave old boy!
 Give me your fist; and when you want a hand,
 To help you at your mischief, call on me.
 This arm is not so weakened—Feel my arm:
 Some muscle left yet, hey?—This arm, one time,
 Could wield the trident, cast the fatal net,

And these old legs could hurry round the ring,
 In such a manner as would make them stare
 In these decaying days.

LYD. No doubt of it:
 For all the giants lived before our time.

STRA. Lydon, see here.

BUR. What, what?

STRA. Does Lydon sound
 Like Burbo? man like monkey? I would speak
 With Lydon, jackass.

LYD. Well, well.

STRA. Have a care
 Of that Egyptian, for yourself, as well
 As for Lord Glaucus. If I know the man,
 Arbaces' vengeance has a memory
 As long as is Hell's highway. There will be
 A reckoning for last night's affair; and then,
 Let me not find my warning was forgotten.
 Do you see Glaucus ever?

LYD. But I may.

STRA. Tell him this, and make him credit you:
 Arbaces' man, Calenus, can be bought—
 Bought for a spy, or any dirty use
 That gold e'er purchased. Lydon, by the gods,
 If you neglect my words, let Glaucus' blood
 Be on your head! If you would keep him safe,
 Watch! watch Arbaces.

LYD. Dear old girl, your words
 Are treasured in my heart. I understand
 Their weight too, trust me.

STRA. Hist, hist! Let's begone. [*Exeunt severally. Enter Arbaces attended*]

ARB. Why am I sighing for almighty power,
 While every sigh but proves me more a man?—
 A human thing, who, to obtain an end,³¹
 Must scheme among the other schemers, weak
 With all their weakness, not a jot more sure
 To rule the future than the savage brute
 That takes his foeman promptly by the throat,
 And sucks the life-blood from his veins. They call
 Me here a wizard; would to Heaven, I were!

That I might spread a glamour o'er the land,
 To witch Ione's stubborn heart, and drain
 The haughty strength with which that impious Greek
 Confronts me, and you, Isis: Will you not
 Avenge yourself, O goddess? Dreams, dreams, dreams!
 From which I waken, a mere man again,³²
 In conscious impotence—a hypocrite
 Who fain would take the desperate chances, born
 Of gods in which I have no real belief.
 The weak are ever superstitious. I
 Call for a power that is not in myself,
 And play at self-deception. Isis, speak!
 Is what we call religion a trick,
 Whereby the cunning rule the imbecile?
 And is that deeper faith, our sages hold,
 In immortality a product vain
 Of human vanity? No answer comes:
 The silence seems to mock me. Dreadful Sphinx,
 Foreboding future, mother of despair,
 Answer your royal priest, if gods have ears—
 Yes, if you have a being, and are not,
 Like all things earthly, but an empty dream! [Enter the Praetor
 and Guards]

PRAE. Musing, my prince!

ARB. Hail, my unfailing friend!

This hour is meditation's. As the eye³³
 Watches the sun descending, and the shades
 Of evening lengthen, then the heart of man
 Seems to go down, and shadows grow about
 The central light within our moody breasts:
 Life seems most burdensome; and all the sills
 That haunt our thoughts, in one stupendous cloud
 Settle upon our thoughts. The shackled prisoner
 Looks through his walls into the world beyond,
 And at the vision groans. The exile's heart
 Is tortured with the sweets of home; the lover
 Sighs for his absent mistress; once again
 The mourner freshly feels the sting of death;
 The baffled hopes of youth like spectres rise,
 And will not to their ancient graves again;

This heavenly wanderer, which we call the soul,
 Yearns in its doleful place of banishment
 For its lost birthright, and the broken bond
 Aches at its fracture like a cruel wound.
 Evening is melancholy's playtime.

PRAE. Yes;
 And Prince Arbaces' too. What thing has dashed
 Your spirit thus?

ARB. All things.

PRAE. And this report,
 Now flying through the town, of something done
 Of violence and insult at your house
 By that Athenian ruffian;—what of that?—
 Backed by a gang of slaves. Do they forget³⁴
 The lictors' rods? Or does Lord Glaucus know
 What it will be to him, should he presume
 To outrage Roman law, while I am judge?

ARB. That was drunken riot, nothing more.
 Glaucus had supped too well; and in his zeal
 Blinded with wine and passion, he mistook
 My harmless purpose for I know not what.
 Pray pass it over, as I shall; for fear
 Lest, should his fault be tossed from tongue to tongue,
 It brings a scandal on a lady's name,
 Whose fame is dear to me.

PRAE. You show in this
 Noble forebearance, like yourself. However,
 Remember should he practise pranks like these,
 I stand prepared to punish him.

ARB. Thanks, thanks!
 Fitter occasion may arise; and then—

PRAE. Not all his wealth, nor all the vulgar howl
 Of his dear mob shall save him.

ARB. [Aside] Excellent!
 Hope smiles again.

PRAE. Farewell!

ARB. Farewell!

PRAE. Observe

That Attic madcap strictly. [*Exit with train*]

ARB. Never fear;

My eyes were given me for no other use. [Enter *Apaecides*³⁵ hastily,
Calenus restraining him]

Apaecides!

APAE. Dare not pronounce my name.

Monster of falsehood, do you still pollute
 This city with your presence? Recollect
 Your meditated crime, and hide yourself
 From man and Heaven, till, serpent-like, you crawl
 Back to your native den!

ARB. Misguided youth,

I pity you, and spare you.

APAE. Spare me, slave!

It were blaspheming Heaven for me to spare
 You when I find you in the haunts of men,
 Lest the unwary suffer. [Rushes at *Arbaces*. *Calenus and slaves interpose*]

ARB. There, poor boy,

You see your weakness. Pray misjudge me not!
 Surely your father's will has some respect
 Of you, although your sister disobey.

APAE. Though you might counterfeit his hand and seal,

You could not so pervert our faith in him,
 That it did not disown and contradict
 Your written fraud. O sacrilegious wretch,
 To put your lies into a dead man's mouth,
 To bring dishonor on his memory,
 To turn his children's hearts against the man
 To whom they owe all love, and reverence!
 That was the risk you made us undergo,
 Impious imposter; but those twins of Heaven,
 Immortal truth and love, have but one pair
 Of searching eyes, to baffle evil with,
 And they are on you. Go!

ARB. Romantic boy,

You are too simple for this common world.

May time call wisdom for you! [Going. Enter *Glaucus*, *Clodius*,
Dudus and train, obstructing *Arbaces'* train]

Move!

CAL. My lord—

ARB. Who bars the way?

CAL. Lord Glaucus.

ARB. Use your staves!

Now, by the head of Isis—[*Draws*]

GLAU. Who demands

The way of me? Arbaces? Men, stand firm!

I am not used to yield a freeman's right

To an unpunished criminal. Who stirs [*He and Clodius draw*]

Walks on the point of my forbidding sword.

Is it with pomp and impudence like this

You quit the scene of your misdeeds? Nay, glide,

Cat-like and stealthy, from our loathing sight,

Lest justice overtake you, ere you freight

Your gallies with your guilt.

ARB. I ask no leave

To go and come, to strike or pitch my tent,³⁶

Of you, Athenian braggart!

APAE. Hold his men

Back for a moment, till I settle this,

And all our wrongs together. 'Tis a chance

I seek and long for.

GLAU. Nay, Apaecides.

'Twas he began the outrage; let him on,

And bide the issue of his violence.

ARB. Avoid the fellow, as you would evade

Unsavory filth. [*To his train*]

GLAU. Yes, follow your wise nose:

It is a prudent leader for a heart

As delicate as yours. [*His followers laugh*]

ARB. You act today

As though Time's hand had dropped his calendar.

Think of tomorrow; if you will not now,

Remember, when it comes, what I have said. [*Leads his train around*

that of Glaucus and exit]

GLAU. Oh, dear tomorrow, how should I forget,

Even at a villain's prompting, that the day

Will usher in my boundless happiness?—

Will merge in all two lives that yearn to meet,

Like affluent streams, that henceforth are but one,

Like kindred hands that join in one salute,

Like meeting lips that form a single kiss!
 Not in division, but in unity,³⁷
 All nature lives. I thank the gracious gods
 That rapt our kindred souls as near to Heaven
 As mortals may aspire, and suffered us
 To join and swell their choral harmony!

CLOD. My Glaucus, O my Glaucus, are you he
 With whom I feasted yesterday, on food
 Cooked in a kitchen, washed with earth-born wine—
 You on whose rapturous lips now overrun
 The nectar and ambrosia of the gods?

APAE. Or are you he, the staid philosopher,
 Who frowned o'er Plato, in a knot of thought;
 While I stood by, to hear your magic tongue
 Make all things clear, as though the puzzling scroll
 Were written with a sunbeam?

DUD.³⁸ Are you he
 That made this life a burden to yourself,
 That we, your friends, might go the lighter?—You
 Who sighed o'er everything the world contained;
 Grew sick at pain or pleasure, both alike?
 Inveighed against the rose's musky smell,
 The glaring whiteness of the lily's head,
 The noise of music, and the travesty
 Art made of nature—nature, in herself
 Being by no means perfect? You who held
 Of more account a ribbon on your robe
 Than all the foreign policy of Rome?
 Oh, I admired that Glaucus; but I fear
 That you are spoiled forever—

GLAU. Are you done?
 Is this the penance one must undergo
 For showing his true nature? Be it so;
 For I am unconverted. As a proof,
 I bid you to the final sacrifice
 Tomorrow morning. You shall see me go
 As blindly as the dedicated ox
 Goes to the altar and the priestly knife. [*Music without*]
 Hark, hark! the Heavens are bowing down to earth.

I know that strain, and why it makes the wind
Pause but to hear it.

CLOD. There is wind enough
To blow us hence. Come, gentlemen, the gods
Admit no mortals to their councils. Yes;
We will be there betimes, to see the ox
Go to the slaughter. [Exit with Apaecides and Dudus, laughing.]

Enter Ione with attendants and a sacrificial train]

GLAU. Hail, my dearest!

IONE. Glaucus!

GLAU. Be not embarrassed. It is right, my love,
That you should offer the protecting gods
Your modest maiden sacrifice. We owe
More to their grace than human vanity
Could challenge for itself.

IONE. Yes, yes; but—but—

Ah, Glaucus, when a woman gives herself
To any man, as I am given to you,
Must he be ever in the way? I hoped
To steal to Heré's temple unobserved,
At least by you; and, lo, not half way there,
You start up to confront me, and confuse
My poor devotions; and—and—

GLAU. You designed
To pass unnoticed; so your cunning chose
The Street of Fortune, as a private route;
Ear-catching music, and a fluttering train
Of winning girls, begarlanded and decked
With flying ribbons; all the pomp and stir
Of coming sacrifice, in which to hide,
At least from me, your prudish little self!
You are a very woman.

IONE. Were I not,
How much would Glaucus love me?

GLAU. Perfect maid,
I trifle with my happiness. So great
It seems, and so transfigured is the world
To something that I never knew before;
So filled with light and sweetness, that my spirit
Seems soaring, at a dizzy heavenly height,

On unaccustomed wings. To look below
 Awes me, and backward scares the venturous blood
 Into its citadel. I dare not think
 The mortal thoughts, that ever, prophet-like,
 Cry woe, woe, woe! to earthly happiness.
 And I, I am too happy for the jealous gods³⁹
 To tolerate my more than mortal state
 Without rebuke. This boding shadow, love,
 Cast by the brightness of my dazzling joy,
 Will follow me until I clasp you close
 Against my heart, and know that fate has made
 Our lot secure in making you my wife.

IONE. Glaucus, you dream of good and ill alike,
 From the same inspiration. Let my dreams
 Be offsets to your own. I only see
 Visions of bliss before us. Trust the gods;
 For we are in their hands, for joy or grief,
 Whether we trust or not. Deserve their grace,
 And that may better fortune.

GLAU. Yes, and they
 Who spread this glorious nature at their feet,⁴⁰
 For their enduring joy, must also show
 A new delight in their immortal eyes
 When they survey a sight as beautiful,
 As pure, as holy as our love. The gods
 Be with you, darling, at your sacrifice!
 Sound pipe and tabor, fling your streamers out,
 Set all your maids to laughing, take the street
 Like an imperial triumph, and oncemore
 Endeavor thus to steal, all unobserved,
 To Heré's temple!

IONE. Glaucus, it is sad
 To see how foolish a wise man may be!

GLAU. Oh, look for nothing but the silliest joy
 From me, till wedlock make me serious,
 Priestess of wisdom!

IONE. Madcap, let me go!
 Shall the gods wait to see your folly out?
 Well, if you will, here in the public street,

Insensible to shame!—I am too pressed
For time, to palter with you.

GLAU. Nay, my love!
Here in the privacy of your parade. [*Kisses her*]
IOME. Then here began my sacrifice; alas!
And somewhat prematurely. [*Exit with her train*]

GLAU. O beloved,
Fairest and best, passion and perfect rest,
Fire and assuaging dew, consummate marvel
Of sweetest contraries!—how like a dove,
That will not quit its mate, my fluttering heart
Follows your flight with spiritual gaze,
Broods o'er your tender head with outspread wings.
By Heaven commissioned! [*Enter Nydia*]
Nydia!

NYD. My lord!
GLAU. You are not with your mistress.

NYD. Not today.
GLAU. Why then?

NYD. I could not—
GLAU. Could not!

NYD. Would not—

GLAU. Would not!
And at a time so solemn in her life?

NYD. There may be times as solemn in the lives
Of others. For my part, I trouble Heaven
With my thanksgiving at last night's escape;
That is forever in my mind. My brain
Refuses to put by the hideous thought
Of that which might have been to you, had fate
Given to your foe the upper hand. My lord,
You do not know how capable of crime—⁴¹
Of pitiless, remorseless, deadly crime,
Is the dark spirit of Arbaces. Now,
Even now, while all things look so fatal yet.
Watch, while that demon lives.

GLAU. Nay, Nydia,
Whatever be his malice, you o'er-rate
His power to do me harm.

NYD. Then I must watch,
 Watch without eyes: my scanty senses must
 Perform the duty that you set at naught.

GLAU. I shall not slumber. But bethink you, child,
 With so much happiness before my eyes,
 With Heaven thus beckoning from its open doors,
 How shall I turn my raptured gaze aside,
 To peer into that Hell you shudder at?

NYD. Happy! are you so happy?

GLAU. Can you ask?

NYD. Ah! then, 'tis not for all, this happiness.
 Thank Heaven that gave it to you: 'Tis so far,⁴²
 So very far above the common lot.
 Nor does it always come at love's command:
 Sweet though his gifts be to the fortunate,
 They seem like curses of the angry gods,
 Like the hot arrows of Hyperion's wrath,
 When poured into a heart that cannot share
 Its blessings with another, love for love.

GLAU. These are strange thoughts to fill your youthful brain:
 Whence were they gathered?

NYD. From the tree of life.

We who pass under, shake its fatal fruit,
 Ripe or rotten, at our startled feet.
 A child may do that. Once I knew a maid,
 Humble as I am, and she loved a king—
 Think of the fool, she loved a very king!—
 Oh, not a king with sceptre, crown and throne,
 The common frippery of sham royalty;
 But a real king, by nature bred and crowned,
 And so acknowledged by a subject world.

GLAU. She flew too high.

NYD. But why has love his wings,
 Unless to soar with? Ah! my lord, you talk
 Like all the world; but not like Glaucus.

GLAU. True.

But of the maiden?

NYD. I forgot the girl,
 Lost in the splendor of the man she loved.
 Her passion was the secret of her breast:

She dared not tell it to an earthly thing,
Lest gossip echo, from her hollow cave,
Should spread her story to the jeering land.
Oh, no, she whispered to the mystic skies,
Distant and voiceless—to her mother's soul,
Silent as death, that stood between their lives—
The bitter story which she knew too well.
Nothing was pitiful. The raging clouds,
With thunder upon thunder, shouted, fool!
Her mother's voice, as fine and thin as songs
Sung to an ailing infant, murmured, fool!
And her own heart—there was the hopeless pang—
Muttered forever, fool, and fool, and fool!

GLAU. What was her fate?

NYD. What is the fate of all,
Happy or wretched, who begin to die
As soon as they begin to live? the grave
But hiding up the tragedy of life,
Whose course is only dying. Let her nurse
The death within her as a blessed thing,
The only product of her barren love,
And thank the gods for that one mercy!

GLAU. Child,
Can I do aught to soothe her sorrow?

NYD. You!
You least of all men. Hurry to the one
You'll make your bride tomorrow. That way lies
Your duty. Let the maiden bide the fate
You cannot alter. Since I knew, and tried,
Vainly, to rock her history to sleep
Within the cradle of my heart, all love—
Save such as cursed her with its wretchedness—
Seems make-believe and pastime; merry sport
Of triflers, fooling with a deadly thing.
Oh! and its noise of selfish happiness
Drives through me like a weapon.

GLAU. Nydia!
You think too much, and feel too bitterly,
For one so youthful. There's a joy of youth

In mere existence. Nourish that delight:

It comes but once.

Nyd. To me it never came.

What can I do in darkness, in this house
 All windowless, but think, till gracious death
 May give me back my vision? Go, my lord,
 Go to the pageant. It is glorious,
 The people tell me, to behold the things
 I hear and touch. 'Tis all a mystery
 To me. I would that I could understand
 What sight is like.

Glau. Hereafter you may know,

If the gods love the pure and beautiful. [*Exit*]

Nyd. O Heaven, O Mother, did you hear? He called
 Me pure and beautiful! O abject shame!
 Called me, whose heart is eaten through and through
 With guilty love, with sin, almost with crime;
 Whose wicked soul is tempted, hour by hour,
 To do the things, I should not dare to dream.
 Pure, beautiful! Avenging Nemesis,⁴³
 Count not his error as my sin! Alas!
 How little do we know each others' hearts,
 Though we were twinned together! Hark, I hear
 Calenus' step, that shuffling, stealthy tread.
 The kind old miser; often has he saved
 Poor me from insult, when the riot raged,
 High as the vault of hell, in yonder house.
 Well, I must rest. The spirit has o'erworn
 Its dusty covering. One day it will fall
 A crumbling ruin: then the long, long rest. [*Seats herself. Enter Ca-*

lenus]

Cal. A dismal place. What demon brought me here?
 Hello, dame Isis! blinking with your eyes:
 But somewhat dimly. I must trim your lamps,
 And freshen up your eyesight. No one here?
 Yes; who is that? But Nydia. Could she see,
 She'd seek a place more cheerful for repose.
 Master Calenus, just a word with you.
 Come here, a moment. Now, in confidence,
 I have a word or two to say to you.

You wretched pauper, do you know, I fear
 That you will run your gullet in a noose,
 If you keep backing up Arbaces' luck.
 And then that dream, that nasty dream, thrice dreamt,
 Of drowning in a flood of liquid gold,
 While fierce Arbaces, scowling o'er the tide,
 Pelted my head with coins and ingots. Sure
 That dream meant something. Yes, it meant just this—⁴⁴
 For, Isis, as you know, I am skilled in dreams—
 It meant you'd better shun the company
 And dangerous business of your present lord.
 His star is waning. Let me see, by Jove,⁴⁵
 And Glaucus' is ascending. It was so
 At their last bout. If I could hitch myself
 Close to this Glaucus and his wealth, perhaps
 Things would look brighter for me; much more safe,
 Without a question. Ah! but how, but how?
 No one will trust you, my Calenus, now,
 Since your long service with Arbaces. Right!
 By Jove, I would not trust you. Isis, there!
 Old lady, give me but a happy thought,
 And I will work you and your oracles,
 So that you'll take this wondering town by storm.

NYD. [Sings] What keener woe than to behold above her
 The stormy terrors of a darkening sky!
 No heart to shield her, and no heart to love her,
 The light of hope bedimmed within her eye:
 What can she do but die, but die?
 What keener woe!

CAL. Nydia, what are singing in the dark? [She advances]
 Gods! child you make me creep. "What can she do
 But die, but die?" A thousand other things.
 Dying's the last thing she should think about:
 Tell your friend that. Hey, now, my singing bird,
 Is her nest soft in rich Ione's house?
 I always thought some good would come to you.

NYD. How wise you are for others; not for yourself!
 CAL. How so?

NYD. In hanging to Arbaces' skirts.

While he walks down to Hades.

CAL. Right, quite right!

You echo warnings stirring in my brain.

Does it e'er happen to you pretty one,

To talk with Glaucus?

NYD. Rarely.

CAL. But sometimes?

NYD. Yes; when I will. He is all courtesy.

A heart so gentle that he would alight,⁴⁶

As quick as Hermes, from his chariot,

To ease the sorrows of a dying dog.

Who may not speak with Glaucus, who has need

Of any service he can do to man?

CAL. Tut, tut! you talk heroics. He's a Greek:

Shrewd therefore—not a fool, by any means!

NYD. Not unless Pallas is.

CAL. High! there you go!

Stick to this world; talk business; that's my aim.

Is Glaucus rich?

NYD. As Midas: at his touch

Earth turns to gold.—

CAL. Oh! fiddle, fiddle, girl!

Give up your raptures. What you said just now,

About Arbaces, lingers in my head.

NYD. Well, what of him?

CAL. That man is dangerous.

NYD. That I well know.

CAL. Yes, and his purposes

Make him as dangerous to friends as foes.—

A little more so, if a man may judge

By recent happenings. He is rich, 'tis true;

But what of that? He's meaner than—than—than—

Hey, now, bring in your gods and goddesses!

NYD. I would not wrong them by the likeness.

CAL. Good,

You pious child! Can you keep secrets, girl?

NYD. I carry one that burns me, like a coal

Heated in hell, and I shall carry it

Until the cold grave quench it.

CAL. Promise me,
 If nothing come of what I say to you,
 If we make no agreement, ere we part,
 Or if you cannot win your perfect lord
 To share our compact, you will lay my words
 Beside that coal which worries you so much.
 Hey, will you swear it?

NYD. [Aside] If I catch his drift,
 The man is ripe to play Arbaces false;
 And that, well covered, may assure my lord
 Freedom from peril. [Aloud] Yes, I swear.

CAL. By what?
 Your gods and goddesses the poets made.
 As for my lady Isis—pshaw! I know
 Too much about her, to confide an oath
 To her loose keeping. Ah! I have it now: [Shows a coin]
 Swear on this aureas, on this trusty gold—
 O you true goddess, let me kiss your face!—[Kisses it]
 That you will keep my counsel.

NYD. So I swear.

CAL. Will you not kiss the image? No? Well, there,
 Go back into your temple. [Pockets the coin]

NYD. Now speak out.

CAL. You know what was Arbaces' plan, that failed
 Last night, perhaps?

NYD. I guess it.

CAL. 'Twas to take
 Lady Ione hence by force, and wed
 Her and her fortune when his galleys reached
 His land of Egypt. That design is yet
 Hot in his mind. He watches for the chance
 To make that project a success.

NYD. Ye gods,
 Must this poor frailty throbbing in my breast
 Be thus forever tempted? Fool, O fool!⁴⁷
 Would her destruction bring poor humble me
 Nearer to him? No; further would I fall.
 His frantic wrath would be a wall of stone
 Between him and all other things. Or grief,
 A grief like mine, would kill him inch by inch.

Could I see that and live? Gods, give me strength,
 Me, his bought slave, to serve him to the end;
 And see within my mother's shining face
 My hard reward at last. [*Aside*]

CAL. Well, little sphinx,
 What are you mumbling to yourself?

NYD. Go on.
 A blast from hell kindled my coal again:
 I shall be patient now.

CAL. But can you be
 Trusted with more?

NYD. You know me. Did I break
 The oath Arbaces forced from me?

CAL. Not yet;—
 I am breaking mine all into little bits;—
 And who can tell—Well, I am in for it.⁴⁸
 There's peril for me either way; and this
 Seems least, most hopeful.

NYD. For yourself?

CAL. Ay, girl.
 Do you suppose I waste my precious time,
 In taking care of other people? No;
 All I can do—and that seems hard enough—
 Is but to wriggle one Calenus through
 This knotted snare. But others hold a place
 Of safety or of danger with myself.
 For instance: from the pious love he bears
 To yonder lady with the beaming eyes—
 Gods, she is winking like a sleepy owl!⁴⁹
 Shame on you, Isis! keep yourself awake,
 And help the fortunes of your faithful priest!
 Well, for the love Arbaces bears to her,
 He has passed the sentence on Apaecides;
 Doomed him to death for treachery to her,
 And seeks occasion now to murder him.

NYD. Ha!

CAL. There is something, is it not? By Jove,
 'Tis useful information.—Wink, wink, wink!
 What, are you going blind, you jade?

NYD. You know,
I am quite blind.

CAL. I did not speak of you.
That blinking Isis makes me nervous. Well,
If he would murder young Apaecides,
To satisfy his hot religious zeal—
Ho! ho! religion and Arbaces mix⁵⁰

Like oil and water. [*Laughing*] If he'd take that life,
But for his conscience-sake, what will he do
To Glaucus? Tell me that. He hates your lord—
Just as I hate those sleepy, ribald priests⁵¹
That are neglecting my poor Isis' eyes.
I'll swing you for it, when I get to you!

What do you say to that, my Nydia?

NYD. It is most grave. But what do you propose?

CAL. This, if the service can be made to pay,
I propose to attach myself at once
To Glaucus; and to do the ticklish work
He cannot do without me, if he would,
In keeping him advised of every plan⁵²
Arbaces forms; helping to thwart his plots.
To save two lives, prevent your lady's theft,
Et cetera; and, in the end, to deal
The monster out full justice. Do you see?
Your poor Calenus will have work enough,
Meritizing handsome wages.

NYD. If you do
But half you promise, you may swim in gold.
CAL. "May swim in gold!" there is my dream again!
I cannot fail you; for my treachery⁵³
Would catch me in the outcome. Then, reflect,
I cannot harm you, if I do no good.
Keep your own councils, tell me nought; but use
My information as you please. Besides,
Nothing for nothing is a golden rule.

NYD. Calenus, I accept you.

CAL. Yes, my child,
That's very well; but what do you suppose—
Oh! not to haggle, not for a mere coin—
What do you think, in gross, the pay will be?

NYD. More than you dream of.

CAL. Nay, my dreams, sometimes,
Go very far into the fattest purse.

NYD. Trust me for that.

CAL. I do, as you trust me.

Now Nydia, little mouse, you know that house
Better than I do; or as well, at least.

You know the danger of this work of mine;
You know Arbaces: Well, if, some bright day,

Your poor Calenus suddenly should seem
To quit the world, no warning given to you—

Where would you seek him? what would you suppose?

NYD. Nay, I know not.

CAL. Dear innocent, I do.

You must suppose Arbaces has found out
Clumsy Calenus, and has stuffed your friend

Into that solid cell, beneath the hall,

With nothing to console his leisure time,

While he is slowly starving, but the thought
Of what a mighty fool he made himself

In reckoning without his host—the man

Who gives him lodging, free of any charge:

Remember that.

NYD. Grim jesting.

CAL. Jesting, girl!

It may be truth tomorrow. Look you, now:

Should this thing happen, you must get me out,
By hook or crook, by sleight or force; so I

May tell my story in a court of law.

You know the cell?

NYD. By your description, yes.

CAL. The door to it is hidden in the base
Of Isis' image, in the gallery.

That you must force. Take men enough with you⁵⁴
To overpower resistance: such a gang

As followed you last night. Oh, mighty gold!

What else, by chink and twinkle, could have called
That little army up so suddenly?

NYD. Calenus, he is coming.

CAL. Who?

NYD. Arbaces:

I know his step.

CAL. Mole-ears, your hearing shames

The eyes of Argus. Fly! [*Exit Nydia swiftly*] So that is done,
And I feel easier, less inclined to muse
Or how it feels to decorate a cross,
Or to be pinched between a lion's jaws,
To please admiring friends. [*Enter Arbaces*]

ARB. It must be done

Tonight, this very night. The boy must die;
And ere the morning, ere she hear of it,
Ione must be safe aboard with me,
With leagues of water 'twixt this town and us.
As for the Greek, why, let him live to feel
My thorough vengeance in his misery.—
Who's there?

CAL. Calenus.

ARB. It grows dark apace.

I did not know you in the shadow there.

CAL. [*Aside*] I wonder if he knows me in the light?

ARB. What do you here?

CAL. I must be somewhere—here,

Or somewhere else. I cannot make myself
Invisible, to please you.

ARB. [*Aside*] So, my man!

There is something new within that brain of yours:

A tone of falsehood in your very voice.

The slave grows insubordinate perhaps.

You must be looked to.

CAL. [*Aside*] Now what brought him out

Tonight, and unattended? I shall watch

Your goings and your comings for a while.

ARB. You are moody.

CAL. I? but quiet. When I'm still,

Be sure that I have nothing much to say.

ARB. What is the matter?

CAL. Curse this thankless world!

Here, I've been working like a gang of slaves,

Year in year out, for other people's good—

And I have done a turn of work for Heaven,⁵⁵

For Isis too; and what is my reward?—
 More work, and harder, and more perilous.
 And, by and by, you'll leave me in the lurch,
 In the law's grip, while you are sailing off,
 Secure and happy, with your pretty bride.
 That's fine for you; but as for me—My lord,
 What shall I do, after the bubble bursts,
 And Isis is a by-word? She will be,
 As surely as Apaecides reveal
 The temple's secrets.

ARB. He will say no more

After tonight, and that will seem to be
 The judgment of the goddess to the world.
 Go, get you in.

CAL. Look at that statue's eyes:

I swear, they are disgraceful. We are out
 Of naphtha for the lamps; and, meanwhile, she
 Blinks in that owlish manner, poor old girl!

ARB. Pooh! here is money for your lamps. [*Gives money*]

CAL. Not much:

Enough, mayhap, to serve a month or two. [*Goes into the temple and watches Arbaces from behind a column*]

ARB. That fellow is past service, and begins

To be untrustworthy. It matters not:
 I shall not need him shortly. Till we part,
 Let him hold closely to his shaking faith!

Or woe betide his treachery! [*Enter Apaecides. Arbaces, observing him, walks up*]

APAE. How dark

The night grows suddenly! A sympathy
 With gloom has struck my spirit; for I feel
 As though the hand of an impending doom
 Hangs o'er my head, and only hesitates
 How soon to fall. Where tarries Glaucus? He⁵⁸
 Promised to meet me on the way, as soon
 As he had seen the sacrificial rites
 Duly performed. Come, Glaucus; for I need
 Your sunny smile, to light my moody heart.
 I will walk further on. Ha! who goes there?

ARB. Apaecides.

APAE. Bold villain! must it be
That every turn I take still leads to you?
Away! avoid me! if you hold your life
Worth the precaution that will save it.

ARB. Ah!

How kindlier times escape a memory
As blind with rage as yours! Look back, my son,
Upon the guardian of your youth, the man
Who loved you as a father,⁵⁷ and displayed
That love in every action.

APAE. Whining hound,

What, will you cower, because you have been cuffed?
Out of my way! My fingers clench and burn
To do you justice here, before that block
You call a goddess.

ARB. Isis, hear him not!

Spare him for me, your faithful worshiper!

APAE. Prodigious hypocrite, embodied lie,
Base counterfeiter of the coin of Heaven.
Who are so false that one can neither trust⁵⁸
Your seeming virtues nor your vices. Faugh!
My stomach sickens at the sight of you:
And at your prayers, to any power above⁵⁹
That holds mankind responsible, my skin
Creeps with sheer horror. Bide another day
Here, in Pompeii, with your impious frauds—
Your Isis and your oracles, with your own⁶⁰
Sham piety, you shameless mountebank—
And I will make your gods, your rites and you
The jeer and by-word of the market place!

ARB. Demented atheist! [Stabs him suddenly] Take that, and that!
O Isis, to your earthly sovereignty—
You know with what regret—I offer up
My erring son; and may his death atone
For his transgressions!

APAE. Vile assassin, hark!

When the stone falls, between the blow and death,
Think of this deed, and may its memory
Be your first pang of hell! Oh!—Oh! [Dies]

ARB. I struck

Too rashly; but the torrent of my rage
Swept of my judgment. [*Calenus advances slowly*]
Back! [*Draws*] Another step
Is death to one of us.

CAL. Um!

ARB. Only you?

Calenus, quick; we must be rid of this.

CAL. Ay, if you could. This act will last awhile,
And draw its consequences after it.

ARB. You moralizing fool! the act is done!
We must bestow the body somewhere.

CAL. Where?

ARB. You empty echo! are your wits astray?
Lend me a hand, to bear this lump of clay
Into the temple. You can throw the corpse
Into the pit, among the bones and dregs
Of other sacrifices. Come, at once!

CAL. Oh, mercy, how he bleeds!

ARB. Come, fellow, come!

CAL. I am no fellow for a murderer.
I saw it all.

ARB. Ha!

CAL. Yes; I will not put
My little finger into this affair.
Fate sees the end. I cannot.

ARB. Are you mad?
You shall have gold enough to satisfy
Even your avarice.

CAL. Gold, without my life,
Might be a comfort to my heirs. To me—

ARB. Treacherous villain! what, will you betray
Your master?

CAL. Um! I know not what I'll do—

ARB. I know as well. Within there! [*Seizes Calenus. Enter slaves from Arbaces' house*] In with him! [*Slaves seize Calenus*]

CAL. Help!—

ARB. Silence him. [*Slaves throttle Calenus*] Look at this bloody deed,
Done by his hand—the murder of my boy,
My poor, poor boy! O execrable wretch!

Drag him away, and prison him, fast bound,
 And gagged to silence, in my study. I
 Will deal with him hereafter. On your lives,
 Hold him secure; or I will scourge to death
 The whole gang of you! [Exeunt slaves with Calenus]
 Light begins to break!

The toils are falling from me. I can make
 One traitor answer for the other's death.
 But, at the trial, what the rogue might say
 Would cast suspicion on me. Isis, help!
 My mind is in confusion. Curse the boy!
 He is more trouble to me dead than he
 Was while he lived.

GLAU. [Without] Apaecides! what, ho!

ARB. Oh, golden fortune! Isis heard my prayer.
 'Tis the Greek's voice. Now let me guide events
 To my own ends. The pit is dug: [Retires back]
 One careless step is all I need. [Enter Glaucus, looking about him]

GLAU. 'Tis strange.

Apaecides, where stray you in the dark?
 He promised he would meet me on the way;
 And I am almost home, without a glimpse
 Or sound of him. Can it have been we passed
 Each other in the darkness? [Arbaces, so placed that the body lies

between him and Glaucus]

ARB. Oh!—[Groans]

GLAU. A groan!

Some drunken reveller perchance has fallen
 Here by the wayside. Let me give him aid.
 Heaven knows, if mortals ever need our aid,⁶¹
 It is when he who stands may help the fallen
 To lift the weary burden of his sins.

ARB. Oh!—Oh!—[Groans]

GLAU. Again! What's here? A prostrate man! [Discovers Apaecides' body]

Apaecides! My brother, why is this?
 What is this sticky stuff that covers you?
 Blood, blood!—warm blood! Why lie you here? Arouse!
 How still he is! Cheer up! There's succor nigh.
 Apaecides! oh answer! Help! help! help!

ARB. Who is it cracks the silent ear of night
With such shrill cry?

GLAU. Look you here!—Oh, look
Upon this piteous sight!—A wounded man—
Murdered perhaps, if murder have the heart
To slay the innocent. Who are you?

ARB. Arbaces I of Egypt.

GLAU. Of all men,
Even now, the most unwelcome. But, my lord,
Forget our enmity before the claim
Of such a woe. He is not dead, I know.
I heard him groan a moment since. Have you
Skill in such matters?

ARB. Some. But who is he?

GLAU. Apaecides, your ward.

ARB. What?

GLAU. Look at him. [*Arbaces examines the body*]
Oh, see, he bleeds afresh! It cannot be
That he is dead. How shall I bear this news
To poor Ione? Pray what think you?

ARB. Dead;
But very lately. Ah! incautious boy,
How did you bring this fate upon your head?

GLAU. How does the lamb die by the butcher's hand?
He was the most harmless of all living things.⁶²

ARB. Help! help!—here's murder—help me, citizens! [*Calling without.*
Burbo and Stratonice enter with a crowd of citizens, gladiators, soldiers, etc.
from different directions, some with torches]

BUR. This way the cry was.

STRA. What is this?

ARB. A man

Slain in the streets. [*Enter Clodius, Sallust, Lydon and Nydia*]

LYD. Who is he?

ARB. A young priest
Of Isis' house, Apaecides.

NYD. Oh, woe!

Calenus' prophecy is half fulfilled.
I heard the demon's voice a moment since.
Oh! my poor lady! [*Exit hastily*]

BUR. But who did this?

ARB. Who?

Why do you ask? [Retires]

BUR. That is not far to seek:

Look at his hands and toga, running blood—

LYD. You are a liar, scoundrel! [Strikes him]

CLOD. Peace!

1ST CIT. Stand back!

Here is a Senator.

CLOD. Glaucus, my friend,

What means this sight? Why are you here,
Thus stained with blood?

BUR. Red-handed.

LYD.⁶³ Have a care:

My next blow will be earnest.

GLAU. Clodius,

O tell me it is but a dreadful dream.

My brain is whirling. All that I can see

Is blood, blood, blood; and all that I can hear

Is the shrill shriek from those wan, frozen lips,

That felt so warm a little hour ago. [Enter Ione, Nydia, and a train of maids, servants, etc.]

O gods, she comes! Where shall I hide myself?

IONE. [Falls on his bosom] Glaucus!

GLAU. Divine forgiveness! Half the fault

Is mine, beloved. I should have guarded him,

Foreseeing danger.

IONE. Do not blame yourself.

Apaecides?—

GLAU. Is dead! and I should be

The happier with him. Dear, I swore to you

To watch our brother's safety as your own:

And see, look here! here is my broken oath

Bleeding from every wound of his.

IONE. Alas!

We have but human faculties to serve

Our promises. We are not gods, beloved.

1ST CIT. O lady, quit that man.

IONE. And wherefore, friend?

1ST CIT. Look at his hands.

IONE. But that is guiltless blood.

Come, let me kiss them: they are pure as mine. [*Kisses his hands*]

Rather suspect me of this bloody deed

Than noble Glaucus.

NYD. [Aside] Hear, ye listening gods!

This is a love like mine. [*Cries without of, "Way, way!" Then enter the Praetor with lictors bearing torches and guards. Arbaces approaches the Praetor*]

PRAE. What mean these cries,

That break the quiet of our sleeping town,

And bare the blade of armed authority? [*Approaches the body*]

A murdered man! Who is he? [*To Arbaces*] Speak, my lord,

If you know aught concerning the affair.

ARB. I speak reluctantly, because 'tis known

Glaucus and I have been at enmity:

So people say, and so perhaps it is.—[*Pauses*]

GLAU. Forget all that. I have a vow in Heaven,

Recorded there among its sacred things,

To hunt the murderer of Apaecides

Through land, through flood, through earth or howling sea—

By night and day, wherever he may bide—

Yea, though the gods of darkness shelter him—

And drag him to the cross, the hungry beast,

Or wheresoever the hand of Justice point!

ARB. Remember this, when you stand face to face

Before the truth.

PRAE. What know you? Let there be

No further interruptions. Speak, my lord!

ARB. Pray you, excuse me;—I am ill at ease;—

I know not what to say. Indeed, the facts

Are so suspicious, from my point of view,

As I was forced to see them—[*Pauses*]

PRAE. By the gods,

It seems to me you seek to shield the wretch

Who did this crime. If that be your design,

Look to yourself, ere you be self-condemned

As an accomplice!

GLAU. O my lord, speak out!

You one time called this murdered youth your son,

Your ward he was; if any trace of love

Rest in your heart toward his memory,
 Give it full way. Do you know anything
 That may have happened, ere you heard me call,
 And found him lying dead within my arms?

ARB. Indeed, indeed, I loved him as a son.

Poor orphan, during twenty patient years,
 To him and to his sister, I supplied
 A father's place—

PRAE. By Jupiter, my blood

Boils at your girlish sentiment! If you,
 By these fond maunderings, seek but to obstruct
 The course of justice, I shall hold you both,
 You two discoverers of the crime—you Greek,
 And you Egyptian—guilty both alike.
 Advance, my lictors! [*The lictors advance*]

ARB. 'Tis not fear, my lord,

Of the law's prying eye, or vengeful hand,
 That urged me to speak. Oh, no; the ghost
 Of young Apaecides is hovering nigh—
 That tender, beautiful, most harmless youth,⁶⁴
 Differing in sex, but not in loveliness,
 From his dear sister; and I hear the cry
 That, as the delegate of Heaven, he breathes
 Into my ears, demanding blood for blood.
 And, thus adjured, I must tell all I know;
 However much it may add grief to grief,
 And crush the hearts now overweighted.

PRAE. On!

ARB. While on my housetop, studying the stars—
 That seem to threaten some calamity
 Near to this quarter of the world—I heard
 Voices high pitched in quarrel, then a blow;
 Then the dull gurgling sound a wounded man,
 Choking with blood, ejects; and then I heard
 A cry for help.

PRAE. Whose voice?

ARB. I could not tell:

It might have been Apaecides'.

PRAE. What more?

ARB. I rushed into the street, and when my eyes
 Grew more familiar to the darkness, saw
 Glaucus unholding in his arms the corpse
 Of dear Apaecides—a woeful sight!—
 He seemed half frantic, with remorse or fear;
 Begged me for aid, in wild and rambling terms;
 But, to my sorrow, the unlucky youth
 Was past all aid.

PRAE. What was the weapon used?

ARB. I stumbled on this stylus. [*Shows it*]

PRAE. Let me see. [*Takes it*]

A common stylus, such as all men bear.
 How were the wounds made?

OFF. As I judge, my lord,
 With some long, slender weapon.

PRAE. Might it be
 With such a thing as this?

OFF. Beyond all doubt.

PRAE. Arrest the Greek. [*Lictors surround Glaucus*]

GLAU. Arrest me! for what cause?

PRAE. The murder of Apaecides.

GLAU. My lord,
 If in Pompeii there is only one
 Who could not have performed that act, 'tis I.
 He was my brother, by the ties of love
 That stronger are than nature's. In a day,
 His sister would have been—nay, will be—I
 Cannot forego that hope as yet—my wife—

IONE. O Glaucus, do you dare to doubt me? Yes,
 Though wicked men accuse you, though the law
 Convict you, and its brutal myrmidons
 Drag you to death—there, at the cross's foot,
 Or where the arena trembles with the roar
 Of the on-bounding lion—if my lord
 Will honor so his handmaid—I will wed
 You and you only; for a voice from Heaven
 Cries in my soul, Glaucus is innocent!

NYD. [*Aside*] She must have heard my mother's voice, that says
 The same thing in my soul. Oh, thank the gods,
 That made me true to her through all temptations!

GLAU. Perjured informer, now I see the snare
Your coward cunning set before my feet.
I fell therein, because I could not deem
A man so base as you have shown yourself.
My lord, this villain, with the spider's craft,
Has woven a web of most deceptive lies
Out of a hundred facts, that are not truth
As he presents them. Let me question him.

PRAE. That you may do, before the judges, when
He gives his testimony. Officer,
Take bonds that Lord Arbaces may appear
Upon the trial. He would shield this man;
That is too patent.

IONE. You are blind, stone blind.
Oh, let me speak, dear Glaucus; let me tell
The story of last night. No maid, nor man,
Should fear the truth, though every syllable
Must needs be dyed in blushes.

GLAU. Nay, not now.
'Twere useless to expose that scandal here,
To the world's wonder. Maiden character
Is like the new fallen snow; more easily stained
From its abounding whiteness. Patience, love!
There is a power in Heaven that guides the ways
Of even the wicked to its gracious ends.
All things, both good and evil, are as one,
To serve the purpose of the hand that moulds
Our mortal destinies.

IONE. You are my guide.
The hand that ruling Heaven extends to me,
Henceforth forever, on my earthly path.
Your will I follow meekly, with a faith
That love alone inspires.

GLAU. Trust me no more
Than reason justifies. The fire of truth
Was kindled by the gods, ere man began:
They watch above it, as a sacred care,
Lest any spark be lost; and, when they will,
Like sudden sunrise, they flood Heaven and earth
With its eternal beams.

PRAE. Delay no more.

Conduct your prisoner to his cell. Strip off
His gilded plumage. Let him see and feel
What 'tis to be like one of that dear mob
He so admires!

ARB. [Laughing aside] Ha! ha!

NYD. Brute, brute! you thing,

You accident of ill, that, by mischance,
Have crawled into a place which you disgrace—
Off with your purple robe, to cover him,
A natural king of men; and hide your shame
Under the slavish garb you dare to place
Upon his royal limbs!

PRAE. Peace, sightless scold!

LYD. Peace, cry you, while yourself made war—

CLOD. [Restraining Lydon] Forbear!

Your crazy love will prejudice his cause.

Has he not enemies enough, without

His friends evoking more to ruin him?

PRAE. Present your pikes, men! Does rebellion dare

Show front before me? [The people show signs of resistance]

GLAU. Patience, gentle friends!

Force cannot clear me of this deadly snare.

Though blows may rescue, for a little space,

My outraged body, my imprisoned soul

Would still be bound in shackles by this charge.

I have no fear of what bad men can do

Upon this stage and halting place of life,

This cradle of eternity, though they

By fraud, or violence, or death itself,

Slam to the doors of being in my face,

And set my spirit free. Move on!—Ione!—[Exit guarded]

IONE. Glaucus!—my Glaucus!—[Faints]

ARB. [Aside] Victory!

NYD. Mark, gods!

He must be of your kindred.

BUR. Hum! I think

The lion will have food tomorrow.

LYD. [Strikes him down] Beast!

ACT V.

SCENE: *The Forum. At the back of the scene on the right, the doorway of the Basilica, or Court of Justice, a vast building of the Ionic order. Farther to the left, the temple of Jupiter, of the Corinthian order. A mixed crowd of Citizens, Soldiers, Freedmen, Slaves, etc., discovered, waiting to hear the result of the trial of Glaucus. Enter Dudus. Burbo appears at the door of the Basilica.*

BUR. Sentence is passed.

ALL. What sentence?

BUR. Instant death.

ALL. Huzza! [Enter Stratonice from the Basilica, and advances]

STRA. What are you howling at? I'll bet

In aurea, one to ten on Glaucus.

1ST CIT. How?

What is the sentence?

STRA. That he be exposed,

In the arena, to the lion.

1ST CIT. What,

Bound hand and foot?

STRA. Gods, no!

1ST CIT. Armed then?

STRA. Somewhat;

With the same stylus that the liars say

He did the murder with. Oh, we shall have

A royal fight. I'll make it one to seven

On Glaucus.

DUD. That he kill the beast?

STRA. No, no;

But that the beast do not kill him.

1ST CIT. I take it.

DUD. I'll give you that ten times.

1ST CIT. Agreed.

BUR. [Advances] Hey, now,

How is the betting?

DUD. One to seven on Glaucus.

BUR. I'll back the lion—

STRA. [Taking him by the ear] No, you'll back yourself.

I'll teach you, you born ass, to bet against

My luck!—I'll teach you! [Shakes him]

BUR. I am taught. I'll bet
Ten aurea on the Greek.

1ST CIT. How?

BUR. Even money.

ALL CIT. Taken.

STRA. You wretched idiot, be still!
You have swept the odds from under me. Ye gods,
Was ever a woman cursed so in a husband?
Go to your pots; get drunk; do anything,
But throw our money in these sharers' teeth. [*Retires with Burbo.*

Enter from the Basilica, Clodius and Sallust]

ALL. Room for the Senators!

SAL. [*Advancing with Clodius and Dudus*] This was sharp work.

CLOD. A mockery of Roman justice. I
Am too indignant at the Praetor's course,
At his indecent haste, and obvious bias
Against poor Glaucus, that I needs must be
A passionate counsellor.

SAL. Justice, you say!
There was no law, no decent form of law,
Observed or thought of. By the huckster's god,
Winged Mercury, it made me sick to know
Such antics could be played in Italy.

CLOD. Yes, and ere Glaucus' orator could well
Get seated, ere his chair was warm, by Jove,
Out came the sentence—death, immediate death
In the arena, by the lion's jaws.
Sallust, we noblemen must look to this.⁶⁵
'Tis an attack upon our class. The rank
Of Glaucus gave him right, I think,
Of trial by the Senate.

SAL. How that dark demon, the Egyptian, grinned
When all was over; how his evil eyes
Sparkled and kindled, as though hell had struck
A recent fire within them. There was more
Than a mere triumph in that glance. By Jove,
I should not wonder, if the truth were known,
That this Arbaces struck the blow himself.

DUD.⁶⁶ I will bet one to two that you are right.
Fie! our dear Glaucus an assassin! No;

No man of his refinement could be that.
 No man that wore the toga as he did,
 With such a presence, such a royal air,
 Could be a vulgar murderer. Alas!
 Who'll set the fashions in Pompeii now?
 It is a public loss.

SAL. Poor Dudus! Each

Has his own spring of tears at Glaucus' fate.

DUD. Did you observe him in his prison garb—

That dirty woollen skirt, unshaved, unkempt?
 Among the gold and purple throng, he seemed
 The only king.

CLOD. Sallust, that thought of yours,

Which lays the murder on Arbaces' hands,
 Should be considered carefully.

DUD. The mob,

Those knaves behind us, have already got
 That fancy in their brains. I heard a rogue
 Just out of prison—one who ought to know
 Crime by inspection—swear he'd go to death,
 If yon Arbaces had not killed a man
 Within a week; he saw it in his eye.

CLOD. Even Glaucus did not hint at that.

DUD. Not he:

He is too noble to accuse a foe
 On mere suspicion.

SAL. Think of this: the priests

Of Isis and they only, had a motive
 To kill Apaecides; if it be true
 That he adjured their faith, and had declared
 Their mysteries, mummeries, and their oracles
 And miracles but specious tricks. Then he
 Had a wild story of the filthy things
 Done in Arbaces' house, on the pretext
 Of worship to his goddess. Who but he,
 This foreign quack, had motive for the deed?

CLOD. Oh, for an hour with Titus!

SAL. He, alas!

Is on the sea, half way to Syria
 Ere this; and Glaucus' doom will be enforced⁶⁷

This very day, this very hour, unless
 The Praetor, suddenly should show himself
 Less of a brute than the half-famished beast
 That waits our poor friend's coming.

DUD. Look you, now!
 You are so solemn over Glaucus' fate,
 Forget not that long stylus in a hand
 As strong as Hercules! What if he kill
 The lion, as he may do?

CLOD. Then the cross
 Awaits him, that was in the sentence too.

SAL.⁶⁸ By Jove, it shall not! If he slay the lion
 The people will be with him to a man;
 And I will organize the mutiny.
 And head it too, with voice, and arm, and sword,
 But he shall be set free.

DUD. I'll second you.

CLOD. O Senator!—

SAL. "O Senator!" I was
 A man before I was a senator.
 Heaven grant, I be that till I make an end
 Worthy my manhood!

CLOD. Come, come; let us talk
 Among the people; set this matter up,
 And see what taste they have for your exploit.
 Hell help the Praetor, if we get the mob
 Once on his heels!

SAL. O Senator!

CLOD. Bah, man!
 You set my blood on fire. Look to yourself,
 If it consume your house. I love our Glaucus,
 As dearly as I love my eldest boy,
 His namesake.

DUD. Look, look there! Oh, shame!

CITS. Huzza! [Enter, from the Basilica, Glaucus guarded by Lictors, the edges of their axes turned toward him, followed by the Praetor, leaning on Arbaces' shoulder. Officers, Guards, etc. Some people hiss and groan]

PRAE. I have been told there is, among the mob,
 A rumor, prince, that you have saved your life
 By testifying against a guiltless man.

I'll show the beggars what I think of them
And their opinions.

ARB. My gracious lord!

PRAE. Shackl the prisoner. Will you let the wretch
Walk free, and thus invite him to escape? [*Lictors place heavy
chains on Glaucus*]

So let him drag his prison to the ring,
And face the justice of the lion's jaws.

CLOD. Sorrow on sorrow! [*Enter Ione in disorder, followed by Attendants,
etc. She bursts through the Lictors. Throws herself on his breast*]

IONE. Glaucus!

GLAU. My beloved,
Have you come here, to make life dear again?
Ah, this I hoped that you would spare yourself;
Sweet as it is to me, to turn my eyes,
For the last time, upon my guiding star,
That made my life so beautiful, and tuned
The smallest pulse that beats within my frame
To that eternal harmony which holds
Heaven stable, and secures the blessed gods
Their own unbroken calm.

IONE. O, love, to die

Thus sheltered in your arms! to lapse away,
As if from dream to dream, without a shock,
And leave this misery, with my dust, behind,
Buried with it among earth's other ills!

I have no fear. You men, when you esteem
Death nobler than intolerable life,
Pause not to lay your fate-defying hands
Upon the source of being. Why should we,
Poor women, weaker and less resolute
To cope with fate, not follow where you lead?

GLAU. Life is a trust from Heaven; 'tis not for us
Rashly to squander that which is not ours,
But a confided treasure of the gods.

Let them resume their bounty when they will;
We must not dare forestall them, nor decide
Whether their gift we value less or not.
Ione, live to vindicate my fame;
To see at last the light of truth break through

The darkness which surrounds me; to see time
Set his broad seal upon my innocence.
And mourn somewhat regrettfully, I trust,
Above my outraged memory.

IONE. O Glaucus,
This is the very tyranny of grief.
My heart rebels against it, like a slave
O'ertasked, that must perform some desperate act,
Or break, or break! What shall I do?

GLAU. Endure,
Endure like me.

IONE. Oh! if you loved yourself
With half the love I bear you, it would seem
Folly to meet the torrent of my heart
With temperate counsel. But a gleam of hope
Still lights the future.

GLAU. All we hope or fear
Is locked in that mysterious future.

IONE. Nay;
Until your trial, Glaucus—

GLAU. That is past.

IONE. What?

GLAU. Yes; and you must nerve yourself to bear
Ruthless necessity.

IONE. Oh, speak! The court
Has not passed sentence on you yet?

GLAU. Even so.

IONE. That was the meaning of your pity then
Towards me, poor me, forgetful of yourself.
Fool that I am: I might have known as much.
Tell me, before I go quite mad, or die
Here at your feet. The sentence?—

GLAU. Death.

IONE. Death, death!—
Surely you try my fortitude—not death!

GLAU. What else could justice measure out to guilt,
For such a crime?

IONE. But you are innocent.
To know you merely, is to know that well.

GLAU. Noblest of womankind, your faith in me,
 Condemned of others for your brother's death,
 Lightens the burden of this earthly life,
 Which I must bear a little further on;
 And, with its prophet hand, unfolds the gates
 Of Heaven before me—

IONE. Glaucus, tell me all.
 I waver on the verge of madness. Speak!

CITS. On to the lion with him!

IONE. What was that?

GLAU. The people whom I loved, and helped at need,
 Have grown impatient. By the Praetor's doom,
 I am condemned to be exposed today.
 In the arena, to a lion.

IONE. No!
 It cannot be that all the gods are dead:
 There is some justice yet in Heaven. Man, man—
 Or monster rather—[*To the Praetor*]

GLAU. Peace, Ione, peace!
 Do not degrade yourself and me with words
 Of prayer or imprecation to that man—
 That puppet of Arbaces' brutish will.
 Speak rather to the lion I must meet,
 As to a noble creature.

IONE. Gracious gods,
 I am so dazed with horror, that my brain
 Seems to refuse to see things as they are;
 And, like the moth about a deadly light,
 Its coming ruin, chases round and round
 Wild fancies in insane bewilderment.
 Is this you, Glaucus? and am I Ione?
 It cannot be that we, of yesterday,
 Were what we are today. Awaken me
 From the dark trance, that, like benumbing death,
 Is settling on my soul.

GLAU. Benignant Heaven,
 Spread a kind torpor, like an opiate,
 Over her tortured senses! There will be
 Time in the bitter future for her heart

To feel its chastening, and to understand
Your now secreted purpose.

PRAE. End the farce
Between the felon and this blinded girl.
We have been too indulgent.

ARB. [*Apart to Praetor*] Nay, my lord;
The desperation of her present state,
Will work for me hereafter. Fair Ione [*advancing*],
My ward, my child, if ever you had need
Of a protector it is now. My heart
Bleeds for your painful posture. Turn to me,
With your old confidence, I pray—

GLAU. Begone,
You triple murderer, you incarnate hell,
Or I will brain you with my shackles!

IONE. Off!
Your touch would be pollution. Hire yourself
As headsman or assassin, for the pay
Your deeds may bring you! Never, while yon Heaven
Looks on the world, with meaning in its face,
Shall you see aught of me. [*Arbaces returns to the Praetor*]

ARB. My lord, I pray
That you will save this damsel from herself.
She is unfit, as you have seen, to care
For her own interests. Give her to my charge.

GLAU. O Heaven, the misery of any death
Were bliss to this!

PRAE. Arbaces, take the maid
Back to your wardship.

CLOD. [From among the crowd] I protest against
This tyranny.

PRAE. How, insolent! Who dares
Question my will?

CLOD. [Advancing] A senator from Rome.

SAL. Backed by another. Praetor though you be,
If you dare venture to impose restraint
Upon a free-born citizen, whose years
Place her beyond all tutelage, we'll make
The wondering capital ring long and loud
With fury at your act. [*The crowd cheers*]

PRAE. O, well, my lords,
If you will answer for the maiden's weal—

CLOD. To Caesar, not to you.

PRAE. Then take the girl.
I could not give her into better hands.
But mark you, lords, you are responsible.

CLOD. Yes, with our heads, that she shall come and go
As suits her fancy, and the liberty
The state accords her.

PRAE. [To Ione] And are you content
That these two honorable and gracious lords
Shall care for you?

IONE. Consign me where you will.
I am the slave of sorrow; how I drudge
Through the brief remnant of my doleful life
Concerns me not.

ARB. Destruction be your lot
You meddling marplots! [Aside]

GLAU. But a while ago,
I thought that friendship had abandoned me,
And, like the Alpine climber, I was hemmed
On every side in hard and icy hearts.
Now Clodius, and now Sallust, you shall see
Your old companion front the lion's glare
With smiles upon his lips; and in his soul
Such bounteous thanksgiving to you both
As the worn mother stammers to the gods,
When her new-born lies sobbing at her side.
I have but this to say, to tell you all:—
I thank you more, a thousandfold, brave men,
Than if your courage had redeemed my life.
Take my Ione from my grateful hands,
My chiefest treasure, and the world's alike.
But show to her the scrupulous regard
Due to the widow of a friend, and I
Will tire the gods for blessings on your heads.
Farewell!

CLOD. O Glaucus, must I be a child
A second time?

GLAU. Dear Sallust!

SAL. If my life
Could ransom yours?

GLAU. Ione, come to me.
Darling, I do believe, as I believe
In nothing else, man's spirit cannot die.
Death is no ill: a universal lot
Cannot be evil. Do you mark me, love?
Heaven knows with what a sorrow I renounce—
As something sweeter than my life deserved—
The golden prospect which our union
Opened before us. Join your hand with mine.
Here, on the verge of earth, before the gods,
I take you for eternity to be
My wedded wife. Earth scants us of our rights;
But to the long endurance of the soul,
And its deep capabilities of bliss,
Time and this life are but little drops
That fall into a boundless sea. You hear?

IONE. Perhaps—I think I do—O Glaucon—

GLAU. Nay,
These words are for your memory. When the world
Looks dark about you, and the Heaven above
Seems but reflecting back its hopeless ills,
Oh, murmur not at what is hidden from you!
Remember, too, that through the darkest cloud,
The spirit's eyes can penetrate; that love
Is the supreme and only law of all—
Of every thing, whether in Heaven or earth—
The Power above has fashioned in accord
With his own being. I shall watch o'er you,
Follow you, guard you, whisper to your heart
That I await you, though your 'days on earth
Outnumber Nestor's. Oh, remember!

IONE. Glaucon!
I cannot part from you. They will not dare
Tear you away from my entwining arms.
Gods of my fathers, hear me! You are just:
You will not look upon this awful deed,
That drags to unjust death a guiltless man,

While the blood-guilty flourish, and defy

You to your faces! [*Cries without of "Glaucus! Glaucus!" Enter hastily, and in disorder, Nydia, followed by Lydon, and other Gladiators, supporting Calenus, ill-clad, suffering, and scarcely recognizable*]

NYD. Glaucus—Glaucus! Heart,

Stand still, until he answer me!

GLAU. My child!

NYD. Now break, my heart, my mad tumultuous heart,
Break when you will, and tell the whole world why;
For I have saved him! This is you indeed,
My lord, my king! This is your hand, your—gods!
These are a felon's chains! Off, off with them!
And pile them, mountain high, upon that wretch—
That cursed wizard, murderer, perjuror—
That all that's evil in a single word—
Arbaces!

PRAE. Girl, you have forgot yourself.

This fierce, indecent noise is out of place,
Here, in this presence.

NYD. "In this presence," ha!

For once I thank you for my blindness, Heaven!
It is a blessing that I cannot see
"This presence," as you call it. Lydon, men,
Bring forth the witness! [*Calenus supported by Lydon and others, advances*]

ARB. Hound of hell, he lives!

His death, and not his torture, was my need—
Shortsighted vengeance! [*Aside*]

PRAE. Witness? and of what?

NYD. The murder of Apaecides.

PRAE. That case

Is settled, and the murderer is judged,
Sentenced, and now awaits his doom.

CLOD. And you

Refuse to hear a witness, by whose word
The guiltless may be saved! Is this your law
And you its lawyer? Then, by all the gods,
A curse upon the law and all its tribe!

SAL. You dare not for a quibble, for a form,
Deny us justice? In a cause like this,

It is not Glaucus only, but the world
That claims a right.

PRAE. It is too late, my lord.

CLOD. It cannot ever be too late for man
To do man justice. Hear, I pray, this man,
Who totters on the sharp and downward edge
Of his own grave. From him we may expect,
So solemn is his station, truth at least.

ALL CITS. Hear him! By Jove, he shall be heard!

PRAE. Then speak.

ARB. My lord, the law has no safe path to tread,⁶⁹
Save by those forms which the united will
Of ages of man's wisdom have imposed
Upon her careful steps. But set that by.
That wretch before you, asking to be heard,
Is a mere thief, who robbed my treasury;
And by myself was imprisoned in my house,
Awaiting the convenience of the law
To be arraigned. Besides, my followers,
Some of whom stand behind me, at the first
Held him to be the murderer of my ward,
And so to me denounced him. Call my slaves,
And put them to the torture. They will tell
Nothing but what I say.

ALL CITS. Oh, silence him!

Let us hear old Calenus! Speak out, man!

PRAE.⁷⁰ [*Apart to Arbaces*] I cannot stem this torrent.

ARB. [*Apart to him*] Then I drown.

PRAE. [*Apart to him*] Not yet: another struggle. [*To Calenus*] Who are
you?

CAL. Calenus is my name.

PRAE. A priest of Isis?

CAL. Once; but not so henceforth.

PRAE. Arbaces, then,

Is your high priest, and to the sacred law
You are responsible, but not to me.
I have no jurisdiction in this case,
My lords. [*To Clodius and Sallust*]

CLOD. The law of Rome doth recognize
No such high priest nor worship; interdicts

The consecration of a temple, built
 To Isis, throughout Italy; and hence
 Her worshipers must style her den a house,
 But not a temple. All of which you know;
 Or solemn edicts, by the Senate passed,
 Are passed to little purpose.

PRAE. [To Arbaces] Foiled again!

Well, if it be resolved that I shall hear
 The testimony of a common thief,
 And weigh it with the clear, impartial words
 Pronounced by Prince Arbaces; as we know,
 A reputable man, of royal birth—

CITS. That's to be seen.

BUR. Yes, and the lion waits
 For somebody—and to decide my bets.

PRAE. It is a violation of all law,
 After a sentence passed, and—

CITS. Curse your law!

Let us have justice!

PRAE. [To Calenus] Tell your story, man!

CAL. Oh! I am very weak, I have not had
 A bit of bread—since when?—It seems an age:
 And I am old besides. He meant to starve
 My life out; that is plain enough—

PRAE. Go on!

Your maunderings tire us. Swear to what you say.

CAL. About the gods my mind is somewhat mixed: [Raises his hand]
 I know so much about them. To be safe,
 I swear by all the gods of all the lands,
 On which the sun shines, that what I may say
 Shall be the simple truth. Will that oath do?
 If not, propose another. I will swear
 As fast as you propose.

PRAE. Old ribald cease!

Your oaths were empty howsoe'er you swear.

CITS. Tell us about the murder!

CAL. That I saw.

I saw the blow; I heard the angry words
 That went before, and all that followed it.

CLOD. Who struck the blow?

CAL. Arbaces.

PRAE. Monstrous!

This knave endeavors to avoid the guilt
And penalty of theft by perjury;
Swearing away the character and life
Of a most honorable man. For shame!

CITS. Arbaces to the lion!

ARB. Filthy brutes,

Blind with the blackness of your ignorance,
Arbaces flings defiance at your heads! *[Praetor waves his hand.*

Trumpets sound. Enter a body of soldiers whose presence overawes the people]

PRAE. The story is incredible to us—

A bald, crude statement, unsustained by facts;
A mere denunciation, without show
Of circumstances to back it.

CITS. Hear him out.

PRAE. I have heard enough. On with the prisoner—
The true and law-convicted criminal—
To the arena with him!

CITS. No, no, no!

Arbaces to the lion!

PRAE. March!

GLAU. One word.

A few brief words is all the grace I ask.

PRAE. No!

GLAU. Not to you shall I address myself,
Not to the pitying people, whom I thank
For the wild justice they would execute.
I reverence the law, and if the law
Rightly condemns me, I have nought to say.
That point your lordship must hereafter clear
With Titus Caesar, my imperial friend.

CLOD.⁷¹ *[To the Citizens]* See how the villain pales!

SAL. Thank Heaven, there is,
Even in this world, a punishment for crime!

CITS. Let Glaucus speak!

PRAE. I would not lose your love,
Good people, by opposing your desires:

So, if you will, the criminal may speak
For the last time.

CLOD. [To *Sallust*] The wretched demagogue!

GLAU. It gives me pleasure, at the last, to find
Reason to thank your lordship.

SAL. Clodius,

That hit and stung.

GLAU. Not for myself, I speak.

This life of mine, this fickle, transient breath,
Was given, and may be taken by the gods,
At their good pleasure. For my fellow man,
On the broad ground of justice, and for her,
This tender creature, clinging to my life
In desperate silence, who was almost mine
By the fair rights of marriage.—

IONE. Glaucus!—

NYD. Woe,

Woe to the land that lets this crime be done
Before insulted Heaven!

GLAU. It is to you,

Romans, to you, Ione, whose hard fate
It is to be a widow ere my hand
Unloose your maiden fillet, that I owe
The duty of preserving you a life,
Whose taking would be shameful guilt to you,
Ye Roman citizens, and to my bride
A lifelong loss, a lifelong misery.

'Tis said, perhaps 'tis fabled, that I am
Descended from the ancient gods of Greece:
If it be so, my fathers, in your sight
I lift my guiltless hands, thus manacled,
And call on you, great Glaucus of the seas,
Seated in power upon Olympian heights,
For heavenly justice, here to counterpoise
This manifest injustice of mankind!

NYD. Woe to the land! I hear the gods descend!
Earth trembles at their footsteps!

GLAU. Prophetess!

Look, where my fathers light the dreadful fires
Of their forgotten altar! Bow, and die! [*Flames and dense smoke*

bursts from Vesuvius. Loud rumbling sounds are heard. The columns of the temples reel and fall. The arch and cornice of the Basilica fall upon Arbaces and the Praetor. The people flee in every direction. A tremendous din, and crash of falling buildings goes on, while Glaucus, supporting Ione, Clodius, Sallust, Lydon supporting Calenus, and others, group together. As the darkness descends upon the scene, amidst tumult, Nydia is seen in advance of the group-leading them off. The darkness becomes total; and as it clears away, a large trireme is discovered putting to sea, containing Glaucus, Ione and their friends. Nydia is seated at the bow, a harp in her hands, singing]

NYD. Row mariners, row to the land of my love!
Spread forth your white sails, like the wings of the dove!
Bend, bend to the oar! for the god of the sea
Would know that his son is as spotless and free
As the fame of the goddess, now reigning in peace
O'er the land of her love, over beautiful Greece!

CURTAIN

NOTES

GLAUCUS

PUBLISHERS' NOTE. *Through a mistake in following the editor's typescript, which was not detected in time to make possible the necessary changes, the blank verse in this play Glaucus was not set so as to show adequately the author's conception of the organic rhythm of the lines. As it appears here, the five-stress verse is not clearly indicated, especially where the lines are broken by a change of speakers. The publishers wish, by means of this footnote, to explain to those readers who may well be confused by the setting of the verse as here given. It need hardly be said that this mistake is in no way attributable to the editor of this volume, whose typescript was in the proper form.*

¹ MS I bears the typed notation "Begun Oct. 18, 1885 and finished January 9, 1886—83 days."

² This sentence is deleted in MS II.

³ This, and the two lines preceding are deleted in MS II.

⁴ MS II reads "shrine deserted stands."

⁵ MS II omits from Sallust's speech, beginning "They give him out a sorcerer" to this point.

⁶ The last four speeches are deleted in MS I and omitted in MS II.

⁷ From this point this speech and the next five are deleted in both MSS.

⁸ This speech is deleted in both MSS.

⁹ The five preceding speeches are deleted in both MSS.

¹⁰ The remainder of this speech is deleted in both MSS.

¹¹ From Ione's speech "Very strange," above, to this point is deleted in both MSS.

¹² This and the preceding line are deleted in both MSS.

¹³ The following lines, to "means to a success" are deleted in both MSS.

¹⁴ The remainder of the speech is deleted in both MSS.

¹⁵ From here to Apaecides' phrase "no, my lord," below, is deleted in both MSS.

¹⁶ The remainder of the speech is deleted in both MSS.

¹⁷ The next six lines are deleted in both MSS.

¹⁸ MS II reads "Go, and be alone."

¹⁹ MS I read "Your courage to have time and place and chance."

²⁰ The next seven lines are deleted in both MSS.

²¹ At this point begins the new material which was added as an Appendix to the copy designated as MS II. It consisted of a new ending for Act II and a completely new Act III. It would somewhat shorten the acting time of the play, but does not alter the narrative. It has been omitted in this edition.

²² From here to Ione's phrase, "My prophet heart," below, is deleted in both MSS.

²³ The next two lines are deleted in both MSS.

²⁴ The next eleven lines are deleted in both MSS.

²⁵ This line is added in MS II.

²⁶ The next three lines are cut in MS I, but restored in MS II.

²⁷ This phrase, and the following passage to the word "Empress" is deleted in both MSS.

²⁸ This phrase, and the next three lines are deleted in both MSS.

²⁹ This half-line, and all to Burbo's "wings to use," below, is deleted in both MSS.

³⁰ This and the following fifteen speeches are cut in both MSS.

³¹ This line and the following to the word "veins" are deleted in both MSS.

³² This line and the remainder of the speech are deleted in both MSS.

³³ This phrase, the remainder of this speech, and the next two speeches are deleted in MS II.

³⁴ This line and the following three lines are deleted in both MSS.

³⁵ From "enter Apaecides" to "enter Glaucus," below, deleted in both MSS.

³⁶ This line was omitted in MS II.

³⁷ This line, and the remainder of the speech deleted in both MSS.

³⁸ This speech is deleted in both MSS.

³⁹ This line, and the remainder of this speech, are deleted in both MSS.

⁴⁰ This line and the four following are deleted in both MSS.

⁴¹ This line and the following three lines are deleted in both MSS.

⁴² This line and the next are deleted in both MSS.

⁴³ This line and the remainder of the speech are deleted in both MSS.

⁴⁴ This line and the next are deleted in MS II.

⁴⁵ This line and the remainder of the speech are deleted in both MSS.

⁴⁶ This line and the next two are deleted in both MSS.

⁴⁷ This phrase and the remainder of the speech are deleted in both MSS.

⁴⁸ This line and the preceding occur in this order in MS II. In MS I they were reversed.

⁴⁹ This line and the next three are deleted in both MSS.

⁵⁰ This and the next line are deleted in both MSS.

⁵¹ This and the next two lines are deleted in both MSS.

⁵² This and the next four lines are deleted in both MSS.

⁵³ This and the next two lines are deleted in both MSS.

⁵⁴ This and the next four lines are deleted in both MSS.

⁵⁵ This and the next two lines are deleted in both MSS.

⁵⁶ The present text follows MS II. In MS I this line was expanded into five lines, as follows:
 "How, and how soon to fall. Oh fie! if one
 Felt a presentiment of every ill,
 Man would abide in terror all his days,
 So thickly sorrows and calamities
 Beset our lives. Where tarries Glaucus? He"

⁵⁷ In MS II the speech ends here.

⁵⁸ This and the next line are deleted in both MSS.

⁵⁹ This phrase and the remainder of the sentence are deleted in both MSS.

⁶⁰ This and the next line are deleted in both MSS.

⁶¹ This and the next two lines are deleted in both MSS.

⁶² This line is deleted in both MSS.

⁶³ This speech is deleted in both MSS.

⁶⁴ This line and the next four lines are deleted in both MSS.

⁶⁵ This line and the remainder of the speech are deleted in both MSS.

⁶⁶ This speech and the next seven speeches are deleted in both MSS.

⁶⁷ This line and the next four lines are deleted in both MSS.

⁶⁸ From this point to "*Enter from the Basilica*," below, is deleted in both MSS.

⁶⁹ This line and the next three lines are deleted in both MSS.

⁷⁰ The next eighteen speeches are deleted in both MSS.

⁷¹ This and the next speech are deleted in both MSS.

DAVY CROCKETT
AND OTHER PLAYS

AMERICA'S LOST PLAYS

VOLUME IV

A series in twenty volumes of hitherto unpublished plays collected with the aid of the Rockefeller Foundation, under the auspices of the Dramatists' Guild of the Authors' League of America, edited with historical and bibliographical notes.

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A complete list of volumes, with the names of plays contained in each, will be found on pages 232-3 of this volume.

Davy Crockett

& Other Plays

BY

LEONARD GROVER · FRANK MURDOCK
LESTER WALLACK
G. H. JESSOP · J. J. McCLOSKEY

EDITED BY ISAAC GOLDBERG
AND HUBERT HEFFNER

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PREFACE

THIS volume of miscellaneous plays was originally assigned to the editorship of Dr. Isaac Goldberg. Dr. Goldberg had just begun work on the volume at the time of his death. Barrett H. Clark, the general editor of *America's Lost Plays*, then prepared the scripts of these plays for the press and asked the present editor to take over the remainder of the task. Dr. Goldberg had succeeded in assembling photostats of programs of the New York production for each of these plays. Though these productions in some cases did not represent the original productions, they did represent in each instance important productions, and they aided in dating the plays. Dr. Goldberg had also collected a single note on each of the authors whose plays now appear in this volume. Under instructions from the general editor I have not attempted, beyond correcting a few errors, to do more than he has done with the texts reprinted here. As with many of the manuscripts used as texts in the entire series, those in this volume are left largely as they were found, no attempt being made by the editors to establish exact uniformity of spelling or punctuation. I have examined some other typescripts of these same plays but have avoided confusing the purpose of this volume by attempting to note variants. Much yet remains to be done in tracing down productions of these plays, in preparing biographies of their authors and the actors that appeared in them, in studies of sources, techniques, vogue, subject-matter of the plots, characters and characterization. Time, space, and limited materials now available to the editor do not permit such extensive studies for this specific volume, nor was it our purpose to provide such definitive editing. Our purpose has been to make available to future students who would undertake such studies a text of the plays in printed form, with some of the major facts of authorship and production indicated.

HUBERT HEFFNER
Stanford University

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INTRODUCTION

THE five plays which go to make up this volume—*Rosedale, or the Rifle Ball*; *Across the Continent, or Scenes from New York Life and the Pacific Railroad*; *Davy Crockett, or Be Sure You're Right, Then Go Ahead*; *Our Boarding House*; and *Sam'l of Posen, the Commercial Drummer*—are representative of certain popular types of plays that were being written by American playwrights for the American stage during the period that falls roughly between 1850 and 1890. The first of these had its original performance on the stage in 1863, and the last in 1881. Each was a decided popular success when it was first performed in New York City and each continued to be performed season after season. I believe it can be said without contradiction that each of these plays is utterly without literary value or literary pretension. They were each written as stage pieces and conceived entirely in terms of their immediate theoretic values. Thus they are excellent examples of that cleavage between literature and theatre that had arisen in the eighteenth century and continued down through the nineteenth to the renascence of the modern drama.

In technique these plays definitely follow the pattern established by refined or "gentlemanly" melodrama. The primary objective of each of the authors is to tell a thrilling and effective theatrical story that will elicit from the audience the most immediate emotional responses; hence in each play the author places his chief reliance upon suspense, continued or enhanced, and upon pathos. The characterizations are very slightly and roughly sketched. They are usually mere examples of the types to be found in all melodrama: the hero, the heroine, the villain, and the comic. Again, as is usual in melodrama, these authors employ a form of immediate surface realism in their compositions which undoubtedly served to give these works verisimilitude to their contemporary audiences. The use of music and the employment of elaborate pantomimic scenes are characteristic of this type of drama and of the technique of the period.

Though the plays are not and make no pretense of being either high comedy or great tragedy, they do have a definite significance for the student of American drama. That significance is in the first place historical. In these popular plays are to be found a record of the theatrical interests and taste of an age, a record of the progress and development of dramatic structure, and

INTRODUCTION

an indication of the theater techniques of the period. They are significant as examples of the development of realism on the American stage and in the American drama. They are significant because, with the exception of *Rosedale*, they illustrate the interest in American material, American characters, settings, themes, and idiom. They are a part of that development towards a distinctively, though not a self-consciously, American drama which marks the writings of our playwrights of today.

The texts of all these plays are based on typescripts collected and prepared for the press by the general editor of *America's Lost Plays*, Barrett H. Clark. Only one of them, *Rosedale*, has previously appeared in printed form. *Rosedale; or, The Rifle Ball, A romantic Drama, in Five Acts*, by Lester Wallack, Esq. was privately printed, but not published, in 1890. The typescripts from which the texts have been printed represent stage or acting versions. In no instance was the original script prepared as the basis for a printed or literary edition of the play, though Mr. Clark has collated the typescript of *Rosedale* with the privately printed version, and with a holograph manuscript formerly owned by Clarence Bennett, the author of *The Royal Slave*. The attempt in this volume has been to preserve for the student printed versions of the plays as used by stage managers in their presentation.

In the period represented by the plays in the present volume and up to the contemporary period, authors and owners of play scripts usually did all in their power to keep their plays out of print and out of circulation. This attitude and condition was current because authors and owners had as a rule no control over their plays or protection of their rights once a copy of a play was in circulation. Dion Boucicault had often suffered from the theft and unauthorized use of his plays and consequently had thrown his weight behind the passage of the Copyright Law of 1856. This law was too weak and ineffective, however, to offer playwrights any real protection. Moreover, under the conditions that then obtained among publishers and play agents, there was no method of keeping a real record of the use of a play made by the many local stock companies and the multitude of independent producers throughout the nation. It was not until Bronson Howard had founded the American Dramatists' Club in 1891 and taken the initiative as its first president in pushing through amendments to the copyright laws making piracy of a play a misdemeanor, that American dramatists could print their plays and still control their rights in them. Prior to this, producers and stock companies were usually dependent upon various play agents for scripts if they were not able to secure new scripts directly from the playwrights. These agents obtained their scripts in various ways and many of them frequently had no legal rights to them whatever. A few collections of these unauthor-

ized or "bootleg" scripts are still in existence, and in some instances contain the only available copy or copies of certain American plays. Two of the scripts of plays in this volume, *Our Boarding House* and *Sam'l of Posen*, bear every indication of having come from one of the large stock of such manuscripts that were so widely used up until recent times.

Under these circumstances it is to be expected that various unauthorized scripts of the same play would show wide divergences in text. In many cases the unauthorized version was taken directly from the best and most commonly used version. Each producer would in turn revise, bring up to date, and adapt the script to the specific needs of his company. In general, as Barrett H. Clark says, the unauthorized or "bootleg" versions are easier in style, less "literary," less "English" throughout (in the case of American plays), insofar as the style of the dialogue is concerned; of over a hundred manuscripts so examined by him the majority are in all probability much closer approximations to the play as actually seen by the public than what the author wrote in the first instance. Such alterations frequently led to changes in the form of the play and sometimes even in the cast of characters, as well as revisions in the dialogue. In the process incongruities often crept into the script—incongruities which, like those in the Elizabethan drama, are more noticeable to the reader than they were to the spectator. For example, in the text of *Across the Continent*, which is based upon a transcript of a version loaned to Mr. Clark by the actor and agent, Royal S. Stout, there occurs in the third act a reference to the panic of 1873. The play was first produced July 28, 1870, and presumably represents contemporary action. This reference to the panic obviously indicates a revision of the prior version.

Because the scripts of these plays are definitely the products of successive revisions, it is well-nigh impossible to state accurately the facts of authorship or to apportion shares in the authorship. It is well known that eminent actors in this period frequently bought outright the author's rights in a script and then proceeded to readapt it to suit his needs and those of his production or company. Frank Mayo, who played Davy Crockett in Frank Hitchcock Murdoch's play of that name, had without question a considerable share in the revision of the version used in this volume. *Across the Continent*, which the actor, Oliver Doud Byron, played with eminent success through the United States for many years, was originally written by James McCloskey. Byron bought the play and rewrote it to suit his needs. His son, Arthur Byron, informs me that the version reprinted here is largely the work of his father.

With these general facts in mind, we now turn to the available facts concerning the specific plays.

ROSEDALE,

OR THE RIFLE BALL

Lester Wallack's play, *Rosedale, or The Rifle Ball*, was first presented at Wallack's Theatre in New York on September 30, 1863, with the following cast:

Elliot Grey	Mr. Lester Wallack
Miles McKenna, a returned convict	Mr. John Gilbert
Matthew Leigh, a village doctor	Mr. Charles Fisher
Bunberry Cobb	Mr. George Holland
Colonel Cavendish May	Mr. H. Daly
Sir Arthur May	Miss Emma Le Brun
Romany Rob, a Gipsy	Mr. John Sefton
Farmer Green	Mr. Browne
Corporal Daw, of the Lancers	Mr. Pope
Docksy	Mr. Parkes
Robert	Mr. Palmo
Lady May, mother to Sir Arthur	Mrs. Hoey
Rosa Leigh	Miss Mary Gannon
Tabitha Stork, housekeeper to Matthew	Mrs. Vernon
Lady Adela Grey, mother to Elliot	Miss Fanny Morant
Sarah Sykes, Matthew's servant	Miss John Sefton
Primrose, Lady's maid	Miss Mary Barrett
Mother Mix	Miss Carman

The play was announced with new scenery, consisting of the following: Act I.—Rosedale Manor House, with Park and Grounds adjoining; Act II.—Gothic Apartment in the Manor House; Act III.—Interior of Matthew Leigh's Cottage in the Village; ACT IV.—Scene 1, Reception Room in Rosedale Manor House; Scene 2, The Gipsy Dell by Starlight; Act V.—Scene 1, Matthew Leigh's Cottage; Scene 2, Ante-room adjoining the Conservatory; Scene 3, The Conservatory at Rosedale, festooned and lighted for a Ball. The program gave credit to Mr. H. Isherwood and Mr. C. Ingalls for the scenery, and to Mr. J. Timony for the stage appointments. Costumes by Messrs. Flannery and Benschoten were announced as follows: "The Costumes in this play have been selected with the strictest regard to correctness of detail. The Rifle Volunteers, Artillery Volunteers and Lancer uniforms being from paintings imported for the purpose." The incidental music was performed by an orchestra under the direction of Mr. Edward Mollenhauer.

The play was an immediate popular success. It was given one hundred and twenty-five performances during this first season of its run, 1863-1864, and

thereafter was repeated season after season for nearly a quarter of a century, with occasional revivals thereafter, some of them taking place as late as the early years of the present century. It was one of the best-known features of Lester Wallack's repertoire, and he continued to play it as long as the Wallack company held together. George C. D. Odell (*Annals of the New York Stage*, Vol. VII, pp. 542-3), in commenting on the original production of this play, describes it as "one of the greatest successes known to our history." The text of the version printed in this volume is based on a typescript obtained by Mr. Clark and collated by him with the privately printed version before-mentioned.

The play is based on a novel, *Lady Lee's Widowhood*, which was first printed in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Though Lester Wallack is generally recognized as the author of the dramatized version, some dispute has arisen over the original authorship. T. Allston Brown (*History of the New York Stage*, Vol. II, p. 252) states that in 1890 Charles Gayler said that *Rosedale* was first written by Fitz-James O'Brien, who was killed in the Civil War. William Winter (*Vagrant Memories*, pp. 88-93) completely and vehemently refutes Brown's statement, saying, "It is *possible*, though *not likely*, that Wallack may have paid O'Brien for doing some slight hack work on an early draft of the play."

Lester Wallack, born in New York City December 31, 1819, and christened John Johnstone, came from one of America's foremost theater families and helped to establish more firmly the enduring reputation of the Wallacks in the annals of our theater. The facts and events of his life and career are so well known and have been repeated so often that it is not necessary to rehearse them here. A brief outline of the salient facts of his life may be found in the *Dictionary of American Biography*, but the most delightful account is to be found in Wallack's autobiography, *Memories of Fifty Years*, published in New York in 1889.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT,

OR SCENES FROM NEW YORK LIFE AND THE PACIFIC RAILROAD

The highly sensational and widely popular melodrama, *Across the Continent*, was originally written by the actor, manager, and author, James McCloskey; but, according to Arthur Byron, the version here reproduced is largely the work of Byron's father, Oliver Doud Byron. I am indebted to Arthur Byron for the following account of *Across the Continent*. This account aids in clearing up questions of authorship and original production.

INTRODUCTION

Mr. Byron became a star and his repertoire consisted of *Don Caesar de Bazan*, *Ruy Blas* and *Richard the Third*. While on tour in those plays, *Across the Continent* by J. J. McCloskey was produced in New York and was a failure. Later on McCloskey offered the play to Mr. Byron for a cash transaction; to do with as he saw fit. Mr. Byron read the play and told McCloskey he would rewrite it, and bought the play. In its original form Mr. Byron played it in Toronto, Montreal and Quebec, and it failed. By that time the season was over and Mr. Byron went to Long Branch, N.J., for the summer vacation. He rewrote *Across the Continent*, produced it in September, and it was an instant success. He played it for ten consecutive seasons.

According to Odell (*Annals of the New York Stage*, Vol. IX, p. 101) the first metropolitan production of the play occurred at Mrs. Conway's Park Theatre on November 28, 1870, with the following cast:

Joe Ferris	O. D. Byron
John Adderly	J. W. Carroll
George Constant	Mark Bates
Thomas Goodwin	F. Chippendale
Dennis O'Dwyer	W. Lamb
Master Adderly	Willie Shepperd
Ambrose Walsh	J. W. Shannon
James Sallin	Mark Hughes
Thomas Goodwin, Jr.	Mark Bates
Giovanni	W. H. Cooper
Caesar Augustus	A. Queen
Black Cloud	W. J. Ferguson
John O'Dwyer	E. Lamb
Louise Goodwin	Jennie Carroll
Giga	Fanny Reeves
Bridget O'Dwyer	Mrs. Barker
Dolores	Edith Crolius
Susie Lillis	Fanny Reeves

After a successful run at Mrs. Conway's Park Theatre, Byron took the play to Wood's Museum where it was likewise successful. Its sensational New York success occurred at Niblo's Garden. The play opened at Niblo's on July 17, 1871, and despite the summer weather, continued to play until August 11. The following program announcement of the cast of characters and the various scenic and dramatic effects of that production is transcribed from a copy of the Niblo's Garden program for July 29, 1871, now in the Harvard College Library:

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xv

ACT I. PROLOGUE

John Adderly, keeper of a barroom, Five Points	Mr. Charles Waverley
George Constant, a victim of delirium tremens	Mr. Charles A. McManus
Thomas Goodwin, a merchant prince	Mr. J. H. Jack
Dennis O'Dwyer, the kind-hearted Irishman	Mr. Harry Clifford
Leatherhead, a watchman	Mr. S. B. Duffield
Master Jack Adderly, aged ten years	Mr. S. K. Stroke
Ambrose Walsh } friends of Adderley	{ Mr. E. K. Collier
James Callin } friends of Adderley	{ Mr. W. Enos
Agnes Constant, the broken-hearted	Miss Lizzie Safford
Mrs. Bridget O'Dwyer, Dennis' wife	Mrs. Brutone
THE WOLF AND HIS CUB.—Fearful Snowstorm.—The Broken-Hearted.	
—The Curse of Drink.—Dying in the Streets.—The Orphan Twins	
and the Good Samaritan.—The Morning of Life and the Evening of	
Death!	
<i>A supposed lapse of twenty years takes place between the Prologue and Act II.</i>	

ACT II.

Joe Ferris, known as the "Ferret"	Oliver Doud Byron
John Adderly	Mr. Charles Waverley
Knuckle Bone Johnny	Mr. H. Clifford
Thomas Goodwin, Jr., adopted son of the merchant	Mr. Charles A. McManus
Giovanni, an Italian organ grinder	Mr. Matt W. Snyder
Pablo } same sort, with song	{ Mr. Mackey
Pietro } same sort, with song	{ Mr. Russell
Bilky, keeper of the "Underground Parlor"	Mr. E. C. Kean
Dolore, an Italian Street Arab	Miss Alice Newman
Giga } Italian Street Arabs, with song	{ Miss Kate Byron
Francesca } Italian Street Arabs, with song	{ Miss Bessie Sudlow
Beppina } Italian Street Arabs, with song	{ Miss Chandler

Scene 1.—VIEW FROM THE STREET, OF PIER 30, NORTH RIVER.—New Life!—The "Ferret."—The Wealthy Son and the Outcast Gambler.
—Scene 2.—THE UNDERGROUND PARLOR.—The following songs and dances during this scene:

<i>Crossing the Ferry</i>	Miss Kate Byron
<i>Bella Napoli</i>	Miss Bessie Sudlow
<i>Medley of Popular Airs</i>	Mr. M. Russell
<i>Irish Eccentricities</i>	Mr. John O'Neil
Little Dolore, the Street Arab.—Fearful Murder by the Italian.—	

INTRODUCTION

Fear of Betrayal.—“Kill Her.”—The “Ferret” and “Knuckle Bone Johnny.”—Ferret Rescues Dolore from her Brutal Master.—“I Will, Most Effectually.”—Dolore’s Sad History.—“Knuckle Bone Johnny” Spoils His Best Patent Leathers.—Joe Will Provide for the Innocent Little One.—“Put Me Down for a Front Seat.”—Meeting of the Tempter and His Dupe.—“I Feel So Much Better when I Do an Act of Charity at Another Man’s Expense.”—The Conspirators and the Listener.—“I Have Heard Enough.”—The Kiss of Innocence.—The Lights Put Out.—The Italian Kills his Brother by Mistake.—The “Ferret” Still Alive.—“I See the Plot.”—“Leave the Instigator to Me.”—Animated Tableaux!

ACT III.

Joe Ferris	Oliver Doud Byron
John Adderly, under the assumed name of Ellerton	
	Mr. Charles Waverley
Thomas Goodwin, Sr., a retired merchant	Mr. J. H. Jack
Thomas Goodwin, Jr.	Mr. C. A. McManus
Caesar Augustus, a Shakespearean cullud gent	Mr. Sam Hemple
Bollin, an M.P.	Mr. Enos
Louise Goodwin, twin sister to Tom, and adopted daughter of the merchant	Miss L. Safford
Clara Goodwin, daughter of the merchant	Miss Hattie O’Neil
Susie Lillis	Miss Marian Mordaunt
Thomas Goodwin, Sr.’s House in Lexington Avenue.—The Twins United Again.—The Shakespearean Colored Gentleman.—The “Ferret” Visits His New-Found Friends.—Meeting of the Waifs.— Adderley Under False Colors.—The “Ferret” Will Rid the House of the Reptile.—The Plan of Operation.—Woman’s Cunning.—The Mock Faint a Success.—The Despairing Merchant.—The Forged Check.—“I Didn’t Tell Him of the Other.”—Ellerton’s Proposal of Marriage Declined.—One Check Destroyed.—“Now Sign.”—“Not Yet.”—Sudden Appearance of the “Ferret.”—The Son of Adderly, of the Points.—Adderly Attempts to Take the “Ferret’s” Life.— Both Checks Destroyed.—Arrest That Man.—Thrilling Picture.	

ACT IV.

Joe Ferris, keeper of station 47 P.R.R.	Oliver Doud Byron
John Adderly, disguised as Piegan Indian	Mr. Charles Waverley
Black Cloud, Piegan chief	Mr. W. L. Street
Pretty Bird, Piegan brave	Mr. J. Hammond
Yellow Feather, Cheyenne brave	Mr. Brutone
Thomas Goodwin, Sr., settler of the plain	Mr. J. H. Jack
Caesar Augustus	Mr. S. Hemple

Thomas Goodwin, Jr.	Mr. C. A. McManus
Knuckle Bone Johnny	Harry Clifford
Louise Goodwin, noble-hearted as ever	Miss L. Safford
Clara Goodwin	Miss Hattie O'Neil

Emigrants, Settlers and Indians

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—Rocky Mountains.—Snowy Peaks and Verdant Valleys.—Station 47 Pacific Railroad.

DEPARTURE OF THE TRAIN.—Joe in His New Home.—Meeting with Old Friends.—Whar's de Cullud Population Gwine to Sleep.—The Tiger at Large.—Black Cloud and Tribe.—Adderly in a New Character.—Yellow Feather, "The White Man's Friend."—Cutting the Telegraph Wires.—Opium in the Indian's Whiskey.—Great Telegraphic Feat.—The Attack.—Thrilling Fight.—Tom's Leap for Life.—Caesar's Fright.—Knuckle Bone Johnny Perfectly at Home in Such a Fight.—"Ferret" Saves Louise.—Danger to the "Ferret."—Terrific Hand-to-Hand Fight Between Adderly and Ferret.—Joe Shot in the Shoulder by a Stray Shot.—Ferret and His Party Overpowered.—The Drowsy Indians.—Opium Has the Desired Effect.—Pretended Insensibility.—"Show Me Your Treasures."—"They Are Here."—The Scream of Joy.

ARRIVAL OF THE EXPRESS TRAIN

Pacific R.R. Train Makes Twelve Miles in Eleven Minutes.—The United States Guard.—Death of Adderly and Destruction of Black Cloud and His Tribe.—TABLEAUX!

For the following facts concerning the life of Oliver Doud Byron I am again indebted to his son, Arthur Byron. Oliver Doud was born in Fredericksburg, Md., in 1843. He made his first stage appearance at the age of fourteen at the Holliday Street Theatre in Baltimore. Then began an association with the Booth family, especially with Edwin and John Wilkes Booth, that lasted throughout their lives. Byron was associated with his best friend, John Wilkes Booth, in the Stock Company of Richmond during the season of 1859-1860 and during later seasons. His acceptance of an engagement in Pittsburgh, Pa., finally terminated his association with John Wilkes Booth.

In Pittsburgh, Byron became leading man of the company. From Pittsburgh he went to New Orleans. At a later date he played with Wallack's Stock Company in New York. During the long course of his career he acted with Adah Isaacs Menken and played Iago to Edwin Booth's Othello. These actors frequently alternated the rôles, Byron playing Othello to Booth's Iago.

In 1869, Byron married an actress, Kate Crehan, whose sister, Ada Rehan, eventually became one of America's greatest actresses. Mrs. Byron's stage

name was Kate O'Neil. Ada Rehan made her first appearance in *Across the Continent!* with Mr. and Mrs. Byron. William Gillette and Arthur Byron, Oliver Doud Byron's only son, also made their first stage appearances in that play. In addition to the ten years' run of *Across the Continent!*, Byron produced with his company many other successful plays. He revived *Across the Continent!* around 1888, and continued to play it until about 1895. He discontinued his own company shortly after the successful organization of the Theatrical Syndicate. He retired from the stage in 1912 and died October 22, 1920.

The manuscript from which this version of *Across the Continent!* is taken was owned by the actor and agent Royal S. Stout. He permitted Mr. Clark to transcribe his copy for inclusion in this volume.

DAVY CROCKETT,

OR BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT, THEN GO AHEAD

Davy Crockett, by Frank Hitchcock Murdoch, is probably the best-known of the American frontier melodramas, a popular type to which *Across the Continent!* may also be said to belong, by virtue of its last act. Apparently the play was written by Murdoch specifically for the well-known actor, Frank Mayo. The manuscript on which this version is based was supplied to Mr. Clark by Professor Arthur Hobson Quinn, who secured it from a member of the Mayo family. Both Professor Quinn and Mr. Clark had access to another manuscript of the same play, which was shorter and otherwise less satisfactory than the one here printed.

Murdoch, who was acting in Philadelphia at the time, did not see the original production of his play by Mayo at the Opera House in Rochester on September 23, 1872. This original production was by no means a success, but Mayo believed in the play and continued to work over the script. From time to time he tried it out on other audiences as he toured from place to place. On February 24, 1873, Mayo brought the piece to the Park Theatre in Brooklyn, and played it with the regular Park Theatre company. In this production Blanche Mortimer played the rôle of the heroine, Eleanor Vaughn, opposite Mayo in the title rôle; J. Z. Little played the villain.

Mayo's faith in the play was gradually being justified, but the real success of the piece and its long run began with the first Manhattan production at Wood's Museum on June 2, 1873, starring Frank Mayo and Rosa Rand in the leading rôles. The following is a transcript of the cast of characters and the program of the presentation at Wood's:

Davy Crockett, aged twenty-five	Mr. Frank Mayo
Eleanor Vaughn, aged sixteen	Miss Rosa Rand
Major Hector Royston, aged forty	Mr. T. W. Keene
Oscar Crampton, aged fifty	Mr. J. J. Wallace
Neil Crampton, his nephew, aged twenty	Mr. Harry Stewart
Yonkers } Big Dan } hunters (his first appearance)	{ Mr. Charles Sturges Mr. C. M. Manley
Briggs } Quickwitch, a lawyer	{ Mr. R. J. Lewis Mr. L. R. Willard
Watson, an old steward	Mr. G. C. Charles
Parson Ainsworth (his first appearance)	Mr. Welsh Edwards
Little Bob Crockett, aged nine	Miss Aggie Keene
Little Sally, aged six	Miss Mary Page
Dame Crockett, Davy's mother	Mrs. D. B. Van Deren
Little Nelly, aged four	Little Kittie

Act 1—The Pine Clearing,
“Sunshine under the Trees.”

Act 2—The Trapper’s Hut,
“Wolves at the Door.”

Act 3—The Trapper’s Hut,
“The Living Barrier.”

Act 4—Squire Royston’s House,
“Lochinvar’s Ride.”

Act 5—Dame Crockett’s House,
“Quickest Marriage on Record.”

After the successful production at Wood’s Museum and after having played it in various other cities, Mayo again brought *Davy Crockett* to New York City. On March 9, 1874, he opened a successful run at Niblo’s with himself and Rosa Rand still in the leading rôles. The other rôles were played by the regular members of Niblo’s company. This production, which ran continuously to April 18, further established the success of the play and justified Mayo’s faith in it. From this time on until his death on June 8, 1896, Mayo continued to play *Davy Crockett* throughout the United States with continuous popular success and acclaim. One June 9, 1879, he began an English tour with the play at the Alexandra Theatre in Liverpool. Mayo kept count of the number of times he appeared in the play up to his two thousandth appearance, but after that he states that he lost count. He gave his last performance of the play at the Broadway Theatre in Denver on June 6, 1896, just two days prior to his death from heart disease.

SAM'L OF POSEN, THE COMMERCIAL DRUMMER

Sam'l of Posen, by George H. Jessop, is another example of popular farce with definite melodramatic features. Facts concerning the author, the play, and M. B. Curtis, the leading actor in the successive productions, are few and obscure. A play entitled *Sam'l of Posen; or, the Commercial Drummer, a comedy-drama in 3 acts*, by G. H. Jessop, was copyrighted by Jessop in October 1880. In June 1883, M. B. Curtis copyrighted a play entitled *Sam'l of Posen as the Drummer on the Road; a comedy in 4 acts*, by M. B. Curtis and Ed. Marble. Prior to this, on May 16, 1881, he had presented the play, *Sam'l of Posen, The Commercial Drummer*, in New York at Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre, with success. The program announcement for that production reads as follows: "Limited Engagement of that popular young Comedian, Mr. M. B. Curtis, Who will present, for the first time in New York, a new Comedy-Drama, in Three Acts, by George H. Jessop, entitled SAM'L OF POSEN THE COMMERCIAL DRUMMER [,] Supported by a Company of Superior Excellence." Strangely enough, after this statement and after the cast of characters, the program proceeds to list four acts, as follows:

- ACT I.—Winslow & Co.'s Jewelry Store.
- ACT II.—Winslow & Co.'s Private Office.
- ACT III.—Celeste's Private Club House.
- ACT IV.—Uncle Goldstein's Pawnbroker's Shop.

The cast of characters is given as follows:

Sam'l Plastick	Mr. M. B. Curtis
Mr. Winslow	Mr. Welsh Edwards
Frank Kilday	Mr. Frank Losee
Jack Cheviot	Mr. Nelson Decker
West Point	Mr. Ed. Marble
Con Quinn	Mr. Chas. Rosene
Mr. Fitzurse	Mr. Gerald Elmar
Uncle Goldstein	Mr. R. O. Charles
Folliot Footlight	Mr. Walter Eytine
Celeste	Miss Albina De Mer
Rebecca Dreyfus	Miss Gertie Granville
Ellen	Miss Carrie Wyatt
Mrs. Mulcahy	Miss Fanny Rouse

Odell (*Annals of the New York Stage*, Vol. XI, p. 257) gives the following account of this performance:

Then, on May 16th, what I venture to call a summer season began with M. B. Curtis, launched into stardom, in a piece that lasted

him for years—*Sam'l of Posen*. . . . According to Allston Brown, Albina De Mer was Mrs. Curtis; Gertie Granville became Mrs. Tony Hart. Allston Brown also assigns Con Quinn and Uncle Goldstein to Charles Rosene; perhaps R. O. Charles is a sort of metathesis of his letters. *Sam'l of Posen* was a Jewish commercial traveler, with most of the brass required by his profession, and the play involving his activities went into the group of pieces that had carried to fortune such performers as W. J. Florence, John T. Raymond, Lotta and others—pieces that had but little merit as drama, but a happy knack of hitting off national traits in their leading characters. Curtis was able to keep his lucky hit at the Fourteenth Street Theatre until August 6, when the theatre closed for a very few nights preparatory to the operations of 1881-1882.

According to a note left by the late Dr. Goldberg, but without indication of source, the play was apparently first produced in Detroit. Prior to opening in this play, M. B. Curtis had played a number of parts in other New York productions, but all of those were of a seemingly rather minor and unimportant nature. *Sam'l of Posen* was not Jessop's first play to be presented in New York. On April 27, 1879, his *A Gentleman from Nevada*, starring J. B. Polk, opened at the Fifth Avenue Theatre for a successful run. His farce, *All At Sea*, was produced by I. C. Clayton on June 3, 1881.

Concerning the authorship of *Sam'l of Posen*, the following conjectures may be permitted. The play was originally written by George Jessop in three acts and copyrighted by him. M. B. Curtis saw the opportunities that the play offered him as an actor, and bought it outright from Jessop. Either before or after trying out the play in production, he secured the aid of the comedian, Ed. Marble, in revising it. This revision probably entailed the rewriting of the second scene of the third act as a complete fourth act. Since the manuscript on which the text of this version is based came originally from a collection which includes several hundred prompt scripts of plays as they were seen in their most finished form in the larger cities, it is not unlikely that the text here printed is that substantially of the Curtis-Marble revision.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Our Boarding House, by Leonard Grover, though it incorporates many of the tricks and devices that characterize the melodrama of its time, is more specifically written as a light comedy or farce than is any one of the preceding plays in this volume. Leonard Grover was for some years, with his brother-in-law, manager of Grover's Theatre in Washington. After a disastrous fire

in his theater, Grover gave up the management there and began writing the plays and undertaking the management of various road companies. He succeeded Mrs. John Wood in the management of the Olympic Theatre, New York, in June of 1865. Odell (*Annals of the New York Stage*, Vol. VIII, p. 17) says: "On September 3d, began his first fall and winter season by presenting Joseph Jefferson, for the first time in New York, in his great London success—Boucicault's version of *Rip Van Winkle*." During the following spring, Grover was managing a company engaged in presenting German opera in German. Grover's venture into opera production was evidently none too successful. Though he tried later to return to the production of "regular" drama, he finally gave up control of the Olympic in August, 1867. When the new Tammany Hall was opened in 1869, the Society retained Grover as director of entertainments. Later, after the success of his best-known play, *Our Boarding House*, he appeared frequently in various rôles in productions of that drama.

Grover probably wrote *Our Boarding House* in 1876; at least he copyrighted it on August 19 of that year. It was in the production of this play at the Park Theatre in New York that the two eminent American comedians, Stuart Robson and William H. Crane, first played together and began an association that continued to the time of Robson's death. It was their acting in this production which in large part began and assured the success of the play. Prior to this Grover had, it would seem, tried out the play in various places, including San Francisco, Chicago, and Philadelphia, but without much success. Henry E. Abbey, manager of the Park, evidently perceived the merits of the piece and decided to produce it. The play was at last launched upon its successful career with the production at the Park Theatre on January 29, 1877, with Robson in the rôle of Professor Gregarious Gillypod and William H. Crane in that of Colonel M. T. Elevator.

William H. Crane (in his *Footprints and Echoes*, pp. 85ff.) gives a most interesting account of the arrangements for this production and of his joining forces with Robson:

It was Grover's comedy, then, that brought Robson and Crane together. In fact, we were, strangely enough engaged for the same part. While I was playing in Rice and Goodwin's extravaganza, *Evangeline*, at the Boston Museum, I received a letter from Henry E. Abbey, of the Park Theatre, in New York, asking me if I would play the leading comedy part, Professor Gillypod, in *Our Boarding House*. The terms were satisfactory and I accepted. A few weeks later I received another letter from Mr. Abbey saying that without his knowledge his partners, A. M. Palmer and T. Henry French,

had engaged Stuart Robson, formerly of the Union Square Theatre, to play the principal comedy part, and he suggested that I accept twenty-five dollars more a week and play the part of Colonel M. T. Elevator in *Our Boarding House*.

I was naturally greatly disappointed, as I wished to make an appearance in New York and I wanted to do so in a part that would be helpful to my reputation and career. Gillipod, I felt sure, would have done this, but I didn't feel I could do much with the part of Elevator. When the play had been done in San Francisco, Joseph Polk, who was afterwards comedian at the Union Square Theatre, had played Gillipod, and A. D. Billings, who was a first old man, had played Colonel Elevator. In Philadelphia the first old man had been cast for the colonel. I felt it was too early in my career for me to become identified with old men parts. . . .

During the rehearsals, I had not been particularly friendly with Stuart Robson, because I felt that he knew that he had supplanted me in the leading comedy part, but that Friday before the opening night, he came to me and said: "Crane, I just heard this morning that you had been engaged for this part that I am rehearsing. Is that a fact?"

"Yes," I said, "didn't you know it?"

"No; and had I known, I would of course have refused to take anyone else's place. If you say so now, I won't play it."

I saw that he was perfectly innocent of any complicity in the matter, and I told him: "I'm going to do the best I can with Elevator, and you and I will get together and do our best to put this play over." We shook hands.

Thus started a friendship which lasted to Robson's death, and a partnership which lasted for twelve years with great success.

The cast which performed the play at the Park Theatre was as follows:

Professor Gregarious Gillypod, inventor of the great Flying Machine	Mr. Stuart Robson
Colonel M. T. Elevator, a Corn Exchange operator (engaged especially for this part)	Mr. W. H. Crane
Joseph Fioretti, a Piedmontese, our last new boarder	Mr. W. E. Sheridan
Dr. Amariah Shouter, manufacturer of a superior patent medicine	Mr. T. E. Morris
Clarence Dexter, our "Swell" boarder	Mr. Harry Little
Walter Dalrymple, possessed of means, desirous to speculate	Mr. H. Stuart

INTRODUCTION

Matthew Eligible, dealer in corner lots, and given to occasional flirtation	Mr. J. W. Carroll
Jack Hardy, a detective who "pipes" our boarding house	Mr. J. W. Cogswell
Tim, a positive hackman	Mr. John P. Cooke
Alonzo, a colored servant	Mr. J. P. Wilkes
The New Letter Man, on his evening delivery	Mr. F. E. Lamb
Eugenio, a street musician	Master Bogardus
Mrs. Maria Colville, proprietress of our boarding house	Mrs. Alexina Fisher Baker
Beatrice Manheim, the teacher at the Conservatory; our interesting boarder	Miss Maud Harrison
Florence Manheim, her little child, our pet boarder	Miss Allie Dorrington
Mrs. Walter Dalrymple, a sterling woman, wealthy and charitable; a new boarder	Miss Virginia Buchanan
Mrs. Violet Eligible, our society boarder	Miss Minnie Doyle
Miss Annie Colville, daughter of her mother; just from boarding school	Miss Meta Bartlett
Miss Nash, our amiable boarder	Miss Ella Hunt
Betty, our maid of all work	Miss Roberta Norwood

THE SCENE is laid in Chicago. Time—Midsummer.

ACT I.—WE BECOME ACQUAINTED WITH EVERYBODY AND EVERYBODY
WITH US.

Evening round of the letter man—letters for everybody—Answers
to our Advertisers—Walter and Mrs. Dalrymple engage board—
Our dining room—Our last new boarder—Mr. Joseph Fioretti.

ACT II.—WE FLIRT AND SCHEME.

Matthew Eligible trifles with the heart of little Annie Colville—
Fioretti becomes impassioned over Mrs. Eligible—All the other
gentlemen are enamored with Beatrice—The episode of the diamond
ring—A practical joke played upon Colonel Elevator and Professor
Gillypod, which nearly results in a real duel.

ACT III.—WE ENJOY A PLEASANT EVENING IN THE GARDEN.

Beatrice returns triumphant from the examination at the Conservatory—Many of us saunter to the lake—Gillypod practices his
scene of love-making with Betty—Fioretti tells Mrs. Colville his version
of the story of Beatrice's past life, and Mrs. Colville resolves that
the character of our house is endangered by her longer remaining
with us—Poor Beatrice, in the moment of her professional triumph,
is forced to leave us.

ACT IV.—WE COME IN FOR A GAME OF WHIST.

Beatrice recovering, and before her departure, receives a proposal from Walter—She leaves him to impart to Mrs. Dalrymple, his mother, the story of her bitter past—Mr. Dexter tells the story of his love for Beatrice to Mrs. Dalrymple, and entreats her good offices in his behalf—A complication ensues.

But now comes our good friend Mr. Jack Hardy, a detective, all the Pay [*sic*] from New York, and what he does, and how cleverly he gets us into a calm and contented assemblage of boarders, is left for the performance of the comedy to determine.

After the run at the Park Theatre, Grover took *Our Boarding House* on tour, with Crane and Robson in his new company. At a later date, Crane and Robson bought the play from Grover. Despite the sale, Grover tried to use it on the West Coast, but was finally stopped by Crane and Robson.

The text of this version is based upon a manuscript formerly in the possession of Mr. Robert L. Sherman of Chicago, and is a copy of what was used by the stage manager of one of the road productions.

ROSEDALE; Or, THE RIFLE BALL

By Lester Wallack

CAST OF CHARACTERS

ELLIOT GREY

MATTHEW LEIGH

MILES MCKENNA

MR. BUNBERRY KOBB

COLONEL CAVENDISH MAY

CORPORAL DAW

FARMER GREEN

ROMANY

DOCKSEY

ROBERT

ARTHUR MAY

GARNER (*no lines*)

LADY FLORENCE MAY

ROSA LEIGH

LADY ADELA GREY

PRIMROSE

MISS TABITHA STARK

MOTHER MIX

SARAH

SOLDIERS, GYPSIES, DANCERS, VILLAGERS, SERVANTS, ETC.

ACT I.

PROPERTIES: Carpet down in house, white oval top table, three in house 5—6—7. Vases with flowers on table. Branches to cut off tree L.I.E. Garden seat built around tree L.C.3. Garden chairs L.2.F. Note book and pencils, basket, book and blank check, riding whip, silver coin, parasol, jack knife, table and lights under stage, branch on tree L. Music: Eight bars before rise, blank receipt, band up after rise.

SCENE: Rosedale Manor with portion of park on R.H.E., an old-fashioned brick mansion. Large, latticed window facing audience, open down to ground, bay window over it. Two similar windows over it in upper side wall. Roses and honeysuckles growing over the house. Large tree L.C. with green bench around it; the foliage very luxuriant and reaching over house. Full tree L.I.E., with branch to cut off. Garden cloths, grass plots and gravel walk. At back a small brick buttress surmounted with stone wall. Lively music at rise. Enter Primrose and Farmer Green L.U.E.

PRIM. [Speaking as she enters] And do, if you please, Mr. Bean.

GREEN. Green, ma'am.

PRIM. I beg pardon, Green—you're to sit down, and my lady will send you the receipt in a few minutes [going into house R.]

GREEN. [Taking chair C.] Stop a bit, if you please, Mrs. ——?

PRIM. Primrose—

GREEN. Mrs. Primrose?

PRIM. Miss Primrose!

GREEN. Miss Primrose; I wanted to explain to my lady that it was an attack of rheumatism as prevented me from waiting on the steward yesterday, so I comed up the first thing this morning.

PRIM. Very well, Mr. Dean.

GREEN. Green, ma'am, Farmer Green.

PRIM. Ah, well, Green—but we—a—really we see so many farmers and people of that sort, that it's quite impossible to remember names. [Exits into house R.]

GREEN. Likely! Likely! Well, for certain, yonder lass do seem to have a tydish opinion of herself. Ecod! if I ever lived to see a daughter of mine wi' such fanciful airs I'd—

PRIM. [Re-enters with papers] I've brought your receipt, farmer, and as breakfast is nearly ready—

GREEN. [Advancing to her] And I'm peckish—it's very kind of your ladyship's—

PRIM. You had better go!

GREEN. Oh! Very well. Good day, Mrs. Shamrose. [Going]

PRIM. Shamrose! Primrose, sir.

GREEN. Ah! well, Primrose. H'it—ah—really, we see so many chambermaids and people of that sort that it's quite impossible to remember names.

[Exit L.U.S.]

PRIM. Such impudence—

COL. [Enters down steps R.] Primrose, your lady up yet?

PRIM. Just dressing, sir.

COL. Does she know that Mr. Kobb and Lady Adela Grey have just arrived?

PRIM. No, sir, but I'll go and tell her. She desired me to inform her the moment they came. [Exit R. into house]

COL. When a man is in a position like mine, and is about to play a desperately planned game to get out of it, it behooves him to the last thing, before commencing and without shrinking a single point, however unpleasant, to look calmly at his chance, and place himself boldly, not where he *would* be, but where he is, and coolly and calmly meet his position face to face. So courage, *mon Colonel! En garde!* for the game begins.

LADY F. [Enters from window R.C. She has a parasol. Down L.H.] Good morning, Colonel.

COL. Ah, my dear niece, here you are looking as fresh and as blooming as one of the flowers you have doubtless come out to gather.

LADY F. Ah, Colonel, your compliments are always so *apropos*.

COL. Compliments? Oh, nonsense. But, Florence, I have a few words to say to you, which I think you will regard in their true light, for they are simply dictated by good feeling. Why do you shut yourself up, and lead the moping life you do? The mere casting aside of widow's weeds is not everything—you owe it to your health—you owe it to your friends—you owe it to your dear child, to emerge from this dull atmosphere of eternal seclusion—to come once more into the world, to—to—in short, to live!

LADY F. My health? Why only just now you were remarking on my fresh and blooming appearance?

COL. True, true, but—

LADY F. Well, well, Uncle, do not waste any more arguments on the subject, for—

COL. I'm sorry, very sorry, if my solicitation on this point annoys you, but I must insist—

LADY F. Insist?

COL. You do not like the word?

LADY F. Indeed I do not.

COL. And yet you might permit it when it is used merely to press a kindly suit. The time may arrive when I shall use it with some show of right.

LADY F. The time has come, Colonel, when we should thoroughly understand one another, and painful though the subject be, I will now remind you of a few facts of which you are well aware, but which it is requisite you should know *I* do not forget. My late husband, your nephew, Sir Charles May, left all his property, real and personal, to me, his widow—and after me, to his son, Arthur, providing always that I did not marry again without your consent. If I do so marry, you and the child become joint heirs to the estate—you being the guardian of my son.

COL. A wise and excellent provision! His motives were clear enough. He knew perfectly well the disinterestedness of my character, and he took this effectual method of preventing your becoming the prey of some needy adventurer, to whom your beauty and fortune might offer a strong temptation.

LADY F. Be that as it may, you see I thoroughly remember and understand our relative positions and as your words and manner just now implied a threat—

COL. Oh, not at all!

LADY F. Pardon me, they did; therefore I deem it proper to remind you that, although as a near relative of my late husband I shall always be happy to tender you the hospitalities of this house, I deprecate the slightest exertion of authority on your part! [Crosses] You have called to my mind that in case of certain action on my part, you have certain rights. I beg to call to *yours* that until that certain action takes place you have *none*, and I venture to hope that in future you will measure your language to me accordingly. [Exit *L.2.E.*]

COL. Humph! A family difference of opinion! So, so, my gentle lady, you have a spirit of your own! All the better guarantee of my eventual triumph! But in the meantime—money! money! By Heavens! I *must* have money, and that directly. Well, well, have I not at least one unfailing resource for is not that the squire coming down the walk?

KOBB. [Outside, *L.H.*] Hall-o-o-o, Colonel, ahooy!

COL. Here I am, squire. Hang it all, man, don't make such a noise. You'll destroy the nerves of all the late risers. [Enter Kobb, *L.U.E.*] Ah, here you are, Kobb, still in the antediluvian style of get up, eh?

KOBB. Stuff! Nonsense! As if a man wanted a better or more becoming costume than that of his father, or grandfather before him. By Jove, sir, the good old county aristocrat is dying out, oozing away, and when he's gone, the country's gone—mind that.

COL. Well, but education—

KOBB. Education? Fiddle faddle! Look at me—I had the education of a gentleman, sir, none of your Eton School and Oxford College trash. No, sir! My father stuck me on a pony, at six years old, and into topboots at twelve, and at seventeen I could shoot better, ride farther and drink deeper than any man for thirty miles around, and as for the girls—

COL. Ah, there I know you were a tremendous fellow.

KOBB. Well, well, that ain't for me to say. Tell you, though, 'tain't always pleasant to be a dasher in that respect. Here, sit down; I'll tell you all about it. [*Points to bench around tree and brings chair forward*] Better to keep things quiet, don't you see a certain person might have heard of it.

COL. A certain person?

KOBB. Yes.

COL. I don't quite—

KOBB. Someone you and I know. Your lady niece, my dear Colonel.

COL. Oh! ah! yes. By the bye, you have certain aspirations in that quarter?

KOBB. Aspirations? Yes, by Jove, I think I have. Don't I show it enough? Didn't I buy this handkerchief because she said she liked blue? Didn't I have the library at the Hall filled with new books because she said she liked learning?

COL. Books? You? And who selected your library? Your head groom?

KOBB. Groom? No, sir. I left it to the bookseller—gave him the size of the shelves to an inch; wait till you see them—quite full—all bound alike—devilish expensive, too.

COL. Ah, bound in Russia, I suppose?

KOBB. Russia? No! damn it! bound in London, every one of them. But I say, old fellow, I know you have great influence over her.

COL. More than influence, I have *power*, my dear friend! If she marries without my consent she forfeits her income and this estate.

KOBB. But it won't do any good to say "no."

COL. Won't it, really? Why, part of what she would forfeit comes to me, and you don't think me quite such a fool as to give this all away to any but a tried friend? [*Rises and takes stage in a meditative manner to R.*] She's a devilish exclusive, highbred superior sort of person.

KOBB. [L.] Oh, very.

COL. Her presence always produces a certain effect.

KOBB. Makes me perspire.

COL. Such a woman is not easily to be won.

KOBB. My dear fellow, use your influence for me—do now; I tell you what, I've an odd two hundred by me. [*Takes out pocketbook*]

COL. Two hundred! pooh! my dear friend, five hundred would hardly stand me much.

KOBB. Phew! [*Puts up the book*]

COL. Fact—no—I'm infernally crippled. Lost like the devil on the last Derby—however, we'll say no more on the subject.

KOBB. Hem! Yes, yes, we will. Do what you can for me, and we'll say five hundred. [*Takes out book*]

COL. Five. Humph! I don't know why I should trouble *you* about the matter. My young friend Whittacker, of Fainencourt, would cheerfully—

KOBB. [*Puts up book again*] Why of course he would! A capital fellow! Go to Whittacker by all means!

COL. Certainly. She's been casting sheep's eyes in a certain direction, too. Well, well, her ladyship could hardly do better than to marry a fine gentlemanly young fellow—

KOBB. [*Dragging out book*] Oh, hang it! There, there's a check for a thousand, filled and signed. You shall give me your note by-and-bye.

COL. I'm afraid I'm inconveniencing you?

KOBB. Yes—no—that is—no—not much—not at all. But you'll do what you can?

COL. My dear Bunberry, I'll do all I can and that's not a little, I can tell you; but see, isn't that her ladyship in the geranium walk yonder? [*Off L.U.E.*]

KOBB. Eh? I don't know. Oh [*wipes forehead*], yes it is she.

COL. Well, go and pay your respects.

KOBB. What, by myself? [*They change sides and come down again*]

COL. Of course; offer her your arm.

KOBB. Oh! Come now, Colonel, that's going it for a beginning. No, no, let me alone, Colonel. I shall come out strong at last but quiet and respectable at starting, eh, Colonel? I know 'em. You go leave us alone. All right—eh? Phew!

COL. Good luck attend you! [*Exit through window R.*]

LADY F. [*Enters with parasol L.U.E.*]

KOBB. Good morning, my lady. Phew! I beg pardon, my lady, but isn't it hot?

LADY F. I confess I do not feel it. There's a lovely breee; but your cousin, Lady Adela, arrived with you, I believe. Is she well?

KOBB. Pretty well, thank you, but rather mopy. Seems always to have something heavy on her mind.

LADY F. I don't think she ever quite recovered from the loss of her husband and her son. How is Mr. Grey?

KOBB. Mr. Grey? Pretty well, thank you. He is with his regiment. [*Rosa and Arthur heard outside R.C. window*]

Rosa. [*Outside*] Oh, you naughty little boy. [*Arthur laughs*]

KOBB. Ah, here's that noisy little devil, Rosa Leigh, just when I was getting along so finely.

Rosa. [*Outside*] See if I don't tell your mamma.

ARTHUR. [*Outside*] Do! I don't care.

Rosa. [*At R.C. window*] You don't care! Very well now I'll just—[*Enters through the window*] Ah, Florey, good morning. [*Kisses her*] Good morning, Mr. Cobb.

KOBB. Good morning, miss.

Rosa. Ah, Florey dear, I've got such news for you! Who do you think is coming?

LADY F. But what has Arthur been doing?

Rosa. Oh, nothing of importance; he would insist on putting one of his shoes in the milk, that's all, the darling. But only think, the Gray's Lancers, Elliot's regiment are going to pass through the village. They are visible now from the upper windows about a mile off with the band, all splendid isn't it? They'll pass the park gates presently. One troop is to be left in detachment and quartered in the village. You can invite them to the ball you are going to give to the volunteers. All the servants have scampered off to see them pass. And I had to dress Arthur—and he was so naughty, so good I mean. He only squeezed the sponge down my back and I'm quite out of breath! [*Music. Distant march heard*]

KOBB. [*Aside*] I should think so! Half o' that would have winded me.

LADY F. Is that all your news?

Rosa. Not quite! There's that nasty, great, rough-looking man been asking for you again, but they wouldn't let him in and he's gone away.

LADY F. He here again?

Rosa. Yes, but only for a moment. Oh, he's gone. Don't look so pale, darling, I saw him go. [*Music nearer*]

ARTHUR. [*Enters R.H. from bay window*] Oh! mamma, dear mamma! The soldiers! The soldiers! Do come up to the window! Such flags at the ends of their spears, and such pretty blue coats. Oh, do come!

LADY F. I don't know that I will. You've been a naughty boy, I hear.

ARTHUR. Oh, but dearest mamma, I will be good. [*Music ceases*]

LADY F. And you won't throw water on Rosa any more?

KOBB. And you'll keep your shoes out of the milk?

ARTHUR. You be off, old man Kobb!

LADY F. Arthur! Arthur!

ARTHUR. Well, I beg your pardon, Mr. Kobb. There now come—do come—do come.

LADY F. [Crosses to window] Well, come along then, but you don't deserve it.

KOBB. Not a bit.

ROSA. Mr. Kobb, I wish you would not interfere! [Crosses to C.]

KOBB. Not again. [They are going toward the house when Miles McKenna coolly walks out from window R.]

MILES. Good morning, my lady.

LADY F. I thought I told you when last you were here that I forbade you from coming again?

MILES. You certainly did, my lady. It would be a great pleasure to obey your commands but certain reasons make it quite impossible for me to indulge in it. Going to breakfast, eh? I've just left the breakfast room. Don't be alarmed! You'll find the tea and coffee where the flunkeys left them. The brandy on the sideboard was more to my taste.

KOBB. Who is this fellow?

MILES. Fellow yourself, old gentleman! Just you keep cool and don't interfere with what don't concern you. [Kobb goes up and gets to R. of Miles]

LADY F. It is time to put an end to this persecution. I'll not endure it longer! Miles McKenna if that be your name, begone! And never dare to enter these grounds again!

MILES. Grounds! I'll enter the *house*, madam, *how*, *when*, and *where* I choose! Faith, I know more of it than any of you—which you'll find out some of these days.

ROSA. Ah, do please go, there's a good man. Here, take this. [Offers coin]

LADY F. Rosa, I forbid you to give him one penny. Begone at once, fellow, or my patience will give way.

MILES. Will it? Really, mine won't. [Sits]

KOBB. Why—you—impudent—

MILES. I've told you not to interfere. If you speak to me again, I'll smash your head!

ROSA. Oh dear! I'll run for the servants.

KOBB. No, miss, that's a man's duty. Remain. I'll go for the servants. [Hurries off up steps R. into house]

ARTHUR. Look at old Kobb—but I ain't frightened of him.

LADY F. Arthur!

ARTHUR. [Rolls up cuffs and goes to Miles] How dare you insult my mammal! You nasty, dirty brute!

LADY F. [Takes child away] Arthur, be quiet, darling, I beg. [Miles deliberately gets up and with his knife, cuts branch from tree L.H.]

MILES. Let me see—the servants can't be here yet? No! I've just nice time for it! [Trimming branch]

LADY F. Once for all, will you be gone? [Rosa goes upstage, looking for assistance]

MILES. Do you think I will take an insult from a toad like that without leaving my marks on his dainty hide? So now, my young friend, I'll just—

LADY F. If you approach him it must be over his mother's body. [Crosses to Miles]

ARTHUR. Mamma, dear mamma! [Miles tears Lady Florence away from Arthur, and lays hold of him. Enter Elliot Grey at same moment from L.U.E.]

ELL. Hello! I say, my friend, I'll trouble you for that child.

MILES. Will you though, my pigeon? You won't have him, though. [Music. Elliot makes a movement with his right hand to settle his cap. Miles, thinking he is going to be struck, throws himself into a position of defense. The child runs to Rosa]

ELL. Did you think you were going to get it?

MILES. No, but damn me—you shall get it! [Music. He makes two blows R. and L., which Elliot parries, and returns with a terrible facer. Miles staggers, but recovers, and endeavors to renew the fight. Arthur runs to R., looks off, then back to L.I.E.; beckons on servants, who enter just in time to catch Miles as he falls. Colonel May appears at window R. Ladies, etc. enter. Gardener enters from R.I.E. and looks on in amazement]

ELL. Take away that parcel of damaged goods! And now, ladies, let's go into breakfast. [Music. Elliot takes lady on each arm, and exits into house R. through window]

TABLEAU. CURTAIN

ACT II.

SCENE: *An antique room in Rosedale Manor. Sideboard under the window, with pens, ink, and paper on it. Table C. with hand-bell on it. Chairs, etc.*

COL. [Discovered seated R. of table R.C.] Upon my honor, this is all very strange. So strange that I'm really glad to find myself in this most

retired room of the house, to think it over. This impudent scoundrel appears to know every hole and corner in the building! Why, the servants never seem to know when they may or may not see his exceedingly unprepossessing person pop up before them; there's some mystery here that it might serve my purpose to unravel. [*Rings bell*] I've a great mind to—I'm inclined to think my friend Kobb is rabid enough toward my niece to be worth a few more hundreds to me yet. [*Enter Robert L.I.E.*] Did you find the man?

ROB. Yes, sir.

COL. Very good! It is necessary I should examine him, as I have seen the magistrate and they are ready, if I think it necessary, to send him to jail. Bring him here.

ROB. Yes, sir. [*Going*]

COL. And hark ye! by the servant's staircase. I should not like her ladyship to be annoyed by the sight of him again.

ROB. Yes, sir. [*Exit L.I.E.*]

COL. Yes, there is certainly some game that fellow is playing, which I must ferret out. [*Lady Adela enters down steps L.C.*] Lady Adela, I'm charmed to see you; how uncommonly well you are looking.

LADY A. Ah, Colonel, even you cannot escape using the commonplace nothings with which the world greets the world, regardless of their truth or falsehood.

COL. [*Gives chair. They sit*] You are inclined to be cynical, fair lady.

LADY A. No; but when you tell me I am looking well it almost seems a sneer, knowing as I do, anxieties like mine must leave their traces. But I am glad that I have found you alone; I have faith in your judgment, your coolness, and your knowledge of the world, and I wish to consult you with regard to Elliot.

COL. [R.] What, still a bad boy, eh?

LADY A. Believe me, my dear friend, I am serious. You know how anxious his poor father and myself were that he should marry Florence, and it cannot be denied that she gave him encouragement. But the immense wealth and influence of your nephew, Sir Charles May, made him so formidable a rival—especially when her father, to whom she gave implicit obedience, cast his command into the scales, so Florence became Lady May.

COL. And Elliot a misanthrope!

LADY A. No—not exactly that; he became cold—careless of his health, seeking in unwonted, and sometimes objectionable amusements, forgetfulness of the past, and encouraging indifference to the future.

COL. But his profession—he used to be fond of that, and really had the promise of a first-rate soldier in him.

LADY A. He cares for it no longer. The purchase money lodged for his captaincy—

COL. Lost at play?

LADY A. No. Presented to the manager of the Brambledon Theatre, to help him through a bad season.

COL. Why, how did he ever become acquainted?

LADY A. Bless you, didn't you hear of it? He got six months' leave of absence on private business, and went to play an amateur engagement. Turned out a capital actor.

COL. Well, but surely this freak gave you some power over him, were it known at headquarters?

LADY A. Good gracious, it *is* known, but he's such a favorite, they hushed it up. Power over him? Power over *me*, you mean. Why, he says if I bore him about his promotion any more he'll give up the army and go on the stage.

COL. Oh, pshaw! He'd never keep his word.

LADY A. Ah, Colonel, you don't know him. The other night at the Duke of Kinstown's, just because I pressed him to sing when he didn't feel in the humor, he told me to take the consequences, and actually gave a slang comic song he got from a Mr. Sam Cowell of Canterbury Hall. I thought I should have fainted.

COL. And the duke?

LADY A. Made him sing it again.

COL. Well, this is a terrible state of things, certainly, but what can I do, my dear Lady Adela?

LADY A. Oh! Colonel, if you would only exert yourself—[*Robert enters R.I.E.*]

COL. Hush! Well, what is it? [*Rises*]

ROB. We've found the man, sir; he's coming up. [*Exit L.I.E.*]

LADY A. [*Getting towards foot of stairs*] You have business, Colonel—well, another time—

COL. At any time I shall be at your ladyship's service. [*Enter Miles and Robert L.I.E. Robert exits. Miles keeps his hat on all this scene, and when alone with the Colonel is coarse and insolent in his manner*]

LADY A. Well, tomorrow, if you'll allow me, I'll—[*Sees Miles, when a glance of recognition takes place between them, and she utters a suppressed scream*] I'll see you on that subject. Good day, Colonel. [*Exits up steps, L.C.*]

COL. [*Sits R. of table*] Au revoir, Lady Adela. Now my man—

MILES. Now, Colonel!

COL. You know me?

MILES. Well, that's as it may be. I know who you *are*.

COL. Very well distinguished. Sit down.

MILES. No, thank you.

COL. I beg you will.

MILES. Well, if you insist upon it—[Sits *L. of table*] though I give you warning—extreme politeness always puts me on my guard.

COL. Indeed!

MILES. Always. I know my personal appearance don't invite it, so if it's offered there must be some reason for it.

COL. Logic.

MILES. Gammon!

COL. Well, common sense.

MILES. Ah, that's more like it. And now what do you want of me?

COL. Listen—you are now in custody for an assault.

MILES. Well, who got the worst of it?

COL. Why, to be frank with you—

MILES. Frank! Look at my eye!

COL. It certainly was a hard knock. Mr. Grey's hand was a good deal hurt.

MILES. Ah, ha! Good! That's some comfort, at any rate.

COL. Now you have been prowling about the place for some time, and I am told you are a grandson to the former steward here, John McKenna, whose son, your father, ran away and went to the bad.

MILES. Yes, he didn't leave a good reputation behind him when he kicked the bucket; but he left better than that.

COL. Ah, ha!

MILES. Yes; a secret or two concerning this family and another one, which I hold possession of.

COL. I thought so!

MILES. Did you? Ah, Colonel, you're a knowing card, you are! But you've your mate this time.

COL. Have I? Then only think how strong a team we would make if we *worked together!*

MILES. Umph!

COL. Your secrets—are they for sale? Two, you said—two families, I think? Um! Singular that a member of one of these families should have inflicted such severe punishment on you.

MILES. Who said his family was one of them?

COL. You did, just now.

MILES. I did?

COL. Certainly you did, when you saw his mother here just now. Looks, my fine fellow, *looks* can sometimes speak.

MILES. Aye, you're right; you know *so* much, and that's all you're going to know, so you'd better let me go to jail at once! [Rises]

COL. Not so fast! I wish to serve you. [Motions him to sit]

MILES. Well, answer me a question or two, then, and that'll serve me. Didn't old Mr. Leigh, the parson as died a year or two ago—didn't he leave two sons?

COL. He did.

MILES. Wasn't one of 'em, the youngest, stolen when a baby by gypsies, and never heard of since?

COL. He was.

MILES. And isn't the other living in the village yonder?

COL. He is.

MILES. He's a doctor, ain't he?

COL. Quite right.

MILES. And he's got a sister, ain't he?

COL. Yes.

MILES. And old Mr. Leigh had three children, mate?

COL. Just so.

MILES. Thank you, that'll do. [Rises] I say, Colonel, what a blessing a gypsy might be to you just now, eh? [Leaning with folded arms on the back of his own chair]

COL. I don't understand you!

MILES. Yes, you do! Lord bless you, only think what a fortune might be made out of that young brat as got me this gash under the eye.

COL. Oh! Ah! By stealing him!

MILES. Exactly.

COL. You mean the reward for returning him?

MILES. Not a bit of it—I mean the reward for *not* returning him.

COL. Why, you scoundrel! Would you dare insinuate—

MILES. Pull up, Colonel, pull up! Don't you come the virtuous game with me. You ain't got it in you. I see'd that in your face afore I'd been ten minutes in your company. [Goes to door L.I.E.] Don't be alarmed. I'm not going out. [Returns] If Lady Florence May takes a fancy—she's just the woman to marry whether you like it or not—then you and the young 'un share the property; but if there's *no* young 'un, *you gets it all!* Now you ain't a-going to ask anyone to make way with the—child—not *you*, you wouldn't think of such a thing; but there's a wicked, bad man as would do it without being asked, if he thought he'd get five hundred pounds for it. And—stop—don't you speak—and this bad man wouldn't hurt the child either, but—but he'd take precious good care that no one of his folks ever heard of him again;—

and hush! don't commit yourself. If this same bad man should some day find a certain gentleman's initials cut into the trunk of the old willow near the Black Pond, why he'll think there's five hundred pounds coming this way pretty soon, and he'll feel himself bound to see that boy don't bother a certain liberal gentleman no more.

COL. And what does all this rubbish mean?

MILES. That's it! That's it! That's right! You don't understand none of it, not a bit. Stick to that—but—*don't forget it!*

COL. [Rises] There, there, fellow! I've had enough of you. So!

MILES. To jail?

COL. No. You may go where you please, but don't show your face here again. [Rings bell R.]

MILES. [L.] Excuse me, Colonel, here's a scar [Touches his wounded face] I must settle before I leave these parts, and as the settlement may make it necessary for me to leave dear old England—why, I should like to take five hundred pounds with me—mum! [Robert enters L.I.E.]

COL. Show this man out. I will explain to your lady—[Going, gets foot on bottom stair]

ROB. Very good, sir. [Colonel goes slowly up stairs, pauses at door to see Miles off]

MILES. I wish you a very respectable good day, sir! I shouldn't forget what you told me, and I hope you'll believe what I promised you, sir. [To Robert, going] Going to usher me down, eh? Um! That's very kind. This is such a fine big place, with so many halls and entries—and I'm such a stranger, I might lose my way, eh? Mightn't I? Thank you—after you, sir. [Music. Exits after Robert, L.I.E.]

COL. [At door, looking off. Speaks through music] Ah, Matthew Leigh and his sister. Umph! I will avoid them for the present. [Exit door L.C. and off R.H. After a momentary pause, enter Rosa and Matthew, L.C. Rosa has Elliot's dressing-gown on her arm]

ROSA. [At door L.C.] Nobody here! Matthew, dear, you may come.

MATT. [Enters and descends stairs] Why, Rosa, this is the old room in the East wing. There used to be all sorts of stories about this room, I never believed the half of them. To me it always appeared one of the most comfortable in the house.

ROSA. [R.] Well, so it is, with its cosy little bedroom attached. It's a lodg-ing for a prince—and it's going to have a prince for a lodger. But now tell me, how did you get away from the village with so much richness about? [Puts dressing-gown on arm-chair, near fireplace]

MATT. Oh, there's nothing more pressing just now at the surgery than an assistant can attend to—and I wanted so much to tell you about Tabitha Stork. She gets worse and worse every day. Nag, nag! row, row! scold, scold! There was never anything like her. I almost wish you were at home again, for she has some regard for you, and the place would be more pleasant with you there.

ROSA. And for you, too, dear Matthew. It's only her queer way. She loves us both dearly, I'm certain.

MATT. Well, I wish she'd find some more agreeable way of showing it, that's all. And how is Florence—Lady May?

ROSA. "Lady May?" What nonsense that is, Matthew! Haven't we known her since we were children together? And didn't you always call each other "Florence" and "Matthew" until lately, when all of a sudden you have become so extremely polite that it's awful to behold? "Lady May"—why, what's the matter with you, dear?

MATT. What's the matter with me, Rosa? You mean to say that you don't know?

ROSA. Upon my word, I don't.

MATT. And you call yourself a woman?

ROSA. I do take that liberty.

MATT. I had always heard that woman's perceptions were so much quicker than ours in matters of the heart.

ROSA. Heart! What heart? Whose heart? Matthew, what do you mean? [Matthew buries his face in his hands] Matthew, darling, my own dear brother! I—I do know—I see it all now. [Falls into his arms weeping]

MATT. There, there, we must talk no more of this. Enough! We understand each other as brother and sister should. A weary, sad, hapless listless path should be mine, dear Rosa. No—no—not listless, while Heaven gives me strength and knowledge to lessen the sufferings, and perhaps, perhaps prolong the lives of many of my fellow creatures.

ROSA. My own dear, noble brother! But, after all, what nonsense all this is! You are a gentleman born and educated, why should you not—?

MATT. No—no—not for worlds! Even if she could return my love, which I feel and know she could not—do you think her uncle [Enter Colonel unobserved L.C.]—the Colonel would give his consent and—, if he refuses, you know the penalty. My mind is made up.

ROSA. And so is mine! The Colonel, indeed! Who's the Colonel? What's the Colonel compared to your happiness and hers? Yes, hers, for who could help loving you, my darling brother! And she *will*, if she does not already. So I'll just go to her at once, and—

MATT. Rosa, if you say one word to betray the confidence I reposed in you, we shall know the misery of the first quarrel in our lives.

Rosa. But, Matthew—

MATT. Not another word on the subject; henceforth a forbidden one between us. In future my energies, my youth, my heart shall be in my profession.

COL. [R.] And a very nice resolve, my friend.

MATT. [C.] Colonel May! I had no idea we had so distinguished a listener.

COL. Listener! My good sir, if people in their energy will express their virtuous resolutions so emphatically, other people may chance to hear them without being actually listening. [*Lady Florence enters unperceived by the other side. Lady Florence and Elliot Grey L.C. down a few steps only*] I did hear, because it sets my mind at rest upon a point, of which I confess I had some misgiving. Stick to your resolution, Mr. Leigh, you may come to eminence after all; and though not quite on a *par* with the pulpit, the army, or navy, still it is an occupation inferior only—

MATT. Inferior to none! As noble an art, sir, as any that taxes the intellect of man. At all times, in all seasons, under every variety of circumstances are our ministrations sought. The summer's heat and winter's cold; storm and sunshine, night and day, alike witness our labors, and attest our fidelity. Among the vehicles which throng your cities' crowded streets, at midday, you may mark the roll of the physician's wheel, and in the still small hours of the night you may hear the sound of his footfall as he traverses the deserted pavement on some errand of mercy. The navy? Is there a blood-stained deck on which he is not found? The army? Is there a battlefield without him? Nay, is he not often the last to leave the scene of slaughter, remaining a voluntary prisoner to the enemy, whose columns find him at his post, ministering to friend or foe alike? The pulpit? Our duties to the human race begin with the first feeble breath of the new-born infant, and we are watchful sentries to the building until its due expansion shall enable it to receive those treasurers with which the minister is prepared to store it. Henceforth our duties lie side by side, body and soul within our united keeping until a greater and a mightier minister than either shall dismiss the guard. [*Elliot and Florence come forward*]

COL. Eloquence, my dear sir, is a very fine gift, but it don't coin money.

LADY F. [*Advancing L.C.*] No! but it coins respect when vindicating his profession and as nobly as you have done, Matthew.

MATT. [R.C.] Bless my soul! Were you there? And—and—who is that? Is it—?

ELL. [L.] Of course it is; your old schoolfellow, your everlasting plague—your true friend, Elliot Grey.

MATT. Good gracious, Elliot, my dear fellow, I'm delighted! Why, how you've grown! Pshaw! What a fool I am! Of course you have—Why shouldn't you? And what have you been doing these seven years? Have you seen a great deal of the world? How has it prospered with you?

ELL. So, so, Matthew, so, so, the usual equipoise, good health, some luck, and some disappointments. An Indian campaign, a medal, and—no wounds.

MATT. No wounds! Why, look at your hands!

ELL. Oh! that? I got in that house skirmish; it's of no consequence.

MATT. No consequence? Let me see it. Humph! Cut, inflamed, and swollen. Rosa, come here. [Speaks aside to Rosa, who exits D.L.E.]

LADY F. [To Colonel] I wish to return you my sincere thanks.

COL. [R.] Indeed, Florence, and why?

LADY F. Because you have been the means of developing in one whom I have already esteemed, powers that have my admiration.

COL. [Aside] Esteem and admiration! Good, we are progressing. [Crosses to C.]

LADY F. [Takes stage to R.H.] And now, good people, I must very inhospitably turn you out of the premises, in which I have for the present installed Mr. Elliot Grey. This and the next room adjoining are yours whilst you favor us by remaining at Rosedale.

ELL. Capital quarters, indeed.

COL. [L., going up stairs about three steps when he turns and addresses Matthew, who is leaning elbow on lower corner of mantelpiece, back to audience] Oh, well, we'll not intrude! Mr. Leigh, if you will spend an hour with me I have some particularly fine claret in my room, which her ladyship's kindly consideration of a bachelor's whim allows me to keep a small store for solitary imbibing.

MATT. You're very good, Colonel! don't think me churlish, I seldom drink wine. I have a little business with my sister. I shall smoke a quiet pipe on the lawn, and end by driving the old horse home and enjoying the lovely moonlight which I observe approaching. [Advancing a little to L.]

COL. Well, each man to his taste. Au revoir. [Exits L.C.D.]

MATT. I shall see you again, Flor—Lady May. Elliot, keep particularly quiet, attend to the directions I shall send you, and your hand will be nearly well in the morning. Good night!

ELL. Good night, old boy! I think I shall come down to the village tomorrow. So be ready for a long chat over old times.

MATT. Very well, I shall expect you. [Exit L.C.D. Put moonlight effect full so that effect may come when lights are checked]

LADY F. Now, Elliot, install yourself "monarch of all you survey." There's your arm-chair near the fire; you won't find it a bit too warm, for the early summer nights are cold in these parts. And now I'll light the candle—so that's all right. If you wish for anything ring that bell; and now adieu. [Going up stairs, exits L.C.D.]

ELL. Good night. And I once thought myself in love with that woman! [Takes off coat and puts on dressing-gown] What wretched judges we are of our own hearts; the meeting which was to have revived such recollections has after all passed off in a quiet, rational and almost business-like way! What a monstrous humbug life is. Men talk of healthful excitements, Bah: the true philosophy is to take our luck as it is doled out to us, if not contentedly, at least easily. But love—truth—poetry—happiness—fudge: [Knock L.C.D.] Dear Matthew, how his voice brought back old times! [Knock] He's not looking well, though; aye, works too hard at the surgery, I suppose. [Rosa peeps in L.C.D.] And his sister, I remember seeing her once when her father was living; Rosa, I think her name was. She is grown up pretty. A nice round bit of humanity.

Rosa. [Aside] Oh dear! [Disappears, then knocks loudly at L.C.D.]

ELL. Come in! [Rosa enters L.C.D. She has a bandage and a bottle of lotion] By Jove! Here she is.

Rosa. Captain Grey.

ELL. Thank you, Miss Leigh, for my promotion—but, Mr. Grey for the present.

Rosa. [Getting down R.H.] Oh, I beg pardon. I'm sure my brother told me to say that this cloth is to be kept around your wrist—you are to wet it with the lotion every half-hour unless you are asleep, and then you needn't. [She has placed basin on the table, poured lotion in it, and wets bandage]

ELL. Thank you! You are very kind to bring it yourself.

Rosa. I thought it better to bring it because—because if you'll allow me, I think I understand how to bind it on, Mr. Grey.

ELL. Oh, I really don't like to give you the trouble.

Rosa. Not the least trouble in the world, I assure you; if you'll just hold out your arm—thank you. [She proceeds to dress wound] Now, then, a little this way. Thank you—there.

ELL. Is it done?

Rosa. Yes! no—there's a wrong twist in it.

ELL. [Aside] I rather like this.

Rosa. Now then, we are all right.

ELL. Stop! there's something hurts me.

ROSA. Where?

ELL. I don't know—but it hurts deucedly. You had better take it off again.

ROSA. We'll have it right this time. I won't tie it. I'll pin it.

ELL. Do—ah!

ROSA. What's the matter?

ELL. The pin!

ROSA. Oh, it's not in your hand?

ELL. Only about half an inch.

ROSA. Oh, I'm so sorry.

ELL. You'd better take it off again.

ROSA. Oh dear! oh dear! how awkward I am. There, where is it? I don't see the wound.

ELL. Closed up. I've a wonderful skin for healing. Now, we'll try once more.

ROSA. Yes. There so; is that right?

ELL. I'm afraid it is—I mean yes—oh, quite. Thank you.

ROSA. Good night. [*Crossing to steps*]

ELL. You didn't look at the other hand—

ROSA. [*Down*] Why, is that hurt, too? [*Down L.H.*]

ELL. Not at all. But—it may be some day. However—never mind.

ROSA. Good night, Mr. Grey. [*Going up stairs*]

ELL. I beg your pardon, one word: your brother always called me Elliot.

ROSA. Good night, Elliot. [*Exit L.C.D.*]

ELL. Good night, Miss Leigh! [*Knock at L.C.D.*] Come in.

ROSA. [*Looks in*] I beg your pardon; my brother always calls me Rosa.

ELL. Good night, Rosa.

ROSA. Good night, Elliot. [*Disappears, mind lights*]

ELL. What an excessively nice little thing she has become! Now, if I had a sister like that it would be something worth living for. Lucky fellow, that Matthew. [*Goes to window R.*] What a heavenly night—dim firelight, bright moonlight—and [*Blows out the candle*] no wax light, I thank you! Charming indeed! I have a great mind to join Matthew in a cigar on the lawn; but no, I had my orders and promised obedience. [*Sits in armchair*] Well, this is really cozy; nice hand, Rosa, and a lovely arm. I always had a weakness for handsome arms. [*Yawns*] I wonder if she can play the harp. [*Yawns*] Graceful thing when nicely done. Who the deuce wants to go to bed, with such a chair as this to—to—to—go—to—sleep—[*Music. He sleeps in chair. Panel of secret door R.C., slowly opens and Miles appears in opening, with moonlight shining through window, full upon him. He comes quietly forward*]

MILES. Confound the place! The old fellow must have been half seas over when he mapped it out, I think. Let's see—"through the trap on the left of the landing, feel the wall all the way with your left hand, till you're stopped; then for an iron clamp on your right. Press that down and a secret door will bring you into an old room in the east wing." Well so far, so good. If it wasn't so dark I would swear this was the same room I left half an hour ago. [Feels way to table R.H.] Umph, candle! The very thing—where's my matchbox? All right, now we shall see. [Lights candle. Lights partially up] What was t'other directions? [Takes paper out of pocket, holds it back of candle, and reads] Um-um-ah: here it is: "Press to the left the leaf ornament cut in the mantelpiece, the one nearest the corridor. A recess will reveal itself, and in that is your fortune, the proof that will be the making of you." All right. But first, I'll lock the door. [Locks door L.I.E.] If the old cavalier ancestors of this family had known the use their secret contrivance would some day be put to, my eyes—how they would stare! So—so—here we are, all right. [Presses ornament on mantelpiece, an opening is revealed, into which he puts his hand and draws forth a small leathern bag and box] By Jove, the old chap was a man of his word, and I'm a made man for life! [He has pocketed the bag and box, and turning round, for the first time, sees Elliot who, awakened by a slight noise, is staring at him]

ELL. Well, if I'm asleep, that's about the ugliest dream I ever had.

MILES. You'll find it the worst reality, young man. Why, this is glorious! I'm up to my neck in luck tonight.

ELL. What do you want, fellow?

MILES. I want you to sit and listen to me for one minute. You are alone—unarmed—with a disabled hand. Look at this. [Takes hammer from his pocket] If you make a movement to escape, or raise a cry for help, I'll brain you like a mad dog. If not, I'll content myself with giving you just such a mark as you have left on me, with this difference—that yours shall last for life—just to teach you not to meddle again where you have no concern; the fire's convenient, here's the iron [Sticks hammer into fire] and now by your leave—[Takes rope from pocket and is about to bind him] well, you're a plucky one! Damn me if you don't take it cool. [Binds him to chair with slip-knot; then gets R. of Elliot, holding extremity of rope]

ELL. I shall take it warmly enough presently if you carry out your amiable intentions, my friend. [Miles takes hammer out of fire, crosses before Elliot] Well, I value the present arrangement of my countenance enough to pay liberally for its preservation. Reconsider your intention, and you may escape two hundred pounds the richer.

MILES. [After a pause] How am I to get the money?

ELL. Loosen my arm, and I'll write you a check.

MILES. What guarantee have I that it will be genuine?

ELL. The word of an officer and a gentleman! If you keep faith with me, I will, with you.

MILES. [Aside] I know them! They daren't break that—it's a kind of religion with the fools.

ELL. Well?

MILES. I'll take it. [Unbinds him] There, go to the table. There's a light, pens, ink, and paper. [Elliot goes to table R., which is near the open window. Sits and writes] And whilst you write, I'll take care that you can't be interrupted. [Goes to fire, replaces hammer in it, then goes up stairs, locks door L.C.; comes down, crosses to R. and cuts down the bell-pull. As he is doing this, Elliot has written one slip of paper, wrapped it around paperweight, and thrown it out of open window. He is writing on a second slip when Miles speaks—after looking around room, gets C.] Well, have you written the check?

ELL. I've written two.

MILES. Two?

ELL. Yes, as well as a left-handed man can do. Come here! Look out of the window—bright moonlight, isn't it?

MILES. Yes, but that won't prevent my escape.

ELL. I don't suppose it will. See anybody on the lawn?

MILES. Yes! a man smoking his pipe; he stoops to pick something up—looks like paper.

ELL. It is a paper. Shall I tell you what it is?

MILES. Well—

ELL. A duplicate of this. Read!

MILES. [Reads] "A ruffian is in my room, the man I struck this morning. He is armed! If I am murdered, he is my assassin! He came by a secret passage; watch the grounds, as well as the house, and you must have him! Elliot Grey."

ELL. True copy.

MILES. Ah! [Noise without, back of stage] And they are around already.

ELL. Yes, Matthew Leigh is an energetic man.

MILES. Damnation! Give me the money you promised me—a check!

ELL. Well, you've got one! Run, man, while you've a chance to escape.

[Music pp.]

MILES. You pledged your word as a gentleman.

ELL. Yes, if you kept faith with me.

MILES. Well?

ELL. You never meant to do so.

MILES. How would you know?

ELL. [Noise without, which has been increasing all this time, has now approached the door, at which there is a loud knocking] The iron is in the fire!

—Go— or they'll have you as sure as you are born.

MILES. Hell's curses on you! But I'll pay you yet! [Rushes through secret panel, the other doors are burst open and Matthew, Florence, Colonel May, Lady Adela, Rosa and servants rush on. Servants R. and L. with candles.

Lights up full]

LADY A. Safe, safe! Thank Heaven!

COL. What has happened?

MATT. Where's the scoundrel? }

ROB. The fellow's gone! } [All said together]

LADY F. My dear Elliot!

ROSA. Oh dear—oh dear—are you hurt? Your hand—the bandage?

ELL. Very bad! You had better take it off again!

TABLEAU. QUICK CURTAIN

ACT III.

SCENE I: *A room in Matthew Leigh's Cottage in the village. Windows in flat L., opening on landscape. Door in flat N. closet door L.3. Table, chairs, etc., cupboard R. Enter Tabitha Stork.*

TAB. [Goes and looks out of window] Nothing of the sort! Not a sign of him yet, upon my word! A pretty pass things have come to. Out all night—ah, no consideration for the poor hard-working creature left at home. I've looked at the desks. No urgent calls on either. [Rings surgery bell]

¹ SARAH. [Enters R.I.E.] Did you ring for me, mum?

TAB. Nothing of the sort. I rang the surgery bell.

SARAH. E'es, I know 'e did, but t' assistant told me to attend to physic shop while he be gone fishing.

TAB. Fishing!

SARAH. E'es but l'or bless'e he won't catch anything.

¹ All through this act Sarah acts as if she had just left the washtub; she wipes her hands and rubs her elbows with her apron. Every time she opens the door to go out she does it with a violent swing, which would seem to take it off the hinges. All the announcements are made in a very excited manner, gesticulating, pointing, violently swinging her arms about in a most agitated manner. The more awkward, violent and abrupt Sarah is in her manner the better it will be for herself and Matthew's imitation.

TAB. That'll do. You may go.

SARAH. E'es, where shall I go?

TAB. Oh, go to the kitchen! [*Sarah exits R.U.E.*] Very well, very well, Mrs. Leigh.

COL. [*Enters R.H.D.F.*] Good morning, madam, Mr. Leigh at home?

TAB. Nothing of the sort. He's out.

COL. [*Aside*] Perhaps I may obtain some information.

TAB. [*Aside*] Oily sort of person. What does he want, I wonder?

COL. I'm very well acquainted with Mr. Leigh. Have I the honor of addressing a relative of his?

TAB. Nothing of the sort. Housekeeper.

COL. Oh! To be sure! Miss Stork, I've heard him speak of you very often! You've been a long time with the family.

TAB. About thirty years.

COL. Bless me! A long time indeed. And in all that time had you no news of the missing child?

TAB. What child?

COL. Why, the boy that was stolen. Stolen, it was supposed, by gypsies. Had you no tidings of him?

TAB. No, we hadn't.

COL. Pardon my curiosity. I am an old acquaintance of Mr. Leigh's but John McKenna, the former steward's son, wasn't he a very bad character?

TAB. Very!

COL. And, ahem—an [*Aside*] I'm getting along very slowly—[*Aloud*] mightn't he perhaps—

TAB. No he mightn't. Nothing of the sort.

COL. Now for good reasons, I'm in want of information.

TAB. I see that.

COL. Which it is very necessary I should possess.

TAB. I *don't* see that.

COL. Can you give it?

TAB. I *don't* know.

COL. Would you if you could?

TAB. No!

COL. Well, that's to the point at any rate.

TAB. I flatter myself it is. Good morning, Colonel.

COL. Good morning, my good lady.

TAB. Nothing of the sort. Housekeeper. [*Exit R.I.E.*]

COL. Bad pumping, Colonel. It does seem as if the fates conspired to foil me at every turn. My situation now is little less than desperate. Nothing more

can be got from Kobb. Arrest! Expulsion from my club! Dishonor staring me in the face! [Sarah enters with letter between her lips. R.D.]

SARAH. Be you Colonel May, zur?

COL. Yes.

SARAH. Messenger from Manor House told I to give'ee this letter. [Shakes it from between her lips. And as the Colonel is about to take it she withdraws it to wipe the soapsuds off. He opens it slowly. She stares hard at him. Pauses, then says] You're welcome! [She exits with a jerk and an awkward manner]

COL. Umph! From London, urgent. [Reads] "Dear Colonel: It can't be done at any price. Were there not a male heir to the property in the way, money might be raised on the probability of her ladyship's marriage, which would give you the whole estate. But for the mere chance of your coming in for half we cannot raise you fifty guineas." And there goes my last—umph! Last? Last chance? Come, Colonel Cavendish May, no trepidation, no hurry, no flutter—cool and calm. A quiet walk in the meadow. [Taking out book] A last summing up for and against it and—then we'll think it over, we'll think it over. [Exits R.D.F., passes window]

TAB. [Enters R.I.D.] Yes, you may go your ways for an inquisitive meddling customer, if you are a colonel, if you are a colonel. What could he want to pump me for, I wonder?

MATT. [Enters R.I.E. Aside] Now for it! Good morning, Tabitha.

TAB. Oh, indeed! You are here, sir, are you?

MATT. Yes, I came in by the back gate, and through the surgery.

TAB. Oh! Did you, sir! A pretty good proof you didn't wish to be seen returning home! A dignified way for Mr. Matthew Leigh to come into his own house.

MATT. No, Tabitha, only listen, I was detained by—

TAB. Nothing of the sort! I don't believe a word of it—a patient, I suppose?

MATT. Exactly. An accidental one.

TAB. There! didn't I say so? I knew that would be the story. Oh! oh! Mr. Matthew, I promised your poor father to watch you like a mother, and I have done it to the best of my poor ability, and now—

MATT. But ask my sister—ask Rosa—she knows.

TAB. Knows?—nothing of the sort! I should hope, but once for all—[Gate bell. Sarah enters R.I.E., pulls open D.R.F. with an ill-tempered swing, and flounces about to answer bell]

MATT. Thank Heaven! There's someone at the gate.

TAB. I don't care! But mark this—I have borne much from you for your fathers' sake; have been a patient victim to unwiped shoes in muddy weather;

to dripping umbrellas in the hall, and clean stockings every day, with other outrages too numerous to mention, without referring to my memorandum book, but the last calamity—[Sarah enters D.R.F.]

SARAH. A gentleman to see 'e, zur. [Matthew is startled at first by her abruptness and loud tone—then laughing and imitating her]

MATT. Well, show him in. [Sarah goes out with long strides, flinging the door after her, and is seen through window, gesticulating violently. Matthew close to flat, back to audience, imitates her] That is the most impressive female I ever saw. She's got an arm like a windmill. [Crosses to L.]

TAB. Of course, there's another pleasure; one of those clanking free and easy dragoon officers. Fine sort of acquaintance for a decent, respectable medical man.

ELL. [Enters R.D.F.] Well, Matt, I have come pretty hard upon your heels. However, my fellows are comfortable in quarters, and now—

TAB. [At back of table] I beg pardon, Mr. Leigh, but your lunch is ready.

MATT. Yes, yes, Tabitha, thank you; but I—you see—this is an old friend of mine, an old friend, and—

ELL. A hungry friend, Miss Tabitha, who purposes to share his chop.

MATT. [Aside] His chop! He little knows.

TAB. Excuse me, sir. Chops! Nothing of the sort. Bread and cheese is ready exactly at twelve, and—

ELL. [R.] We are ready for the bread and cheese, Miss Tabitha, and shall eat it with more appetite if we have your cheerful, smiling face to look at. [Aside] Underdone meat and raw potatoes in every feature.

TAB. Umph! Well, sir, I really—

ELL. Come now, you must pardon the rough and ready manner of the soldier but to a fellow just arrived from India, the presence of a lady is so inspiring.

TAB. [Mollified] Oh, sir!

MATT. [Aside L.] Lord, what a man he is!

TAB. [Gets to R. of Elliot] We have some very fine ale and if you would like—

ELL. Of course we would, my dear Miss Tabitha, the better to drink your health.

TAB. I'll go for it myself, sir. [Going]

ELL. You are too kind! Matthew, what a devilish fine looking woman that is!

TAB. [At door] Cook two chops and a kidney, Sarah! [Exit R. Matthew shakes head and raises hands in mock deprecation]

ELL. That was a good shot!

MATT. [L. of table] Elliot, what a splendid humbug you are.

ELL. I should hope so. You don't suppose I have been knocking about the world for the last two years for nothing, do you? [Re-enter Tabitha with ale and glasses, R.I.E.] Nonsense, my dear Matthew, she can't be more than two and thirty.

TAB. I might find an old bottle of wine, sir, if the ale—[Puts key in closet L.H.]

ELL. By no means, Miss Tabitha, by no means. [Sings]

"For a foaming glass of ale,
Not too new nor yet too stale,
With its frothy face all smiling from the jug so brown,
Toss the liquor with an air
To the lassie standing there,
And look in her eyes, while the malt goes down!"

TAB. [In ecstasy] Now that is pretty. [Ladies pass window]

ELL. [Turning aside, laughing] Lord! What a man!

ELL. But I'm afraid I am giving you a great deal of trouble, indeed I am.

TAB. No sir, not at all. I know pretty well, I think, when I meet a real gentleman and shall wait upon you myself. [Enter Lady Adela and Lady Florence R.F.D.]

LADY F. [H.C.] Yes, he's at home. Matthew we have taken your cottage on the way home, that I might show Lady Adela your beautiful garden.

MATT. Delighted to welcome you, Lady Adela, though I'm afraid Lady Florence has slightly exaggerated my merits in the botanical line.

LADY F. Of that she shall be the judge herself, presently. Those noisy ones, Rosa and Arthur, have gone out on an independent ramble by themselves so we shall have a little peace and a quiet chat in their absence. You shall give us some lunch. [Tabitha draws herself up in dignity]

MATT. [Looks alarmed] Oh! Yes, to be sure, a double pleasure.

TAB. [Near door R.] Nothing of the—

MATT. Hem! [Rosa passes window]

TAB. I beg pardon, Mr. Leigh, but you know—

ELL. Of course [Advances] he does, Miss Tabitha; he knows you have chops and kidneys, bread and cheese and ale; you remember you said so just now.

TAB. Well but—

LADY A. Why, Mr. Leigh, your fare is sumptuous. That's a lunch for an emperor. [Enter Rosa and Arthur R.D.F.]

ROSA. Ah! Ah! We've caught you, have we?

LADY F. Why, you rogues! Where did you spring from?

ARTHUR. From the top of the hill among the trees.

LADY F. The top of the hill?

ROSA. Yes, from that point we have such capital views and we could see you along the road for about a mile.

ARTHUR. So we watched and followed you, and we shan't go home till you do; and I'm very hungry and I want some lunch. [N.B. *Another blow for Tabitha and fright for Matthew. Lady Florence and Lady Adela retire and sit in the alcove. Matthew walks up with them, then comes down L.H.*]]

ELL. Well, be a good boy and you shall have some of Miss Tabitha's nice preserves.

ARTHUR. Oh! How jolly.

TAB. Indeed, sir, I've got nothing of the—

ELL. Ah, Miss Tabitha, I never saw a truly handsome face without a certain amount of modesty in the possessor. Why, your pastry and preserves are the talk of the whole neighborhood.

TAB. Well, sir, I *do* flatter myself I can—

ELL. Of course you can. Oh, ladies, you don't know the treat that's in store for you all!

MATT. [Aside] Lord! what a man he is.

ARTHUR. [R. of Rosa] Well, her jelly may be good, but her face ain't handsome a bit.

ALL THE LADIES. Arthur!

ELL. Now you have done it, youngster!

TAB. [With much asperity] Indeed, young gentleman! Upon my word, ladies, I—

KOBB. [Enters D.F.] Oh! Here you are, eh? Glad of it. Couldn't find anybody at home at the manor house, so I wandered back in hope of finding you at home, Doctor. And I thought mayhap when you've seen my leg as it's [Looks at his watch] just one o'clock—you'd give me a bit of lunch.

MATT. [Aside] My cup of misery runs over!

TAB. [Advancing to Matthew] Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, but Mr. Leigh, sir, for thirty years, I believe, I have proved to you that your table was tolerably well supplied, but when you ask people to your house by the dozen at a time—

MATT. My good Tabitha—

ROSA. Tabitha dear! [They close on her and try to coax her]

TAB. Nothing of the sort! It's Tabitha cheap—Tabitha nowhere—Tabitha nobody—that's what it is! But if you'll ring your bell, Mr. Leigh, and order your servant to do her duty by informing you what provisions are in the

house, I shall be quite ready in appropriating the same; and so, your most obedient, ladies and gentlemen. [Exits *R.D.*]

MATT. 'Pon my word, a pleasant situation!

LADY A. [Speaks from seat in alcove] Oh, don't be annoyed, Mr. Leigh. You have pounced upon Mrs. Tabitha a little too suddenly, and too numerous. Like all good housekeepers she is tenacious of being taken at disadvantage.

MATT. Well, I'll ring for Sarah—though I don't think she'll be of much use.

ELL. Oh, she's not celebrated for her preserves.

ROSA. No—she's celebrated for red arms and scrubby caps.

KOBB. [Near surgery door] I smell something cooking!

LADY F. The chops, I'll be bound.

KOBB. [Sniffs] I think it's cabbage.

ROSA. Oh, Matthew, if we dared!

MATT. Dared what?

ROSA. The closet—

MATT. What! The sacred cupboard? Across the threshold of which I have never dared to set foot!

ROSA. I looked once—some years ago. The store was bountiful then. It must be sumptuous now. And—and—the key is in the door!

ELL. [At back of table] The commissary general has departed and left the army to its own resources. I propose a siege.

KOBB. [R.] I second the proposal.

MATT. Rash man, you know not what you are venturing! Florence—I mean Lady May—warn them!

LADY F. [Advances with *Lady Adela*] I? No, indeed, I will crown the hero who first enters the lion's den!

KOBB. And as the lion's not there *I'll be the man!*

ARTHUR. Hooray for old Kobb!

ROSA. Be quiet, you naughty boy. [Crossing to closet]

MATT. This is a terrible epoch in my personal history.

ROSA. [Looking in on shelf] Jams—jellies—tongues—hams—preserved ginger—wine, etc.

KOBB. Say no more—here goes! [Goes into closet]

MATT. I wish you safe through it.

LADY A. Hush! Is not that her step returning?

ELL. If it is, all the more glory for Kobb! Get your crown ready, Florence.

LADY F. I—I don't feel so courageous as I did.

LADY A. I confess I'm frightened.

ROSA. I shall run! [Makes a bolt. Florence stops her]

MATT. I'm extinguished.

ELL. What a valiant army!

TAB. [Enters R.H.D.] I don't want to intrude, but I left a key in my closet. [Rosa makes a bolt—Matthew stops her]

ELL. Ah, to be sure—it must have fallen out. [Gives key he has taken out of the table drawer] Here it is.

TAB. Nothing of the sort, sir, it's—

ARTHUR. I'll tell you where it is—it's in the door.

TAB. So it is. [Locks closet and comes forward L.C. As Tabitha crosses to cupboard Elliot crosses to Arthur, stoops to bring his face level with his and gives with mock ferocity]

ELL. Oh, you wicked child!

LADY F. [Getting around to Arthur, aside] I'll whip you, sir.

TAB. And now, Mr. Leigh, if you want Sarah, you'll find her—

KOBB. [In closet] All right!

TAB. What's that?

KOBB. Lots of good things.

TAB. Somebody in my closet? They must have a deal of—

KOBB. [In closet] Pig's feet!

TAB. Very fine indeed, Mr. Leigh! You number among your acquaintances some nice—

KOBB. Pickles!

TAB. But whatever he is I'll give him—

KOBB. Ginger!

TAB. For the present he may remain where he is, I shan't open the door.

KOBB. [In closet] I'm up on the second shelf. [Loud crash in closet followed by shrieks and yells of pain from Kobb]

LADY F. Oh, dear!

TAB. Ah! Ah!

LADY A. What has happened?

ROSA. [Runs to R.] Open the door.

MATT. Poor lost man!

ELL. There's a shell exploded in the fort. [Tabitha opens door revealing scene of destruction. A shelf has given way. Kobb's face is covered with jam, hat torn by nail, right hand grasps shelf, left thumb in a mouse trap, right leg in a rat trap. Elliot, Lady Adela and Matthew assist in bringing him forward. Matthew sees stains on shirt front, puts hand to them and finds molasses and wipes it on Kobb's hair]

LADY A. Are you hurt, Mr. Kobb?

[All said together]

KOBB. This comes of being a volunteer.

MATT. Take him to the surgery and I will soon doctor his wounds.

TAB. Oh, don't be alarmed, Mr. Leigh. I'm not going to triumph over a fallen enemy. I'll do what I can. You'll want to take off those traps and I'm the only person that understands them.

ELL. Come along then. Ah, Miss Tabitha, this is the largest rat you ever caught. [Exit Elliot, Lady Adela, Matthew, Tabitha and Kobb, R.H. Rosa comes between Florence and Arthur]

LADY F. Oh, you naughty, mischievous little boy, what have you to say for yourself? [Arthur clings to Rosa with his face buried in her dress]

LADY F. [L.] If he's truly sorry—

ROSA. Oh, he is, he is, see how he's crying. [Kneels and pulls her dress away from Arthur, who is convulsed with laughter. Aside to him] Why don't you cry?

LADY F. That's what you call crying, is it? But he caused all the mischief and—

ARTHUR. Very well, mamma, I know I did. I know I've been a bad boy—so punish me, dear mamma, but don't be cross to Rosa.

ROSA. There, how can you punish him after that?

LADY F. Oh, take him away, do—

ROSA. Come along, darling, mamma says you're to go home. [Lifts him up and comes gradually to the back of Florence] Of course, we must do as mamma tells us. [By this time she suddenly puts the child up close to his mother's face; she clasps him to her and kisses him]

LADY F. There—go—go—you pair of plagues.

ROSA. Come, Arthur, there's a good boy. We'll go home now before there's any more mischief. [Exit with Arthur R.D.F.]

LADY F. I really must take strong measures with that boy—

ARTHUR. [Re-enters R.D.F.] Mamma! Rosa says you're a "stern parent."

ROSA. [Re-enters R.D.F.] Oh, you little story-teller! Come home directly.

LADY F. Upon my word, I'll—You're one just as bad as the other. [Both exit R.D.F.]

MATT. [Re-enters R.D.] What's the matter, Florence? You seem angry.

LADY F. I must have a serious talk with Rosa or the child will be ruined.

MATT. Well, she certainly does spoil him terribly. But is she alone to blame? Will you pardon an old friend if he speaks a little more freely to you than any right he has to warrant?

LADY F. Ah, I know you're going to scold me about Arthur. Well, perhaps I deserve it but first how is your patient?

MATT. Well, he is in the hands of his victorious foe and doing well enough; but this boy—think, Florence, it is not now while he is yet a child that you will perceive the full consequences of an overindulgent system. But when grown to manhood he will assert an independence of thought and action, which despite his affectionate nature, he will. How can you answer to yourself for allowing weeds to grow and flourish where nothing should bloom but what is pure and lovely?

LADY F. Oh, I have little fear for the result. His natural love of truth—his generous impulse—

MATT. A garden confided by Providence to your hands. Heaven prepared the ground; see you the cultivation be worthy of the soil.

LADY F. Indeed, Matthew—

MATT. I have been too free. I have offended you with my preaching.

LADY F. The sermon shall not be thrown away, believe me. But remember my position, amid all my wealth, amid friends—how lonely. I am not afraid you misunderstand me, when I say that amongst the many with whom I may associate—some may be found willing to seek the rich widow for her position, to bribe my worthy uncle to consent to good guidance and protection to that fatherless child for his sake—

MATT. For his sake, Florence? If among them there should be one whom you could respect and love, whose character and honor was beyond a doubt or reproach, whose means were equal to your own—why then—then—

LADY F. Then?

MATT. Then no rich or titled one of all your friends would pray more fervently for your happiness than the poor village doctor.

LADY F. And you, the upright, truth-loving Matthew Leigh would counsel me to wed for money?

MATT. Yes! For no one could suspect your motives. But if he were poor—

LADY F. Well?

MATT. Well, do you think any man of pure honor would allow the world to say—

LADY F. Pure honor? Allow the world to say? Oh, good heavens! How headstrong and how selfish, even in your best inclinations. You would then have given your own, and won a woman's heart—consign her to a life of long wretchedness from fear that the world, whose opinion the consciousness of your own rectitude should enable you to despise.

MATT. Florence, Florence, you try me too far. Were I but a thought nearer victory in this struggle for something more than mere existence, I even I, humble as I am, would then enter the list with those gayer cham-

pions, and fight my best to win, not your dowry, but your beauty and your true woman's heart.

LADY F. Then you—

MATT. I love you, Florence May. To my own misery be it spoken; and that love is part of my life; but true and pure as it is hopeless.

LADY F. Then blame yourself, if I am over-bold in saying that it—it—need not be hopeless, Matthew Leigh.

MATT. Oh, how have I deserved this happiness? And you believe I love you?

LADY F. I *will*, if you promise to let me have no more of your high-flown scruples.

MATT. Guide me! Direct me! Do with me as you will.

LADY F. And do you remember [*crosses*] I have too large a stake in the honor of the man I love to urge him to one action that should bring a blush into his face.

MATT. But your uncle will never—

LADY F. Leave him to me. I know more of his affairs than he thinks.

MATT. And my profession—

LADY F. You shall not leave it until—[*Matthew is about to kiss Lady Florence's hand when Sarah bolts in R.H.D. rubbing her elbows and her arms as if fresh from the washtub. He turns about suddenly on his heel and tries to look unconcerned. Florence smiles and turns away. Sarah blurts out her message as an excuse for her sudden appearance*]

SARAH. There be a man at the gate wants to speak to 'ee, zur.

MATT. I don't want to see any man. Tell him I can't see him now. Why do you hesitate?

SARAH. He be old and poor, zur, and them's the zort you never turn away.

LADY F. Nor shall he now! Admit the man, my good girl. [*Exit Sarah R.D.F.*] And while you see him, I'll go and inquire about our poor wounded knight. [*Gives her hand to Matthew, he holds it a moment in his*] Oh, 'tis your own, *do as you like*. [*He kisses it. Music. Exit Florence R.*]

MATT. I can hardly believe my happiness! What will Rosa say? And Tabitha? [*Enter Miles McKenna, disguised, R.H.D., unseen*] No matter, we'll leave that for—[*Crosses, sees Miles*] Now, my friend, say what you have to say and say it quickly. How can I serve you?

MILES. Not with your drugs. I want your attention and *that* only for a short time.

MATT. Well, shut the door and take a seat.

MILES. I will! And *near* you if you please; for it won't do for our conversation to be overheard.

MATT. Well, I'm all attention.

MILES. [At gesture from Matthew sits in chair R.H.] Is it true that of the little property your father left, you hold the half still in trust, in case the brother you mourn as lost should ever appear to claim it?

MATT. [Seated L.] I do not admit strangers to—

MILES. Strangers! Well, I'll take it for granted that you have done what the world gives you credit for. Now, what proofs do you require to convince you of your brother's existence?

MATT. First, his presence before me!

MILES. You have it! These gray locks are merely worn for a purpose. What! No hand for me?

MATT. I'm not convinced by mere assertion.

MILES. Well?

MATT. My brother at the time of his abduction wore a mysterious antique locket filled with his mother's hair.

MILES. [Producing it] You have it. What! No hand yet?

MATT. Great heavens!

MILES. Does it resemble the one you have heard described?

MATT. The same in every particular. I'm bewildered. Give me some explanation—some clue!

MILES. Easily done. The old steward of Rosedale had a son, John McKenna, whom I have always considered my father. He died some months since. Remorse, I suppose, or fright, induced him to reveal to me that I was no son of his; that I had been stolen by the gypsies for the sake of reward, with his connivance. No reward being offered, I remained a captive. As some atonement he confessed his crime, and gave me the trinket and letters with the proof of my birth and parentage. The letter I have safe. The locket you now hold in your hand.

MATT. And you are—

MILES. William Leigh! The branded felon, thief—forgery—but none the less your brother.

MATT. Oh! Shame and misery!

MILES. Well, that's just the welcome I expected. However, I'm not particular on that score; the money is all I care for.

MATT. Yet, this may be an imposition, after all.

MILES. Well, then, withhold the money. Become a robber like myself—denounce me to some magistrate—take the consequences if you dare.

MATT. [Rises in agitation] I dare not! Hark ye! You shall have this money—more—all I have that is not my—oh, Heaven! our sister's—on one condition!

MILES. Condition! Condition to a man who demands his own! [Rises, coolly]

MATT. No matter! I shall exact—. Hark, they are returning—go now! Leave me at once.

MILES. Shan't we meet again, brother?

MATT. Yes, but I'll meet you—or no—come here at ten tonight. But go! Go now.

MILES. Very well! The locket?

MATT. May I not retain it?

MILES. Retain it? Oh, no!—no. You're a very honest man I dare say, but I think I'd rather—[Takes it and exits R.D.]

MATT. And so beams the sunlight of happiness upon the heart, and in our hour of triumph so gathers the cloud of blackest woe; to burst in storm and tell us we are human. Well, well—have my father's teachings, all my own reflections, gone for nothing? No! I'll bear it! Face it like a man! Oh, Florence! Florence! Florence! [Sinks into chair]

LADY F. [Enters R.D.] I saw your visitor depart, and have come to—. Why, Matthew, are you ill? What's the matter?

MATT. No, I'm not ill—I'm simply thinking.

LADY F. Well?

MATT. How shall I bear your anger and contempt?

LADY F. What do you mean?

MATT. Florence, you never can be my wife.

LADY F. In the name of—

MATT. Ask me no cause. Have mercy on me; if you would have me state my reasons—suffice it that a disgrace, a foul disgrace, has fallen on the name you should have borne.

LADY F. [Reflects a moment] Oh! That man, your visitor; his strange, mysterious manner of coming. Oh, women's eyes are quick, the quicker where she loves. Some tidings of your brother?

MATT. No!

LADY F. And would you deceive me? You cannot if you would. You have heard things that have again called up those very scruples against the indulgence of which I warned you, Matthew Leigh. I am your affianced wife, you are my promised husband—would grief or shame to *me* induce you to break the troth?

MATT. Oh! Never, never!

LADY F. And will you deny me a share of that devotion to the hearts' choice which you yourself profess? Keep a good heart, Matthew, keep a good heart. We'll see this man together, his words and his pretensions, whatever

they may be, shall be thoroughly sifted, and if the worst or best result, it shall be the worst—or best—to both.

MATT. Florence, you're an angel. [Noise outside]

ROSA. [Without L.U.E.] Oh, Florence, Florence!

LADY F. What has happened?

MATT. Rosa's voice! [Rosa enters in great alarm and grief, passing window from L.U.E. She leans against sill of door, faint with grief and terror]

LADY F. Do not fear, Matthew, I am quite calm—quite calm. Quick, Rosa, explain this.

ROSA. Oh, dear Florence, I can hardly collect my thoughts. We took the park on our way home, and when we came to the Fern Copse, Arthur insisted on playing hide-and-seek. Two or three times he disappeared and I found him; at last he—he—ran off toward the pond and was so long gone I became frightened, 'looked everywhere, I ran to the side of the pond—

LADY F. [With a shudder] The pond? [Robert enters R.F.D., down R.]

ROSA. Yes, the Black Pond! I called, I sought in vain! I met several of the village people, they are seeking now. Oh, Robert, have you found him?

LADY F. Rosa, be calm. Well, Robert?

ROBERT. [R.] It be very curious—I've looked all around for half a mile, and I can't find him.

LADY F. Well, well, we shall find him, never fear. Why, Matthew! Why, Rosa, you silly child, you're both more frightened than I am.

GREEN. [Without L.U.E.] Where is my lady?

ROSA. Oh, thank Heaven, they have found him.

GREEN. [Farmer Green and villagers at R.D.F.] Oh, madam. My lady!

LADY F. Here? Arthur, my child?

GREEN. No, madam, I was coming from the house. I joined them searching near the Black Pond for my young master.

LADY F. Ah! [Farmer Green produces Arthur's straw hat, which he has held behind him. Florence clutches it in her hands, holding it before her and stands gazing at it. Elliott, Tabitha and Lady Adela enter R.D.F. Adela and Tabitha go to Matthew]

MATT. Oh, heavens! [Falls into chair. Elliot goes to Florence]

ROSA. Forgive me! Forgive me!

ELL. Florence! Florence! What is this?

ROSA. [Falling on her knees and embracing Florence] Speak to us, dearest—only one word! [Florence stands as if stricken into stone, her eyes still fixed on hat. Music as drop descends]

ACT IV.

SCENE I: *Chamber at Rosedale Manor. Window R.2.E. Another door R.F. Easy chair R.C. Stool on stage R.C. Lady Adela discovered R.C. Music at rise of curtain.*

LADY A. [Laying down letter she has been reading] Still no tidings! It is now—stay, let me think—yes, it is now a full year since the death of that poor child, and, oh, how deeply I feel for the desolation of the mother; widowed and childless! In one bereavement I am her fellow sufferer. The other—I dare not dwell on that. Dare not? Why? Let conscience ask, and oh, how quick will memory and repentance answer. What has become of that man, McKenna? And why did he leave our neighborhood a year ago, to visit this? Could he know that *one* event? And yet, if not, why that interview with me before he came here, and whence his threats in case I would not bribe him? I must not think! [Rises] Reflection only serves to increase doubt and fear!

ROSA. [Enters R.H.] Good afternoon, dear lady. You have not seen Florence yet?

LADY A. No, I arrived last night late, and they tell me she never quits her room 'till midday.

ROSA. Ah! Poor darling! She is inconsolable. Time, instead of soothing, seems only to intensify her grief. It is just a twelvemonth since we lost Arthur. This is the 23rd and the great ball she was going to have given to the Rifle Volunteers was to have been the 30th, and this is the end of all. As to my poor brother, his conduct completely mystifies me. He returned home an hour ago, after having been gone a month in search of some mysterious visitor, who came and went like a ghost on the very day of our great misfortune. Then there's Tabitha. She grows a deuced, crossed, old creature every day.

LADY A. If she makes you unhappy, Rosa, come to me.

ROSA. Oh! But she don't, bless you! I am her prime favorite but poor Sarah's the victim. I think she'll send that young woman to an early grave.

LADY A. Is not that Florence's step? [Music pp.]

ROSA. Yes, indeed it is. Oh, this day, this day! I almost dread to meet her! [Enter Lady Florence L.D. in deep mourning. Lady Adela goes to her, while Rosa wheels arm chair to C.]

LADY F. [L.] Ah! Dear Adela, you have arrived! How kind of you to leave the quiet, yet cheerful, comfort of your own home to visit so dull and dreary a place as Rosedale now. [Seated C.]

LADY A. Not dreary or dull to me, Florence, if I could see you more cheerful; but you *look* better, indeed you do. [*Rosa keeps behind chair*]

LADY F. [Smiles faintly] Do I? I hope I do, for my misery is not so selfish, but that I wish to be, and feel better for the sake of the dear few who love me. I will try, indeed I will, but I cannot forget that this—this—

LADY A. I know, dearest, this is the anniversary of that dreadful day.

LADY F. Yes! The long, dreary winter has passed; the beautiful summer has returned. The trees are green again, and the sweet flowers once more spring forth to life upon their delicate stems. But one rose, one little rose, whose blossoms lived through every season—my tree of life and love is gone! Yes, stems and flower have fallen to bloom no more!

LADY A. Come, come, dearest, you promised—

LADY F. I know! I know! Forgive me. There! I'm better even now. Have you seen Rosa? She is generally in my room early. Something keeps her at home this morning, I suppose—or is it—yes, I see—the foolish child fears to approach me on this day. She still persists in blaming herself. Poor girl, she does not know how deeply I love her or she would not.

ROSA. [Has just come from behind chair] Florence! Florence! [*Florence looks at her a moment and catches her to her heart*]

LADY F. There, there—and now—[Rises and crosses to R.] No other word on that subject today. These are my positive commands, and you know I will be a queen in Rosedale. Haven't you heard from Matthew?

ROSA. He returned today.

LADY F. And well?

ROSA. Oh, yes. A little fatigued, but—

LADY A. That is he crossing the lawn. Shall we go and tell him that you will see him?

LADY F. Yes, tell him to come to me here.

ROSA. [To Lady Adela] Poor fellow, he is almost as pale as she is. [*Exeunt Rosa and Lady Adela L.D.*]

LADY F. Dear, noble, high-minded Matthew Leigh! Every delicate act that true devotion could prompt he has lavished on me since that day, but no word of our engagement has ever crossed his lips; a true friend as well as devoted lover. He has respected the wretchedness he cannot alleviate. [*Matthew enters R.D.F.*] Oh, dear Matthew, how glad I am to see you again!

MATT. [R. Kisses her hand] And I, dear Florence, have had a weary, fruitless journey. I could have endured my disappointment better could I have found a shade more color in your face.

LADY F. But tell me—you have been—

MATT. Unsuccessful in my search! Alas! Yes, you know the whole truth about this man's visit and you can appreciate my state of mind.

LADY F. Matthew, if fate should throw your brother within reach of our sympathy for his unhappy lot and if our aid will make him fit for better things [*Colonel May enters R.H.D.F.*] we will do our duty. Do you hear me, Matthew? For it will then be *ours* and your—

COL. [C.] Will you pardon me for interrupting a conversation which I am sure must be agreeable to both parties? If I may judge by the familiar style of it. [*Elliot enters, unseen. R.D.*]

MATT. I beg, Colonel May, that you will not make an act of mine cause for a difference between your niece and yourself. I should indeed be sorry.

COL. Sir, you will excuse me if I say I cannot indulge in the luxury of your eloquence just now; and perhaps [*sic*] to come to the point at once I have long been aware of your pretensions with regard to Lady May, and I think it right and proper that you should understand at once that you cannot have countenance from me.

MATT. I shall imitate your brevity, Colonel, and simply assure you that *whatever* my pretensions may have been, I never had the slightest intention of submitting them either for your objection or approval!

LADY F. And as Colonel May appears inclined to make this a very disagreeable scene, suppose we change it, Mr. Leigh! Matthew, may I ask for your arm? [*Matthew gives his arm and they exeunt R.D.F.*]

ELL. [*Advances*] Very neat! Very neat, indeed!

COL. [*Crossing R.*] Oh, Mr. Grey, I'm afraid, sir, you were listening?

ELL. I am afraid I was. Yes, there's a pair of us. You see, Colonel, that I am a very intimate friend of both the lady and the gentleman, who have just left the room and my interest in their affection is so strong that I wished to gather your opinion also.

COL. Well, sir?

ELL. Well, I give my consent.

COL. Upon my word, sir, you are very liberal.

ELL. Why, yes; I think so—for I once had a penchant in that quarter myself. Now why can't you imitate my disinterestedness?

COL. I wish, sir, you would be good enough to attend to your own business.

ELL. I do! But, Lord, it amounts to so little that it hardly gives me decent employment. A small detachment—here under my command without a brother officer to speak to. The duty's so easy—

COL. Yes! So easy that you find time to gratify your elevated taste every now and then spending a few hours in the society of *play actors*!

ELL. What a funny thing it is, that when we are a little angry with that class of people we call them "play actors." As long as we are pleased with them they are "eminent artists" or "professional gentlemen," but the moment we wish to stigmatize them they are "play actors." Now I have seen a good many of them; they have their faults—oh, yes! But I have known men in other professions to be guilty of actions that "play actors" would be ashamed of!

COL. Sir, your manner would seem to imply some innuendo.

ELL. *Imply* some innuendo! Well, now, you do wound my self-conceit terribly. I thought my manner was quite significant enough to make you understand I was alluding to you. I flattered myself I was very pointed indeed!

COL. Sir, I'll take care to make you repent this insolence!

ELL. I dare say you will, by giving your consent to Matthew. I'll repent then and beg your pardon, too. If you don't, there's another niece of yours, quite as pretty as Florence. I met her at Brighton. I think she rather fancied me. Now if you don't behave like a worthy uncle in this matter, I'll marry that girl, become your near relation and then go on the stage. Wait till you see the bills—"Great novelty! Negro songs by Mr. Grey!"

COL. [Much irritated] You—

ELL. "A near relation of Colonel Cavendish May!"

COL. By Heaven, sir, you shall hear of this! [Exits R.D.F.]

ELL. "The gentleman will accompany himself on the banjo." There, I think I've made him comfortable for the day; Matthew and Florence gave him his dinner—and I just came in nicely for the dessert! [Enter Corporal Daw. R.D.F.] Well, Corporal, what news?

CORP. All right, sir; the party has been tracked.

ELL. Well?

CORP. Well, sir, I'm not good at long stories, so I got our sergeant, who's a schollard, to write a description of the place and the people. Here it is, sir. [Gives him paper]

ELL. Very good. I think you told me you had preserved the clothes you wore when you first came and asked to join the regiment?

CORP. Yes, sir.

ELL. If I required you to lend them to a friend of mine for a day or two, to do me a service—

CORP. Anything, Mr. Grey, to serve you; you've been the making of me.

ELL. Well, that will do.

ROSA. [Enters at door L.D.] Oh! You're busy—I'll go—

ELL. I beg you'll do nothing of the kind—

CORP. Any further commands at present, sir?

ELL. No, Corporal, you may go. [*Corporal salutes and exits R.D.E.*] A queer fellow that. When first he joined the regiment he was about as rough a customer as you would wish to look at. He has been a little of everything that is bad, I suspect, but now I believe we have made a good soldier of him, and a thorough soldier must be an honest man. Well, and how is poor Florence? I saw her a short time since, but I had no opportunity of speaking to her.

Rosa. [R.] Oh, she is as well as she can be on this day.

ELL. [Sitting C.] On this day?

Rosa. Yes, don't you remember?

ELL. Remember what?

Rosa. Good gracious! Do you forget that it is exactly one year today since we lost our little darling?

ELL. Oh, by-the-bye, so it is—yes!

Rosa. "Oh, by-the-bye—yes!" Really, Elliot, one would think you didn't care two straws about the matter.

ELL. Why?

Rosa. Why? [*Mimics*] How provoking you are! Why, because your tone and manners are so indifferent, that is why! And then, look at your conduct. While Colonel May and Matthew and everybody in the village was seeing the dreadful Black Pond was dragged and searched in every direction you never gave the least assistance.

ELL. What was the use of dragging a piece of water that we all knew was almost unfathomable?

Rosa. Well, you might have shown some interest in it, at any rate; but, oh, dear no! You must stay at the house all the time to comfort Florence.

ELL. Well, under such an affliction comfort is a necessary thing, isn't it?

Rosa. Yes, but not too much comfort. There's no occasion for kissing everybody that is miserable.

ELL. Kissing?

Rosa. Yes, you might have been sorry for Florence without kissing her!

ELL. Kissing her? Did I? Why, yes, I believe I did!

Rosa. I know you did. And then, your conduct since. You go to balls and parties and private theatricals. Poor people can't afford time for such things. I'm too busy at home! I'm dear Matthew's little cook now. Tabitha's going away for a week and Sarah's only fit for upstairs work. We poor people can't afford to be fine, Mr. Grey.

ELL. Mr. Grey! Oh, now you're angry! Come here, Rosa, and listen to me.

ROSA. Upon my word! "Come here, Rosa!" Your condescension is quite refreshing. No, sir! If you wish to be confidential, I think you may come to me.

ELL. Well, I've no objection.

ROSA. "No objection!" Haven't you, really! How very kind!

ELL. Rosa, have mercy; don't be so sarcastic.

ROSA. [Contemptuously] Sarcastic?

ELL. Yes! You're withering me into a cinder.

ROSA. You haven't enough *fire* in you for a cinder!

ELL. Oh! Now I'm ashes.

ROSA. Oh, go along!

ELL. Rosa, there's to be a ball on the 30th. I'm directing the preparations.

ROSA. Last year on the 30th there was to have been a ball. I should have been there—[Cries] poor Florence gave me a beautiful dress last year. Ah, I shall never wear it now. I shall never go to another ball.

ELL. Ball! You shall go to this one.

ROSA. I'll never go to another.

ELL. Yes, you will!

ROSA. I won't!

ELL. We shall see.

ROSA. What is it you wanted to say to me?

ELL. When?

ROSA. When? Why, just now when you had the assurance to tell me to come to you.

ELL. Oh, yes! I had something particular to request of you.

ROSA. Well, Elliot [Going towards him], you know very well [Gradually nearing him] that any request of yours will be cheerfully granted—but you shouldn't expect me to obey your orders like a child [Sitting on stool at his feet] because that is unreasonable, isn't it, Elliot?

ELL. Outrageous! And so, you see, I've come to you!

ROSA. Well, you needn't triumph over me, if I am a little fool.

ELL. You're a little darling! Now tell me what that pretty old-fashioned air is that you are continually singing about the house when I visit you in the village—

ROSA. Oh! I dare not sing it *here*. It was our darling boy's favorite song; he used to make me sing it to him two or three times every day.

ELL. I wish you'd teach it to me.

ROSA. For your private theatricals, I suppose?

ELL. Yes, I want to introduce it in a new part that I am going to play.

ROSA. What is it?

ELL. A sort of low comedy serious part.

ROSA. Well, tomorrow—

ELL. That won't do! Today! Now!

ROSA. But Florence—if she was to hear me she'd go distracted.

ELL. She's not in the house. Come! I've no time to lose.

ROSA. Well, it begins so [Sings]

“Lord Bateman he was a noble lord,
A noble lord he was of high degree;
He determined to go abroad
Strange countries for to see!”

ELL. [Sings] “Lord Bateman was a noble lord.”

ROSA. [Sings] “A noble lord he was of high degree.”

ELL. [Sings] “A noble lord he was of high degree.”

ROSA. Yes, it goes up [Sings] “A noble lord he was of high degree,” don't you see? [Sings] “of high degree.”

ELL. Oh! I see! I didn't take my high degree.

ROSA. No! Try it again.

ELL. [Sings] “A noble lord he was of high degree.”

ROSA. That's right! [Sings] “And he determined to go abroad, Strange countries for to see.”

ELL. [Sings] “And he determined to go abroad, Strange countries for to see!”

ROSA. No! No! No!

ELL. What's the matter?

ROSA. You're all abroad.

ELL. Well, he went abroad.

ROSA. Don't be silly, now. [Sings] “Strange countries for to see.” There's where you were wrong. [Sings] “to see.”

ELL. “To see”—I see!

ROSA. Now try it all.

ELL. [Sings] “Lord Bateman was a noble lord

A noble lord he was of high degree.

And he determined to go abroad,

Strange countries for to see.”

ROSA. That's it, exactly.

ELL. That's right, I believe. Ha! Ha! Ha!

ROSA. I'll write out the other words for you.

ELL. Umph! One o'clock! I must be off. Adieu for the present. Rosa! Rosa, dear, perhaps I may not—“perhaps never.” [Kisses her hand]

ROSA. Why, Elliot—

ELL. [Sings] "And he determined to go abroad"—There, good-bye! Don't forget the words for me. Good-bye. [Exit R.D.F.]

ROSA. How very odd his manner was! What could he mean by "perhaps never"? What curious creatures men are!

ELL. [Sings outside] "I'll go strange countries for to see."

ROSA. Oh! That's all wrong. [Runs to window, puts her head out and sings] "Strange countries for to see!"

ELL. [Sings outside] "Strange countries for to see!"

ROSA. [Sings] "See!"

ELL. [Sings outside] "See! See!"

ROSA. [Sings] "See!"

TAB. [Enters L.D.] See! Yes, I see! What in the name of common sense are you doing, Miss Rosa?

ROSA. I was just speaking—

TAB. Nothing of the sort. You were singing. Where's your brother?

ROSA. He was here, but he went out with Lady May.

TAB. Umph! Ah! I dare say. I want to see him particularly. He must know of my intention of going away for a short time.

ROSA. He does know of it. I told him of it the moment he arrived.

TAB. But he must know why I go.

ROSA. That I couldn't tell him, for I don't know myself.

TAB. I'm going to look at a cottage twenty miles from this.

ROSA. Bless me, what a curious reason! There are plenty of cottages here, ain't there?

TAB. Miss Leigh, I wouldn't be absent if I were you. I'm going to look at a cottage *that is to let*.

ROSA. For a friend?

TAB. Nothing of the sort! For myself.

ROSA. Now, Tabitha, don't be wicked and cruel and talk about leaving us. I'm sure there's enough misery here.

TAB. Ah, you wouldn't care if I *did*.

ROSA. Oh, you dreadful old woman. I'm ashamed of you.

TAB. You think of nothing now but fine people, and their griefs and troubles—or—yes, one thing perhaps occupies you more. But what's a poor, old, affectionate, foolish nurse to a young dragoon officer?

ROSA. Now, Tabitha—

TAB. Never mind; I must see your brother before I go. He and I must have a serious conversation about you. If he's been blind, I haven't.

ROSA. What's the matter with you, Tabitha? You know and *see* his attachment for Lady May, and *that* don't trouble you at all.

TAB. He's a man. He can take care of himself. I've known him since boyhood and I love him too! But I nursed you, I—I—I—Oh! You naughty girl to love anything better than me.

ROSA. Tabitha, you'll put me in a passion presently. [Cries] I'm getting very cross; I should like something now.

TAB. [L.] Well, then, don't cry, and I'll do anything. Don't. There's a dear. Come, we'll go and find your brother together. Come now, don't cry. I can't bear that!

ROSA. Well, then, don't think unkindly of Elliot.

TAB. Ugh! He's a nasty—

ROSA. He isn't!

TAB. Careless—

ROSA. Rather—

TAB. Impudent—

ROSA. A little—

TAB. Handsome—

ROSA. Very!

TAB. Teasing wretch!

ROSA. But he *loves me* dearly!

TAB. Bless him! Bless him! Bless him! Bless him! [Exeunt L.D. The scene gradually disappears revealing Scene 2]

SCENE 2: *The gypsy dell by starlight. Gypsy music. A picturesque group. Docksey leaning on seat L. Romany leaning smoking against rock R. Mother Mix seated at back of fire C. A gypsy in front of tent, half lying back to audience, and another between second tent and fire. One leaning against wing L.2.E. One on second rock piece L.H. swinging leg. One back to audience facing another man, L.1.E.; one man seated on steps R.H.; one leaning against upper end of step.*

DOCK. [L.] Hey! Mother Mix, you know the stars. When's "big pal" to come back?

MOTHER M. [C.] When he comes, he comes. Let that content you. D'ye think his comings and goings are to be talked on by such as you?

ROM. [R.] That's right, mother; give it to him, he's always prying.

DOCK. Well, if I pry, I don't prig.

MOTHER M. No! You're one of the small curs. You let the big hands find the prey and you pick the bones.

DOCK. Ecod, mother, I wouldn't pick yours. There ain't nothing on 'em.

ROM. If you insult the mother, I'll crack your topknot.

Dock. Well, what's she always backing up everything the "big pal" does, for? He ain't no conjurer to be never wrong. I'll tell you I don't like him to be so near the place where soldiers are quartered, and I don't see what's the sense—[*Low peculiar whistle is heard L.H.*]

Rom. Hush!

Dock. By jingo, that's his pipe! [*Whistle again*]

Rom. All right. [*Imitates whistle*] Now Docksey, if you've anything to say to the "big pal" here he is. [*Music. Enter Miles McKenna L.U.E.*]

Miles. Well, my jolly birds, my Romanys, my night rabbits, how goes it in the burrow?

Rom. All right here. Watches awake, women and kinchen asleep.

Mother M. Who's with you?

Miles. Well done, old mother, you can tell firm footsteps on the green turf while the rest of the rabbits have their ears flat on their backs. Hist! Pals vanish! Gentry cove to palaver—quiet and easy! [*Exeunt gypsies R. and L.*] Now for my gentleman partner. Come across, sir. Come across. The bridge is safe, though slender, and it spans a wide gap. There, all right! Here you are!

Col. [*Enters cloaked L.U.E.*] Now, my friend, as few words as you will, and as much said as possible.

Miles. Just my way, Colonel.

Col. Why have you not applied to me for the money?

Miles. I didn't earn it.

Col. What! You had no hand in—

Miles. No! D'ye think I'm a fool? Abduction's cheap at 500 pounds, but murder—

Col. Hush!

Miles. Oh, don't you fret; my rabbits know me. I serve eavesdroppers a short, sharp meal.

Col. But you saw—

Miles. I saw him *sink*.

Col. And made no effort to save him?

Miles. Not a step; though if I had his mother would have come down handsomely; and that's why I think you still owe me 500 pounds as a debt of honor.

Col. Here's a check for the money. [*Gives it*]

Miles. Ah, ha! [*Takes it*] You're flush. They'll lend to the *heir direct*, eh?

Col. You can earn double that—

Miles. Let it be quickly, then, for I want to get out of England.

Col. Hush! Hark!

Rom. [*Enters L.U.E. down steps*] Stranger cove, with the password.

MILES. Send him 'round to the bridge. [*Exit Romany L.U.E.*] Now, Colonel, quick, now while they're coming 'round. Tomorrow at this hour.

COL. Tomorrow! [*Exit L.U.E.*]

MILES. What does he want now? Umph! Oh, I see—that talk we had about the Leighs, my *family* secrets! But what the devil are they to him? What shu' he care?

ROM. [*Enters L.U.E.*] Stranger cove!

MILES. Unarmed?

ROM. Searched him! Not so much as a hazel twig on him.

MILES. Right!

ROM. [*Calls*] Come! [*Enter Elliot, L.U.E., disguised as Coll, the Crack*]

MILES. Welcome!

COLL. Daws the ticket.

MILES. "Tis "Coll, the Crack"! Glad to see you, my pal. Tip us your flipper. Here, my rabbits, my Romanys, up and hither! [*Gypsies all enter*] Quick, a hand and a can for Coll, the Crack! [*Gypsies get cans and bottles from tents R. and L.*] The knowingest lad, the downiest cove, and the best crib cracker in London. [*Gypsies all group around Coll*] Another grip of your mawley, my lad; here's to your good health, and welcome to the burrows! Good health and welcome! [*All drink*]

ELL. Thank ye, my boys, thank ye. Daw told me that I should find a jolly roaring lot! Thems the coves for Coll.

MILES. And what's the lay now, Coll, in this toggery?

ELL. Worn out sojer. Come home from the Crimea in very bad health.

ALL. Hal Ha! Ha!

ELL. Got the consumption. [*Coughs*] Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!

MILES. There's a new pal, boys. I'll forgive Johnny Daw anything now, after sending us such a cove. I say, Coll, this beard grew out of that last affair, eh?

ELL. Why yes. You see in that affair at Mit Chain I not only cracked the crib, but I cracked the old gentleman's skull. So the perlice air uncommon active after me this time.

MILES. And Corporal Johnny Daw, like a faithful old pal, told you where you'd find friends and shelter and told us to expect you.

ELL. That 'ere is just the very way of it. Give us a drop more tipple if this is the way the rabbits lush, I vish I vas a hare.

ALL. Why, Coll, why?

ELL. 'Cos he's a size larger and can take in more on it.

ALL. Ha! Ha! Ha!

ROM. It's high and jolly with the boys tonight. Let's have a song.

ALL. Aye, aye, a song! A song!

MILES. Coll, give us the "Crackman's Chant." That's the flash jingle in London now.

ELL. Oh, hexcuse me.

MILES. Come now, no nonsense!

ELL. I'm so aged 'orse.

ALL. Oh, never mind—do it.

MILES. Come, Coll, chaunt! Hiere wet your whistle again!

ELL. Vell, 'ere goes. Now pals mind the chows. [Sings. Song, "Luddy Fuddy"—*The Crackman's Chant*]

1.

"I seed three p'licemen in the Strand,
Luddy, fuddy, oh, poor Luddy, heigho,
I seed three p'licemen in the Strand,
And I know'd as they'd got a chase on hand.
Luddy, fuddy, oh, poor Luddy, heigho.
Luddy, fuddy, oh, poor Luddy, heigho.

Chorus

2.

"And I seed as they axed each passer-by,
Luddy, fuddy, oh, poor Luddy, heigho,
And I seed as they axed each passer-by,
And I knew as the cove what they wanted was I,
Luddy, fuddy, oh, poor Luddy, heigho.

Chorus

3.

"First they axed a Frenchman they chanced to meet,
Luddy, fuddy, oh, poor Luddy, heigho,
First they axed a Frenchman they chanced to meet,
'Il est là! vous le trouverez toute de suite.'
Luddy, fuddy, oh, poor Luddy, heigho.

Chorus

4.

"Then they axed a Dutchman, 'Ya mynheer,'
Luddy, fuddy, oh, poor Luddy, heigho,
'I see jist sesh man bass py here,
Vile I sits at mein door and trinks mine peer.'
Luddy, fuddy, oh, poor Luddy, heigho.

Chorus

"Now why did this throw them off the track,
 Luddy, fuddy, oh, poor Luddy, heigho,
 Now why did this throw them off the track?
 'Cos Frenchman and Dutchman was both 'Coll, the Crack'!
 Luddy, fuddy, oh, poor Luddy, heigho."

Chorus

ALL. Bravo! Good!

MILES. And now, my covies, let's go to roost. Coll's had a long tramp and must want a snooze. Back to earth my Romanys. [*Exeunt gypsies. Music*] Now, Coll take as best you can, a nest. I must across the bridge and watch the lane. All's fair with the Romany boys. Each must take his turn to watch. 'Tis mine tonight.

ELL. Oh, I shall snooze a down 'ere, I shall.

MILES. Good night then and a good sleep on your first night in the warren.

ROM. [*Enters R.U.E.*] I'm certain I heard—hello! comrade, not asleep?

ELL. Why no! You see ve old 'ands like to make ourselves comfortable under all circumstances.

ROM. All right. Only don't go it too loud or you'll wake the women.
 [Exit Romany R.]

ELL. [*Sings*]

"Lord Bateman was a noble lord,
 A noble lord he was of high degree.
 And father to a pretty boy
 Whom all his friends thought might drowned be."

[*By this time he is seated on a stool R.2.E. Arthur gradually steals across the grass. Elliot sings*]

"But one there was for reasons good,
 Who thought this boy alive and well,
 And so he came to the wild, wild, wood,
 To find and take him to his mother dear.
 A false face did this friend put on
 The little child full soon the truth did find,
 And when he—"

[*Child has removed beard and kneeling on his R. reveals the features of Elliot Grey*]

ARTHUR. Elliot!

ELL. Hush, my darling! Oh, I was right! Thank God! Thank God!

ARTHUR. Oh, dear Elliot, have you come to take me home?

ELL. Hush! Yes, but you must be very quiet, very quiet, or we shall never get safe away. Now answer my questions. First, do you remember playing hide-and-seek with Rosa? [Music. Romany enters R.U.E., sees them—glides rapidly across stage at back and off L.H.]

ARTHUR. Yes! Oh, yes!

ELL. Did you go near the Black Pond?

ARTHUR. Not very near. I was hiding in the hawthorn hedge when someone crept close to me. I thought it was Rosa and laughed, when he threw a coat over my head so I could not cry out and then he ran off with me—while—

ELL. That will do.

ARTHUR. Oh, dear Elliot, I thank you so much for coming to me. I've cried for my mamma and Rosa; oh, such wicked men as these gypsies are. They have tried to teach me to lie and steal!

ELL. But you did not?

ARTHUR. I did not lie—but once I did steal.

ELL. What?

ARTHUR. But you won't be angry with me when you know—[*Miles and Romany enter L.U.E. Miles has a heavy bludgeon. Romany exits R.H.U.E.*]

ELL. Faith I was just in time with—well—well—we'll hear all that by-and-bye. Now, Arthur, you must mind me and do exactly what I tell you. Miles McKenna, who stole you, is a dangerous man. [*Miles has quietly come down L.*]

MILES. Very! [Chord]

ARTHUR. Ah! [Gets R. of Elliot and hides face in Elliot's breast]

MILES. Very dangerous under the present circumstances. Do you remember what you said to me the last time we met? "My friend, I'll trouble you for that child."

ELL. And do you remember what you got for trying to keep him?

MILES. I'm going to show you whether I do or not! Perhaps you recollect the purpose of my visit to you that night?

ELL. Perfectly well, and a very disagreeable one, too; still it was a visit and I thought I would return the call.

MILES. Upon my soul you're a game chicken and I could almost find it in my heart to let you go.

ELL. Thank you! I mean to go, and take this young gentleman with me!

MILES. Oh! You do?

ELL. Yes! I've got my right hand again.

MILES. And I've got twenty right hands! [Whistles. Music. Enter gypsies R. and L.] What say you to my rabbits?

ELL. I say, up Lancers!! [*Soldiers appear with torches, R. and L. on rocks and wherever there's a chance. Lights up. Corporal Daw gives Sword to Elliot*] What say you to my Lancers?

TABLEAU. QUICK CURTAIN

ACT V.

SCENE I: *Room in Matthew Leigh's cottage. Same as Act II. All the furniture clear of grooves. See inkstand on desk. Rosa discovered.*

ROSA. It's of no use, I can't remain in the kitchen, stuck there at the back of the house. Oh, dear! I'm afraid poor Matthew will find sister Rosa's a very careless cook. But those curious words of Elliot's when he left me, absolutely haunt my mind! What did he mean by that look? And, "perhaps I may never—never—"; "perhaps I may never"—I'll just have another look and then go for the—[*Goes up to D.F.*] Why here comes Mr. Bunberry Kobb. Dear me! I must receive him, I suppose, so I can't begin my pie yet. Oh! My apron! I'll just take that off, and then,—Ah! I remember, old Kobb said he was coming to see Tabitha Stork and ask her if she would like to take charge of his house. He told me he was quite taken with her stately appearance. My gracious! I do think he wishes to marry her! Oh dear! [*Exit R.D.*]

KOBB. [*Enters D. in F.*] Miss Stork at home?

ROSA. [*Outside R.*] Oh, yes, Mr. Kobb. Please sit down—she'll be with you in a minute.

KOBB. Thank you. Yes, Colonel Sir Cavendish is a devilish high-minded man. Here he is, by this child's death, positively heir presumptive to the estates and money as well as possessor of the title, and all must come to him if he resolutely sets his face against the widow marrying—and yet he gives me hope—absolutely hopes the lady—But—well, I think my chances are fair. I have seen the errors of my ways in the matter of dress and I think my future get-up in that department will show I have not been to London for nothing. Yes! When I do take courage to speak, I'll have everything cut and dried; I'll offer her an establishment equal to her own; a husband whose personal *appearance* the advance of age has hardly touched. Horses! carriages—servants—ah, servants! Now I want very much to tell her that Miss Tabitha Stork will superintend that department. I've profoundly respected that woman ever since I felt the sting of her traps. Yes, I'll question—by jingo! there she is! [*Enter Tabitha R.I.E.*] Good morning, Miss Tabitha. Miss Leigh has told you of my desire for a conversation?

TAB. Yes, sir.

KOBB. Pray be seated.

TAB. Nothing of the sort, sir! I know my place.

KOBB. [Seated at table] Ah! Miss Stork, I trust this will not always be your place.

TAB. [Aside] That's a hint, at any rate.

KOBB. As you are prepared for what I am going to say I shan't beat about the bush, but come to the point at once.

TAB. [Aside] Upon my word, I feel a little flustered. [Aloud] If you please, sir?

KOBB. Miss Stork—ahem—Tabitha!

TAB. Sir:

KOBB. Oh! come, you must allow me to call you Tabitha, in anticipation that it will soon be my right.

TAB. Upon my word, sir!

KOBB. Tabitha, I want you to change your home.

TAB. [Aside] The girl was right, he does want to marry me.

KOBB. And have the control of mine. Now, what do you say?

TAB. Of course I did not understand Miss Leigh?

KOBB. What did she say?

TAB. She said that you were pleased to admire my general appearance.

KOBB. All right—I do.

TAB. And that you wished to elevate me by placing in my hands the keys to Kobb Hall.

KOBB. Quite right, I do. Now your answer?

TAB. Well, Mr. Kobb, my answer will be a decided one. I thank you very sincerely for the compliment, though the communication was somewhat sudden.

KOBB. Oh! no, we won't do anything suddenly; marriage is my ultimate intention, to be sure, but—

TAB. Sir!

KOBB. But, my good creature, there are many things to be thought of first.

TAB. I don't quite—

KOBB. Why, you'd better come to Kobb Hall at once and see how you like the place.

TAB. What?

KOBB. It is necessary we should find out how we get on together.

TAB. Eh!

KOBB. Because neither of us would like to buy a pig in a poke.

TAB. Why, you—

KOBB. So, you'd better live with me a month or so before the marriage takes place. Do you see?

TAB. Yes, I *do* see! I see plain enough you are a villain!

KOBB. Hello!

TAB. A wicked, old hypocritical—

KOBB. [Jumps up] Why, what the devil's the matter with you?

TAB. But you've got the wrong sort of person to deal with.

KOBB. [Aside] She's cracked!

TAB. Now I understand the story about that before—Dolly Darkins—

KOBB. What d'ye mean, woman?

TAB. Woman! Nothing of the sort! But no matter—quit the house!

KOBB. With much pleasure! [Going] but—

TAB. And quickly or I may forget my sex.

KOBB. You needn't trouble yourself. [Aside] I'll send a policeman to look after her.

TAB. You're an impudent, rascally libertine! But I'll go to the child—she that misunderstood your motives. Give me a house!

KOBB. Yes, I would—

TAB. Ah!

KOBB. In a lunatic asylum!

TAB. Ugh! You hardened sinner! [Exit D.R.I.]

KOBB. I've made a pleasant day's work of it. [Going. Is met by Lady Adela and Colonel May R.H.D.]

COL. Hello! You're in a hurry.

KOBB. Well, I *was* but now there's some protection for life and limb; I'm not so pressed.

LADY A. [Crosses to C.] Life and limb? Why what's the matter, Mr. Cobb?

KOBB. Matter? Why, that dreadful old person who caught me in her traps is now more inclined to murder me than not.

LADY A. What has happened?

KOBB. No matter—Hello! an idea strikes me; by jingo! I believe the dragon thought at first I was going to marry her!

LADY A. Oh, nonsense!

COL. Upon my word I shouldn't be at all astonished; these Leights are a pushing family, and the quality may extend to the domestics.

LADY A. [C.] Why, how do you mean?

COL. I have reason to know that the doctor's pretensions to my niece are unequivocal, and his sister, not to be behind-hand in presumption, looks to no less person than Elliot Grey, Esquire, a lieutenant in her Majesty's Lancers!

LADY A. Ah!

COL. You may well be horrified, my dear Lady Adela.

KOBB. Horrified? I should think so! But Elliot would never demean himself by such a thing.

LADY A. Pray be quiet, Mr. Cobb!

KOBB. But, confound it, my lady, I am a connection of the family and I feel it a degradation.

LADY A. Rest satisfied; this union *never* shall, *never* can take place!

COL. Ah, my dear friend, you don't know what has been going on in your absence.

LADY A. Oh! this is too dreadful! But I deserve it for leaving them near one another. I must at once see to this! Sir Cavendish, pray give me your arm to the carriage—this—this has somewhat overcome me!

COL. My dear Lady Adela, you are faint—let me call—

LADY A. No! No! No! Action! Action! I must go at once and find Elliot. Great Heavens! I dare not think of this. I must at once make sure! Come, sir, pray come. [*Exit with Colonel R.D.F.*]

KOBB. I'll go with you. I'll see to this, too! What! A member of the oldest family in the country! How dare you? But there's no fear of Elliot—he has lots of pride, and oh, by the lord! but we'll settle these Leights and confound the old woman and all her works.

ROSA. [*Enters R.H.D.*] Yes, he's gone! Well upon my word I never saw or heard of such a queer end of such a pleasant beginning. Tabitha's in an awful temper. I wonder what he said? She says he's a villain and I'm never going to speak to him again. Well, now I can't get my flour—and—ah! there's the gate open again. [*Runs and opens door R. flat*] Here comes Florence, I declare; and so early. What can it mean? [*Florence enters R.D.F.*] Come in, dear, I'm all alone and I am so glad to see you. Now you must consent to go to the ball.

LADY F. The ball! Impossible!

ROS A. Well, at least you'll put on the dress and sit for the picture?

LADY F. Well, well—I'll see about it.

ROS A. Ah! there's somebody. [*Runs and opens door. Meets Colonel as he enters abruptly*] Oh! [*She shows disappointment*]

COL. Sorry I'm not a young lieutenant of dragoons instead of an ex-officer of the guards, my dear young lady, but so it is—unfortunately. I saw you, Florence, at a distance and followed you here because I wished particularly to speak to you—if Miss Leigh will kindly give us permission?

ROS A. Oh! certainly, Colonel. [*Aside*] Matthew's pie must wait a little while longer. [*Aloud*] I have business in the kitchen and shall be occupied

for the next ten minutes; so pray make yourself at home here. [Aside] I'll go into the garden and watch for Elliot. [Exit R.D.]

LADY F. [L.] We are alone, sir! What is the subject of—

COL. [R.] I should suppose the place in which we meet might have suggested it, so let us approach it without further, or false, delicacy.

LADY F. Oh, don't fear on that point. I am aware that delicacy is quite thrown away on you!

COL. [Aside] Sarcastic little devil! [Aloud] Well, then—as business will soon call me to London, I think it right, before I go, to reiterate my fixed determination never to consent to your marriage with Mr. Leigh.

LADY F. Well, sir?

COL. I have nothing to add, Florence, except that I really regret that my duty compels me to this decision! [Matthew enters R.D.F.]

LADY F. Your regret, sir, is very consoling—and doubtless sincere, but Mr. Leigh [Matthew comes forward on hearing his name] can afford to dispense with your sympathy. In return for your candor, pray accept mine! My word is pledged to Matthew Leigh—I shall not belie it!

COL. [Aside] Victory! Victory! [Aloud] Oh, I never presumed otherwise and as the property—excuse my abrupt business way—will then be mine, I shall make you and your husband such an allowance—

MATT. [Comes forward] Indeed, sir, you will not!

LADY F. Matthew!

MATT. One moment, dear Florence. I'm not much of a tactician, sir, but I think I see the drift of your maneuver; however Lady May will not be my wife. She refuses me.

LADY F. Matthew!

MATT. She refuses to see me pointed at as the man who selfishly sacrificed a fine property to a sentiment he could not conquer. She refuses to place the noble old home of her husband's ancestors at the disposal of a gamester. She refuses to relinquish the bounteous name of doing good to the suffering poor around here—that a few fakes and spendthrifts may be the better for it—and last of all, she refuses to see her husband the recipient of your allowance!

LADY F. Matthew!

MATT. Florence! Dear Florence! I am still your friend—your lover—your adorer. I will ever be near you to guide, console, advise, and can consecrate a life to you! But my life shall wither, and my spirit break before you become the victim of that man!

COL. Outmaneuvered for the present!

ELL. [Enters R.D.F.] Good afternoon, Florence. Gentlemen, your most

obedient servant. Why, what's the matter? Very long faces for such an afternoon. Oh, I see—the renewal of a former discussion.

COL. [R.] Yes, sir, and with the same result!

ELL. Oh, I hope not.

COL. Your hopes will not stand in the way of my determination, believe me.

ELL. [Crosses to *Lady Florence*] Florence, I have something very particular to say to your uncle. Don't think me rude if I ask you and Matthew to walk quietly to Rosedale, and wait for me, if you arrive there first. I ask this as a favor.

LADY F. Nay, Elliot, I fear a quarrel.

ELL. What, between the Colonel and I? Bless your soul, impossible. I know the Colonel—his motives and disposition at this moment better than anyone except himself. We shall understand each other in five minutes.

LADY F. Whatever be the result of your understanding with him, my resolve is taken. As a relative I disown him! As a friend, an acquaintance even, I renounce him! And I will never of my own choice exchange one word with him again! Matthew, I shall await Elliot's arrival at Rosedale. [Exit *R.D.F.*]

ELL. And Matthew, permit me to thank you for giving me the use of your parlor—to your own disturbance, perhaps?

MATT. Not at all. [Crossing hastily and abruptly to *R.H.D.*] I have business in the surgery.

ELL. It is very essential to me and to Florence—do you mark me?—to Florence, that you should at once dress for our ball at the barracks tonight—and be ready to go with me to Rosedale. I cannot explain now. Enough that I tell you it is most important that you should do as I desire.

MATT. All right! I'll do it! [Exit *Matthew R.D.*]

ELL. Now, Colonel May!

COL. Excuse me—it's rather bad taste to press one's title—still I should prefer to feel that you are quite aware to whom you are speaking. *Sir Cavendish May*, if you please.

ELL. I shall remember and whenever necessary observe the correction. Now, for business—I want you to give your consent to your niece's marriage with Matthew Leigh.

COL. And, what claim have you, sir, to interfere in my family affairs?

ELL. I don't interfere, observe that I simply request.

COL. And I simply refuse.

ELL. If that poor child were alive, you would consent.

COL. Never, sir!

ELL. Your plans will fail.

COL. My plans?

ELL. Both of them! Shall I tell you what they are? If they marry without your consent—we know your advantage. If they don't, you know, that though elderly, you are well preserved, and you think you'll break her heart, and possess Rosedale after she's gone! But, lord bless you! I've known Florence ever since she was a child. She has an enormous constitution and—candor compels me to say—that you are getting shaky.

COL. Sir, you are—

ELL. Well, ask Matthew, he's a medical man.

COL. Sir! I will endure no more of this impertinence. [Rises and gets near door R.F.]

ELL. One moment's look at this paper—it is important. [Gives paper]

COL. My written consent to the marriage. [About to tear paper]

ELL. Stay, 'till I have explained.

COL. I will not listen. [Going]

ELL. Miles McKenna is arrested! [Colonel stops] Don't go, Colonel! [Colonel comes back] Miles McKenna has made a confession! Sit down, Colonel! [Colonel sits R.]

COL. Well, sir, how does this concern me?

ELL. You shall hear. According to his confession, Miles McKenna—*who will persist in believing you caused his arrest*, says he promised to take away the child, if you would give him 500 pounds. The proof of your consent was initials cut in the old willow, near the Black Pond. At first you were virtuously indignant, but at last the *willow was cut*, and the child was to have been abducted, had he not otherwise been disposed of.

COL. Balderdash! What *proofs* that I cut the willow?

ELL. Only these! Your valet being asked, says you were never known to carry a knife since he served you! But you bought one in the village the very day the child was lost! Will that do? No? Well, you have visited Miles McKenna since his arrival in this neighborhood. Will that do? No? There's the check you gave him, with your signature—will that do?

COL. Damnation!

ELL. Ah! Ha! That will do! Colonel May, sign that paper!

COL. And if—

ELL. There's no *ifs*! Sign that paper and I'll give you this. I can, for I bought it. Refuse and you shall be in jail in half an hour.

COL. Will you listen to no terms? Stay! It is signed—there!

ELL. And there! [Gives check] And now, as through circumstances you'll be hard up—you had better try to earn your bread in an honest way. But I

would not advise you to go on the stage. You've lowered one profession, don't disgrace another. [Exit *Colonel R.D.F.*] I think I may consider that portion of our home affair as settled in a satisfactory manner, although I hardly thought it would happen here. I hope Rosa has attended to all instructions about the ball. She is no doubt dressing by this time and [Rosa enters R.D. with flour board, etc.; sees Elliot, screams, drops rolling pin and tries to rush into his arms, but is prevented by flour board]

ROSA. Elliot! There, now just look at what you've done. Now, sir, pray where have you been these two days?

ELL. Employed in particular service.

ROSA. Particular service, indeed! Sending me your watch and frightening me to death.

ELL. Well, never mind that. Tell me, have you persuaded Florence to dress for the ball?

ROSA. Oh! No! I did not dare to do that, but I persuaded her to sit for her photograph in the dress she would have worn last year, and she is to try it on tonight.

ELL. That will do! Now, Rosa, be on your guard. I'm going to astonish you—Arthur May—

ROSA. Elliot!

ELL. I never believed him drowned. I had my suspicions of a certain Miles McKenna. I employed a faithful corporal in my regiment, who had formerly been a comrade of McKenna's. He ferreted out all the other's movements, and my suspicions were confirmed. I studied a new part, went out among the gypsies—

ROSA. And you found—

ELL. Exactly!

ARTHUR. [Outside, R.] Rosa! Rosa!

ROSA. [Overjoyed] Oh! [Throws herself into Elliot's arms with a scream, whitens him with flour. He gets away from her. She runs off R.D.R. calling] Florence! Florence! [He follows her. Closed in]

SCENE 2: A sort of folding door on a gigantic scale, forming a means of opening or shutting the conservatory.

SARAH. [Enters R.] Well, I think as how I do look smartish. So I be to keep the ladies' dressing room at the grand ball. I a main heap sooner take of the gentlemen's hats for them. Maybe some young officer would take a fancy to me for I know I'm parsonable. I'm better looking any day than Dolly Darkins, the housemaid at Kobb Hall. She that they said Squire prom-

ised to marry, and ain't he grand? [Kobb enters *L.I.E.* with a *chassez* and strikes attitude in *C. Costume, modern black suit*]

KOBB. I am told she will be a looker-on at the ball, though not there to dance. No matter—she'll see me dance and she'll see that clumsy fellow, Matthew Leigh, and then I think—after all, there's something devilish becoming in the modern style—But why were we all to meet here? No matter. [Sees Sarah] Eh? Oh! Oh! Yes, the doctor's housemaid. Young woman—ahem—have the goodness to—is my back hair parted straight?

SARAH. Beautiful! It be like the pathway between t' cabbages in master's garden.

KOBB. Thank you! [Aside] Cabbages! The first remark upon my get-up is not flattering.

SARAH. Beg pardon, sir, those be pretty. [Pointing to shoes]

KOBB. It's the foot, Sarah! the foot that gives the effect.

SARAH. Be it now?

KOBB. Yes, but certainly they are well made pumps.

SARAH. What?

KOBB. Pumps! Dancing pumps!

SARAH. Ha! Ha! Ha! Well, that be good! Pumps—pumps! on your feet—Ha! Ha! Ha! D'ye think I be a fool?

KOBB. Well, to tell you the truth—

SARAH. He! He! He!

KOBB. What are you giggling at? Go along with you.

SARAH. Oh, of course, I'll go. Ha! Ha! Ha! Pumps on your feet—why don't 'ee put *tubs* on your head? Ha! Ha! Ha! [Exit, giggling *R.I.E.*]

KOBB. Ugh! You ignorant savage! I wonder if the back of my hair is all right? I'd have parted the hair on the top if I had had my way. Now look for my book. [Takes out small book] Let me see? Here we are! "New Rifle Cotillion" I shall have the best of my friend Leigh here, at any rate. Now then, "advance" [Dances *ad lib*] "turn partners,"—no, that's not it—"chassez" [Dances]

TAB. [Without *R.*] He must be here!

KOBB. It's the voice of the dragon!

TAB. [Off] And I must see him!

KOBB. I hear her complain!

TAB. [Off] I'll find him.

KOBB. She's coming too soon—

TAB. [Off] Very well!

KOBB. I must vanish again! [Dances off *L.I.E.*]

TAB. [Enters R.I.E.] No, I've quite made up my mind! I'll bear this state of thing no longer. I'll explain the truth, and take the consequences.

MATT. [Enters L.I.E.] Ah, Tabitha, have you seen Lady May?

TAB. Yes, I came here to see her and ask her advice—and to find you also.

MATT. If what you have to say to me will take long—

TAB. Nothing of the sort. In two words, Mr. Leigh, I am going to reveal the truth, and claim my own.

MATT. I understand you, but why? Have I ever failed in my duty since you told me?

TAB. Nothing of the sort. But still—

MATT. Come, come, Tabitha, you know I have always intended you should do this. But *defer it now*, for my sake; you will. My brother is found.

TAB. What?

MATT. True, true! as we live and speak together.

TAB. Heavens! And he is—

MATT. A returned convict! recently arrested and in prison!

TAB. Oh, my poor, good, kind Matthew! This is dreadful!

MATT. There, there, be calm, dear Tabitha. I have need of all my firmness, pray, pray do not distress me more! I must at once to see Florence.

TAB. I have just left her—she has finished dressing.

MATT. Dressing for the ball?

TAB. No, merely preparing a dress at Rosa's desire to sit for her picture, when she received some letter which concerned you, and—

ELL. [Enters L.I.E. in full uniform] Here you are, Matthew, that's right. You are a good fellow to be so punctual. The fact is I've a surprise for you all. But before introducing that I must request you, my dear Miss Tabitha, to withdraw while Matthew and I hear what a gentleman whom we expect every moment, has to communicate.

TAB. Well, if it's more difficult to guess than some I have for you, it must be wonderful indeed. [Exit, R.I.E.]

ELL. Now, Matthew, I want you to remain a few moments, for this hateful brother of yours has a communication of importance, he says, and I have had him brought here at once.

MATT. Oh, spare me his presence here in this house. I can endure—I have endured much and at the proper time—

MILES. [Enters with Robert and James down L.I.E.] You'll see—your relatives, eh? I'm sorry I'm obliged to intrude upon you *here*, I'm sure. [To servants] Gentlemen, I've something to say which I'm sorry you can't hear. You can guard me just as well outside.

ELL. Remain one at each door, and hark ye—[Whispers to servants. They exit *L.I.E.*]

MILES. And now, you've had *your* chance at last, gaily tricked out ready for the dance and *here I am*, a prisoner with a pretty good chance of the convict's chain around my leg for life! Well, now you'll stare a little when I tell you I'd hardly change places with you, for I shall carry along with me the comfort of knowing I've made you all more miserable than the poor devils I'm going to join!

MATT. You can scarcely cause us more unhappiness than we already experience, but let that pass! Whatever you are, I know my duty, if the kindly office of—

MILES. Now, don't get pathetic, pray don't! I'm so sensitive, besides, it'll be thrown away. I am not your brother!

MATT. [Starts] What?

ELL. Ah!

MILES. Not at all, any more than I am Miles McKenna. My real name, gentlemen, is simply William Browne. Miles McKenna, years ago, waylaid and robbed old parson Leigh, your father. He took from him a certain box containing letters and a locket. Sometime after Miles was caught in a forgery case and transported for life! He didn't last long out there—a man must be tough who *does*. On his death-bed he confided to a friend some family matters relating to the Leiggs and the Mays, and also told him where he had hid the box and the locket. *I* was that friend, escaped—got back to England, found my way to the hiding place, secured the property—and you know the use I made of it.

MATT. Thank Heaven! I am spared that great disgrace, that—

MILES. Are you? Don't be too sure of that. Who's to prove I ain't your brother? The magistrate don't know who the William Browne they transported, really was. He might have been a lost child, you know. *You'll* report this conversation—I'll deny it! and the world, the kind world, will fasten on you the name of the convict's brother, though you could forswear it on your knees!

ELL. I'll tell you what, my friend, you are a very amusing and pleasant companion, quite good company for a short visit, so much so that I'll indulge you with a very pretty sight. [Makes signals]

MILES. Will you now?

ELL. Yes! My lady is dressed to have her portrait taken.

MILES. What the devil's that to me?

ELL. Don't be ungrateful—observe. [Florence enters *R.I.E.* in full dress] Florence, you look charming! [Enter Rosa and Tabitha *R.I.E.*]

MILES. There, I've had enough of you all! Send me back to prison.

ELL. Stop a moment! Florence, where are the jewels I sent you? [Florence produces box which Miles stole in Act II.]

MILES. Ha!

ELL. Stop a minute, Florence, that's only the case—I hope you will wear the jewels—[Florence produces open letter]

MILES. Damnation! Robbed!

ELL. Don't swear—there are ladies present.

MATT. Elliot, have you read those papers?

ELL. Not I—they may contain some clue to your lost brother. I wished therefore that Florence should have the pleasure of communicating their contents.

LADY F. [Crosses to Matthew] Listen then to what these letters establish. "The husband of Lady Adela was for some months absent in Canada, where he had large possessions. During this time a child was born, but died a few hours after. Lady Adela, suspecting her husband's fidelity, and thinking the possession of an heir might bind him more surely to his wife and home, proposed to Mr. Leigh to adopt *his* youngest child, a new-born infant, *as her own*. He was a poor clergyman, and tempted by the brilliant prospect for his child, he yielded. The infant was taken to Lady Adela—a report given out that he was stolen by the gypsies lately departed from the neighborhood; the child, 'William Leigh,' became 'Elliot Grey.' Matthew, you need not look upon a felon to find a brother! [Passes Elliot to Matthew]

MATT. Elliot!

ELL. Matthew! my dear brother! Little did I think when in my boyhood visits to Rosedale, as we played together, when it was a dear brother who shared my sports!

MATT. Ah! Elliot, think what you lose by this.

ELL. Think, Matthew, what I have gained. But Lady Adela?

LADY F. Lady Adela is aware of what I have decided to do on reading those papers, and approves it. Elliot will still be the heir to all her property, and when she greets him next she will know the first moment of real pleasure she has experienced for years.

MILES. May I go now?

MATT. Tell them to have this man taken back to prison.

MILES. Cheated! Sold! Swindled! Chopfallen! I have *one* triumph yet. Looking there [Pointing to Rosa], that young lady don't seem much overjoyed, considering she's just found a long-lost brother. It's hard, ain't it? Very hard! I quite pity her! and you! [To Elliot] I can bear it all *now*! I

hate you, but I know you have a true heart; you loved her, ha! ha! ha! You loved her, and your happiness is gone! [*Exits L.I.E.*]

LADY F. Come, Elliot, look upon her. She is still your sister.

TAB. Nothing of the sort! She's my daughter! [*General surprise, all but Matthew*] I told you I had my revelations to make, as well as other people. Mrs. Leigh died abroad. I, the widow of a poor tradesman, came to live with Parson Leigh soon afterwards; on learning I had a little daughter, he proposed to adopt her. Well, poor people are as liable to temptation as rich ones, I suppose. To see my Rosa a lady, I consented.

MATT. This is true! I have known it for some time, dear Rosa; it has not changed my love for you one jot.

ROSA. Still my dear brother!

ELL. He shall be, and pretty soon too! If we are not speedily married, we shall change into somebody else!

ROSA. Oh, Elliot!

ELL. Besides, though I have respect for you personally, I can't stand Stork. No! no! Rosa Leigh, you have been by suffrage, and Rosa Leigh you shall be by right!

TAB. But I—

ELL. My dear Mrs. Stork, you shall have the largest cupboard in Great Britain, and I will buy up all next year's pickles to fill it.

TAB. And now—

ELL. And now, dear Florence, for my accommodation—the ball is going to take place here!

LADY F. Elliot—

ELL. Here, I tell you, at Rosedale. The guests have all arrived—the arrangements have been going on for a week past, and you are dressed.

LADY F. And would you have me—

ELL. Yes, I would, and I will! How do you think I got those papers? They were stolen from that fellow who calls himself Miles McKenna, by a little boy. Would you like to see the thief?

LADY F. What do you mean?

ELL. Good people, retire while I produce the thief. You'll be contaminated by the proximity of such a character. [*Exeunt Matthew, Tabitha, and Rosa R.I.E.*] Florence, you bore your surprise well—can you be as courageous?

LADY F. Elliot! Do I—are you—

ELL. Dear Florence, imagine the greatest joy that could befall you—[*Enter Rosa with Arthur*] Think of a delight that would thrill from your own heart to that of every friend you have.

LADY F. Elliot!

ELL. You understand me—I have not been too abrupt—

LADY F. [Sinking on her knees] Elliot! Elliot!

ELL. From the dear hands of her who lost the treasure, take it back again! [Rosa puts Arthur in her arms—she bursts into a passion of joyful tears, at same time two livery servants enter R. and L. At a sign from Elliot they lay hold of large handles on scene, and flats open displaying SCENE 3: The Conservatory, brilliantly illuminated, filled with ladies, rifle officers, civilians, servants, etc. Music. Kobb enters L.t E. dancing. Elliot advances to meet him]

ELL. Ah! Bunberry, here? you are got up regardless of expense.

KOBB. That's a fact! I have an object in view; we are all so happy in the recovery of the dear child! Now we shall enjoy the dance with more spirit. [Trying to pull on glove]

ELL. You are looking wonderful well, but you are having a hard struggle with your glove.

KOBB. Indeed I have—all owing to a careless mistake of a stupid boy. I sent him for a pair of "9's," and that he might not forget the number, I put the figure "9" on a bit of paper, and the foolish fellow handed it to the shop-keeper upside down—so they sent me "6's" in mistake!

ELL. Surely you know the new dances, eh?

KOBB. To tell you the truth, I am a little doubtful about them but to prevent mistakes I have a book here with directions, which I can keep in my hand. So I've only got to look at my book to keep all right, and put me straight again!

ELL. Well, then—partners! partners! but Mr. Kobb, take care of your book! [Music. Dance commences, and Kobb turns and slides to L. corner, looking at his book to see if he is correct; puts book in his coattail pocket and dances over to R.H. corner. Whirls around and glides to C.; seems puzzled; scratches his pate and pulls out book—appears reassured, and replaces book in pocket, resumes dance; strikes an attitude in L. corner. Arthur quietly enters from R. and abstracts book and retires behind the dancers. Kobb searches for book and is dumbfounded to find it gone. Starts towards Arthur who is laughing at him, and tries to catch him. Arthur tantalizing him by showing book, and runs off R.t E.; Kobb follows. They run across several times while dance is going on; at last Arthur brings on footstool and places it C. Kobb enters and falls over it. General laugh; dance is broken up, and all surround Kobb as the act curtain descends.

TABLEAU

QUICK CURTAIN

ACROSS THE CONTINENT;
Or, SCENES FROM NEW YORK LIFE AND
THE PACIFIC RAILROAD

By James J. McCloskey

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JOHN ADDERLY, *who keeps a saloon at Five Points*
GEORGE CONSTANCE, *who patronizes the saloon*
THOS. GOODWIN, SR., *merchant prince*
THOS. GOODWIN, JR., *son of the merchant by adoption*
LOUISE, *Goodwin's adopted daughter*
AGNES CONSTANCE, *a broken-hearted wife*
DENNIS O'DWYER, *a good-natured Irishman*
MADALIA O'DWYER, *his wife, not so good-natured*
LORENZO McGONIGLE, *an Irish-Dutch watchman*
JAMES WALSH, *guest of Adderly*
MASTER JACK, *no lines*
JOE FERRIS, *called "The Ferret"*
JOHNNIE O'DWYER, *a chip off the old block*
GIOVANNI, *a son of Italy*
PABLO, *Giovanni's brother*
HERR GLIMP, *called "Dutchy the Dutchman"*
"BILLY," *keeper of the Underworld Parlor*
THE DUDE, *and nothing else*
DOLORES, *a street urchin*
CAESAR AUGUSTUS, *called "Coon" because he is one*
"VERY TART," *a Chinaman*
AUNTY SUSANNAH GOODWIN
"CHIEF BLACK CLOUD," *heap big Indian*
and to which are added
MEN, WOMEN, INDIANS, SOLDIERS

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I. *A street in full stage, with a house on either side. Interior of these houses with first and second floor may be seen by audience. At the back in the house, L., a window looks out on street. A door at back leads to the rear room. In the house on the R. there is a kit of shoemaker's tools, upstairs. There is also other plain furniture. Downstairs in this house, are the rooms of the Constances. There is a bundle of straw in one corner, and a box with lighted candle in another. In the house on the right, only the second story is visible to the audience, and a pair of stairs, outside, lead to a door up on landing. Inside of this house—upstairs—there are tables, chairs and glasses with liquor, etc., etc.*

ACT II is twenty years later, first act being practically a prologue. There is a street, in about one and a half.

SCENE 2 is the interior of a barroom, with doors right and left, tables and chair and the usual bar furnishings.

ACT III is a parlor in Goodwin's home. There are doors right and left leading to outside and other parts of the house. There is a curtained arch in the center. A mantel and fireplace up against the right wall, with a chair near the mantel. Across the corner of the upper left there is a sofa. Over on the right, down stage, is a table and two chairs, and on the left near lower corner, a stand. Other suitable furniture may be added.

ACT IV represents the exterior of the U.P. Railway station, with all the trunks, boxes, trucks and such other things that are found at this period. The back drop is a wood, or rocky pass, and there are trees, rocks, etc., etc., to give atmosphere of the surroundings. Near the station, but down stage, on the right, there is a box with a cover large enough to hold a man lying down. Railroad rails are in evidence, running across stage and telegraph wires run from left to right, down stage.

ACT I.

SCENE: At rise, John Adderly, discovered upstairs in house on R., with two other men, Adderly sitting opposite the door. In the house upstairs on the left is O'Dwyer, and downstairs in this house George Constance is discovered asleep on the floor. Agnes is sitting on box in center of room. Children are near her.

GEO. [Half-rising] Agnes, Agnes, where are you?

AGNES. Here, George, here. How do you feel today?

GEO. Oh, hellish. My throat is parched and burning, and my blood courses through my veins like molten lead. See—see—look there—[Points to corner]

AGNES. I can see nothing, George.

GEO. Can you not see them writhe and twist, and dart out their tongues like streaks of flame? Oh, God!

AGNES. No, no, George—it is only the imagination of your heated brain. Try and calm yourself.

GEO. Have you any money in the house?

AGNES. Not a penny.

GEO. What has become of the money I got for shovelling the snow on Chatham Street?

AGNES. Gone—all gone. Spent by yourself at Adderly's for liquor.

GEO. Is there nothing in the house?

AGNES. Nothing. And the children and I are starving.

GEO. Go and get a pint of Adderly's best—that is the stuff to invigorate you. You won't want anything to eat then.

AGNES. O George, how can you speak so.

GEO. [Desperately] Get a pint of Adderly's best and tell him to chalk it up behind the door. [Falls back on floor]

AGNES. Oh, must I sit here and see my children die for want of bread? No, I will make one more effort to get them food, though it be a fruitless one. [Rises] I will go, if I have the strength. [Takes off shawl and puts it on children. Exit to stairs and starts up]

ADD. Well, boys, as this is my birthday we are celebrating, as well as the event of my leaving this place, I will give you a toast. Here is to my little son sleeping yonder. John Adderly, Jr. [Drinks] His father has known noth-

ing but prosperity for the last twenty years, and now I leave this place a rich man—worth at least \$20,000.

WALSH. Your success only verifies the old adage.

ADD. What is that?

WALSH. That the devil always takes care of his own. [*All laugh*]

ADD. But do you know, one of your street missionaries told me the other day that he wouldn't accept the sum twice told, with all the curses clinging to it. But I wouldn't give the old fellow a chance.

WALSH. No, I should say not. [*Agnes raps*] What's that.

ADD. Some leather-headed policeman, I dare say, to ask us to keep quiet. Who's there? [*Loudly*]

AGNES. 'Tis I.

WALSH. Oh, it's some poor devil looking for their share of the liquor, of course. [*Throws open the door. Agnes steps just inside the door*]

ADD. Surely I should know that face.

AGNES. If you have a conscience, you should—John Adderly.

ADD. You're George's wife, ain't you?

AGNES. Today I am. Tomorrow the grave may claim me for its own.

ADD. Well, we want none of your preaching here. What do you want?

AGNES. Food for my starving little ones and myself. [*Stretches out arms in supplicating manner*]

ADD. And for your drunken husband, too, I suppose?

AGNES. [*Staggers back*] Oh, no—[*Fiercely*] Who made him so? YOU, John Adderly, and when I begged you on bended knees to sell him no more liquor, you laughed at me and drove me from your door. You have taken the money week after week that should have gone to clothe his children, and when there was nothing else, you accepted even the poor covering from our bed to pay for liquor. And now when I ask for food to keep our little ones from starving, you taunt me with your drunken laughter.

ADD. Begone, woman! I haven't time to listen to you.

AGNES. I go, but mark you, John Adderly, the day will come when the accuser and the accused stand together before that dreadful bar. What, then, will be your answer, when—like another CAIN, you are asked, "What hast thou done with thy brother?"

ADD. Begone, I say—before I brain you. [*Grabs a bottle*]

WALSH. [*Interposes, and Agnes leans against the door which is left open. She stands just inside and against it*] Here, Susie or Jennie, or whatever your name might be, take this and drink it—it will do you good. [*Pours out drink. Agnes shakes her head*] Oh, very well, then—take it home to the old

man. It's the last drop of liquor you'll ever get in this house, for Adderly leaves us tomorrow forever. Come—give us a toast.

AGNES. I will—from a broken heart, perhaps a dying one. May the wealth you have acquired by such unhallowed means melt from your grasp, as I now pour out this poison. [*Pours liquor on floor*] May the shrieks of your victims ring in your ears till your dying day. May that boy—[*Pointing to where baby is supposed to lie*] whom you call your son, live to turn you from his door. And may YOU—in your dying moments, CURSE him as I now CURSE you! [*Adderly strikes her—swears at her. Walsh stops him from striking her the second time. Agnes starts out of door and gets downstairs with difficulty*]

AGNES. [*As she comes down*] May God forgive him for that blood! Oh, my children! [*Falls at foot of stairs. Denny O'Dwyer entered room above while she was talking to Adderly, and works at bench*]

DENNY. [*When she falls*] What's that? [*Has strong Irish accent*]

MAD. You want to know too much.

DENNY. I do, I do, I do. They are carousing over at Adderly's tonight. Ah, Madalia, it's a good thing for many a poor soul that Adderly is going to leave the place—for it's many a one he's put under the sod. What a blessed thing it was that Lazarus Gilhooley got me to jine Father Abbott's Society.

MAD. What's that?

DENNY. Don't ye know what that is? That's the Father Abbott's Timperance Aid and Relief Society—and I've known nothin' but luck since I jined it. Look at that man downstairs. There's a man fer ye, who—ho, ho, ho—had an eddication like Socrates, the philosopher.

MAD. Who's Socrates?

DENNY. Don't ye know who Socrates was, ye ignoramus? He was a famous politician who used to play polo and lawn tennis along with Van Pell and the rest of the gang. Why, the last loaf of bread I took down to her saved his poor wife and babies from downright starvation. Have you any more bread in the house, my darling?

MAD. Yes, but I've only got enough for the children's breakfast, and I don't know where we will get any more.

DENNY. [*Takes bread from table*] There was never a door shut up but what there was another one open.

MAD. Would ye be after takin' the bread out of your own children's mouth?

DENNY. Go to sleep, my cuckoo. Your dreams will be all the swater fer partin' wid' half a loaf.

MAD. I wouldn't think you could sleep at all for robbin' yer own flesh and blood.

DENNY. That'll do now. I'll give ye a slap in the jaw.

MAD. [Jumps up and Denny sits down on the bench] Ye'd better not, or I'll put such a head on you that yer mother wouldn't know ye.

DENNY. [Laughing] Look at the old woman—Ho, ho, ho—ho—look at her. [Jumps up with the bread in his hand] Sit down. [She sits] Ye's gettin' altogether too acrimonious. [Starts out] You will lose me before long, and when you lose me you will lose a soft snap. [Exit]

MAD. Faith, and he takes better care fer them brats downstairs than he does fer his own. [Takes drink out of bottle in her pocket]

DENNY. [Enters room by back door] O-oo, but it is cold out! Ah, there's the poor father layin' stiff-drunk on the floor, and the poor wife—Heaven knows where she is! [Picks up candlestick bottle] Oh, my—Little Tootsy Wootsies! They are twins—there is a pair of them. They look so much apart, ye can't tell them alike. Here me little darlin's—here is some nice bread I brought down to ye. [Throws it down] I've got five mouths of me own to feed, but I'd stay up and work all night to keep your mouths agoin', me little darlin's.

GEO. [Starting up] Who's there?

DENNY. Why, me dear man, ye nearly gave me palpitation of the heart.

GEO. Give me brandy—anything to quench this awful thirst.

DENNY. If ye are dry, go outside and get a schooner of snow. There is some bread. I brought it fer yer wife and children's sake.

GEO. Oh—curse your bread!

DENNY. Oh, me dear man—may the Lord forgive ye fer sayin' that!

GEO. Give me brandy—brandy or I will die. [Catches hold of Denny. Denny throws him off and he falls back into corner]

DENNY. Die, thin. Ye'll get no brandy out of me.

GEO. [Starts up again] See—See!

DENNY. Where?

GEO. In the bottle. There's snakes in it. [Falls back. Denny sets bottle down hastily and exit. Goes upstairs]

DENNY. That man down there has got the snakes.

GOOD. [Comes from L.U.E. Is full, and singing "Rolling home in the Morning, Boys." Runs against stairway] Ah—beg your pardon. [Backs up against door of Room 2] I beg your pardon, sir. I wonder where I am. [Looks around] Why, it's the Points. Come, come, old fellow, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. [Keeps well to opposite side of stage from where Agnes lies] If my friend Major North could see me now, what would he say, I won-

der? But this settles it. This is the last spree for me. To be sure, this is only a genteel drunk—a champagne drunk, but it's a drunk nevertheless. Well, they say that evil often results in good. And what good will come out of this? Hello, what's that? Some drunken policeman snoring at his post. Will they ever have a well-regulated police force, I wonder? Like all other great cities. By George, if they did, I wouldn't be here. The mayor says that drunkenness has become so prevalent of late that it must be stopped. Hmm—I'm afraid he'll never stop it by fining me. Let me see—how are the finances? *[Fishes out ten cents]* Ten cents—well, never mind—there's plenty more where that came from. Ah—that sound again—sounded like a moan, and a woman's voice, too.

AGNES. Oh, sir—*[Coming to]* If you would be a man—and help me.

GOOD. Here is one that answers to that name. *[Raises her up]* Who are you, my good woman? And why are you lying here on the ground such a fearful night as this?

AGNES. I am a wretch—cold—chilled and dying.

GOOD. *[Takes off overcoat—puts it around her]* Cold and chilled? There, there—now you're all right. The champagne may have got into my head, but it shall never drive humanity out of my heart. But come, my dear woman, you must not lie here. Have you a home?

AGNES. I had one once, but that time is past. Oh, my children! I feel that the hand of death is on me. *[Sinks back on ground]*

GOOD. Why good gracious! The poor woman will die here on the ground if she isn't removed to a warm place. *[Yells]* Watch—Watch—Watch—Watch—*[Exit R.I.E., still yelling]*

DENNY. *[Jumps up and tries to get on his coat—Madalia helps him]* What's that? This is the greatest place fer picnics I ever saw. *[Can't get coat on; smashes at Madalia; sits down again. Watchman enters R.I., having Goodwin by the collar]*

GOOD. Let go—let go, I tell you. *[Jerks loose]* You've got the wrong pig by the ear. I was merely calling for aid. I wish to get the poor woman, who is actually dying here on the ground, to a comfortable place.

McG. *[Broken German]* Let me take a look at her. *[Looks]* That's a strange face around here. I think she has been drinking a little too much whiskey.

GOOD. No, no—I could stake my life to her honesty. There is something about her that is superior to the rest of the denizens in the neighborhood. Come, lend me a hand and we will get her to a comfortable place. We will take her in here. *[Points to Room 2]*

McG. I'll help you. [They take her into Room 2. Agnes sits on box in middle of room] Oh, say, mister, look at the two little kids in the corner. [Laughs—sees George] Hello—here's the old man drunk on the floor. I'll just lock him up. [Proceeds to do so]

GEO. You have come to drag me to the scaffold, have you? [They struggle] Well, you will find in me the strength and fury of a demon. [Breaks away. Walsh leaves Room 3 and comes downstairs. George exits near door in Room 2, and McGonigle exits side door onto stage. Catches Walsh and hustles him off R.I.E. Denny opens window of Room 1 and fires old shoes at them. As he exits R.I.E. Walsh runs across stage R.U.E. to L.U.E., McGonigle after him. McGonigle does not catch him and comes back L.U.E. toward R.I.E. Denny pelts him again with old shoes. As he gets close to R.I.E., dances up and down on one foot, looking at Denny, who closes window and laughs, but opens it again quickly]

DENNY. Go on, ye Jumpin' Jack, ye! [Motioning up and down to indicate the Dutchman's hopping]

McG. [Walking toward him] Here, here, here, here.

DENNY. Wah-ay, wah-ah, wah-ah—

McG. Say, I got my eye on you.

DENNY. Well, thin, take it off again.

McG. I'm lookin' right at you.

DENNY. Ye must be cross-eyed, ye ould Dutchman, ye. Lookin' over there
—[Points to rear]

McG. Say, look here, you Irish flannel-mouth mick.

DENNY. [Turning around] Madalia, is there any flannel in my mouth?
[Madalia shakes her head] Say, you Pete Wienerworst—

McG. What's that, you Irish potato?

DENNY. Oh, potato, potato—[Gets another shoe]

McG. If I come up there, I'll break your jaw.

DENNY. Well, if I come down there I'll put a lump on yer face the size of a freight car. [McGonigle works to the corner of the house, partially out of range]

McG. Come down here.

DENNY. Come up here. [Fires shoe at him—then catches broom and fires that. Walsh enters L.U. Crosses to R.I.E. McGonigle picks up broom, drops his club, strikes at Walsh, who dodges and runs. McGonigle falls—gets up and chases Walsh off R.I.E. After Denny throws the broom, he gets excited and tries to throw the bench—then catches Madalia by the neck and seat and tries to throw her. She hits him bang in the eye]

MAD. I'll teach you manners, and not to take liberties with me!

DENNY. Ow, ow—Madalia—see if ye can find me eye—and where. [*McGonigle enters R.I. Denny takes his sign down and throws it at him. McGonigle picks it up and marches off R.I., and Denny closes window*] Did ye see the six of them pile on me at once, Madalia? But I'm sorry ye overheard the conversation, for ye're a lady.

MAD. I am.

DENNY. Ye are. And I trate ye like a lady.

MAD. You do.

DENNY. I do—

MAD. NOT.

DENNY. And I am a gentleman. Look at me Napoleon moustache.

MAD. A gentleman indeed! I had four brothers and ye couldn't hould a candle to any of them.

DENNY. You did. And them same byes could drink more whiskey in one day than a ward politician could drink in a month. You're gettin' entirely too superfluous, and ye're not stylish enough fer me, anyway.

MAD. Well, I won't be after takin' a back seat fer your sister Johanna, and she gets blind drunk, too.

DENNY. Shut up. Don't you say a word about my sister. She's a lady and she's married to a decent respectable man, too. A better man than your husband ever dared to be. [*Madalia laughs. He sits on bench—jumps up*] Oh-oo—Madalia, did you put that awl in the basement of me pants? [*Shakes her head and laughs*] It's very funny, ain't it? Is there any wood in the house?

MAD. [*Excitedly*] There is only wood enough in the house to make a fire for breakfast in the morning. [*Denny takes bundle of kindling from table*] You'll be wantin' me to chop some more in the morning.

DENNY. You'll not. Who chops the wood, I'd like to know? You nivver chopped a stick of wood since I had you. I'm goin' to take this down and build a fire for them sweet little babies.

MAD. You take everything and give it away. Faith, you'll be takin' me next.

DENNY. Who'd take you, I wonder?

MAD. You took me once. [*Whimpering*]

DENNY. Faith, I did. I took ye fer better or worse.

MAD. For better or for worse. [*Squalls*]

DENNY. [*Mocks her*] And before I had you very long, I found you were a great deal worse than I took you for. And what's more, ye can't go in the same society that I can. My language is too diminutive for your copious denunciation. [*Exit*]

ADD. [Excuses himself and comes downstairs, saying] Confound the woman! I didn't mean to hurt her, but she had no right giving me her chin. I don't see anything of her about here. I guess she has gone home to her own house—at least I hope so. [Looks into Room 2] Confound the women, anyway! They are more trouble than they are worth. [Walks toward R.I.E. Goodwin enters R.I.E.—runs against him]

GOOD. I can't find a physician anywhere. Oh, beg your pardon, sir—can you tell me where I can find a doctor about here?

ADD. In bed, where you ought to be.

GOOD. Or in jail, where YOU ought to be.

ADD. What's that? [As if to strike]

GOOD. I said this snow might turn into hail. [Denny enters Room 2—rear door. Goodwin enters just after. Adderly exit R.I.E., and afterward walks across from R.U.E. to L.U.E. Goodwin speaks to Denny, who has his back to him, and whose coat is split up the back] What's that up your back?

DENNY. I've got me back-bone up me back—what do ye suppose?

GOOD. No, I mean this. [Points to wood]

DENNY. That's some wood I brought down to make a fire. [Suddenly] Who the devil are you?

GOOD. I'm here on a mission of charity.

DENNY. Well, this is a queer time of night for a commissioner to be snoopin' around—

GOOD. You misunderstood me, my friend.

DENNY. [Grabs him] That'll do, now. Shut up, or I'll make ye. I'm not your friend.

GOOD. You are mistaken, sir. Chance brought me to this place.

DENNY. Well, if I'd been here I'd a throwed you and chance both out.

GOOD. And a lucky chance it was, too, for I found the poor woman pershing in the street. She spoke of her children, and I think this is where she resides.

DENNY. I don't know where she resides, but this is the house she lives in.

GOOD. You know her, then?

DENNY. Faith, I do—and a good woman she is, too. She's too good for these parts. [Picks up candle]

GOOD. O-ooh-oo—[Candle comes in contact with his nose]

DENNY. What's the matter with you—have you got the hydrophobia? I'll light the fire. [He does so]

GOOD. But see—she revives. [Kneels down and supports her]

AGNES. Where am I?

GOOD. At home with friends.

AGNES. Have I then passed the portals of death, and sharing with the departed their perfect rest?

GOOD. No, no—my good woman—I trust it may be many years yet ere you do that.

AGNES. You are a stranger—I don't know you.

DENNY. [Grabs him and hustles him to the door] Get out—get out—What the devil are you doing in here, when nobody knows you? [Shakes him] She don't know you—she knows me. If she knew you like she knows me, you'd be all right, don't you see. See, now, how well she knows me—[Stands before her] You know me, ma'am—now don't you—now—see—

AGNES. [Looks up] I don't know you—who are you? [Goodwin laughs]

DENNY. Why don't you laugh? You needn't never know me, ma'am, but I'll tell you who I am. Me name is Denny O'Dwyer. I live on the floor be-yant. Patent-leather boot and shoemaker. Half-soling and heeling done at short notice, and invisible patches put on by Madalia O'Dwyer.

AGNES. Oh, I do not deserve such kind words of comfort from you, while he whom I might have expected them from lies there. But for your kindness, myself and my children would have been dead ere this.

DENNY. Oh, don't talk so before the commissioner. Don't you believe her, Mr. Commissioner?

AGNES. 'Tis only too true, and while we have eaten the bread of charity, he who should have provided for us has come home night after night, helplessly intoxicated. Look around you—look at the place we live in—Look at it—Look at it. [Buries her face in her hands—they stare around the room and then at each other]

DENNY. Well, what are ye lookin' at me for? I'm no curiosity. Why don't you look around that way? [Sits on box in corner—back to audience. Puts on his hat, which has a large hole in the top, and shows his bald head through it]

GOOD. Here, my good woman, take this ring—I have no money with me—and try and get some good brandy.

AGNES. No, no—it has been our bane—not mine, but my husband's. What has reduced me to the abject wretch you see before you? What has changed my husband from the upright, honorable man he once was, to the drunken sot you see him? What has brought our children to the very verge of starvation? Why—Drink—Drink!

GOOD. [Who has knelt beside her] This has been a bitter lesson for me, and I here swear that not another drop of liquor shall ever pass these lips.

DENNY. That's right. [Shakes hands] Come out wid me and we'll join the Knights of Labor.

AGNES. That man Adderly is the cause of all my misery, curse him!

DENNY. Ah, me good woman, ye have no time for cursing now. Ye'd better be prayin'. [Puts on Goodwin's hat] I'll go down and get Levy Cassiday the hostler. [Exits onto stage. Picks up policeman's club and trots off R.I.E. The watchman spies him from L.U.E. and gives chase. Exit R.I.E.]

AGNES. Father in Heaven, accept my suffering here as atonement for him who needs Thy mercy. Be Thou a Father to his little ones, and should temptation assail them, Oh, deliver them from it. Oh, my children, let me kiss you once more before I die. [Kisses them. To Goodwin] Stranger, to your care I commit them. Do not let them bemoan my fate. Take them away from this place. Do not let them breathe its fetid atmosphere—for to them it is the morning of life.

GOOD. And for you—

AGNES. The evening of death. [Sinks back]

FIRE—FIRE—FIRE—Woman in nightdress runs from R.U.E. Bright light back of houses. Firemen C. Denny rushes from R.I. and motions for Madalia to throw him something. Not knowing what else to do, she throws a pillow at him.

ACT II.

SCENE I: Twenty years after. Street scene between 1st and 2nd entrance. At rise: Enter Johnnie O'Dwyer L.I.E., with advertising boards, hung one in front and one behind him. This can be utilized for a genuine ad. John Adderly enters after him.

ADD. Come, Jack, you had better accept my proposition. Then you can dress like a gentleman and no longer be obliged to carry those signboards of degradation.

JOHN. My name isn't Jack—my name is Johnnie. J-o-h-n-n-i-e.

ADD. Well, then, Johnnie, what do you say?

JOHN. Look here, John Adderly, I don't want nothin' to do with you. Everybody that has had anything to do with you has gone to the bad. There was poor Bill McLaughlin—what did you do with him? And then Joe Ferris, one of the best-hearted boys that ever lived—Didn't you send him up the Hudson for three years? Why, I'd rather wear these signboards of degradation, as you call them, than be the scoundrel we all know you to be. [Adderly starts as if to strike] Ah—just try that and I'll keep the flies off from you. [Adderly turns his back] All I want is my little old six square meals a day, nine schooners of beer, a bottle of pickles and a plate of ice cream. And say,

young fellow, if you ever stop me on the street again, I'll break your jaw. [*Exit R.I.E.*]

ADD. So he doesn't think it worth while to accept my Chatham Bar? If he had, I could have got young Goodwin in there, and got him to sign his father's name to more checks. I fear this coal speculation of mine will fail, and unless I can induce old Goodwin's daughter to marry me, I shall have to leave this part of the country, and that soon, too. [*Exit R.I.E. Tom Goodwin, Jr. and Joe Ferris enter L.I.E.*]

TOM. I won't take No for an answer. I gave up your checks with instructions to have your baggage sent up to the house at—

JOE. What will your father say to your bringing me, an entire stranger, into his house?

TOM. That my friends are his, and can make his house their home.

JOE. Ah, home! What a sweet sound the word has, and how lucky the man that has one. I never knew what a home was, unless a gambling house could be called one.

TOM. But I say, old fellow, how is this for a trip to Saratoga? [*Taps breast pocket*] The folks said the trip would do me good, and it has its advantages. I have returned with loss of appetite, and nerves all unstrung—

JOE. And a pocket brimful of money. [*They walk arm in arm*] Do not forget that I was your physician in the latter case.

TOM. Yes, indeed. Your advice to forsake the king and stick to the queen came just in time.

JOE. Her Majesty never deserts me, but the king often refuses to show his ugly face when I am most desirous of seeing him. But, come, Tom, as I am to become an inmate of your home, give me a sort of a panoramic view, as it were.

TOM. Well, home, they say, is where the heart is.

JOE. Quite right, but I would hear of the inmates of that home whom I am likely to meet.

TOM. Well, there is the Old Top.

JOE. Stop! Now whom do you designate as the Old Top?

TOM. Why, my father, of course.

JOE. You should speak more respectfully of your father.

TOM. Very well, then. My father takes off his hat.

JOE. That will do. No more "Old Top."

TOM. No more. A mother's care and love I never knew.

JOE. That shot struck me, too. And who else?

TOM. Let me see, now—there are the girls.

JOE. [*Rubs hands*] Ah, that's it. Tell me about the girls.

TOM. Well, there's Louise, my own sister—she's a dear good girl, always covering up my little failings.

JOE. In fact, she is so near and yet so far. [*Laughs*]

TOM. Then there is Clara.

JOE. [*Feints*] Oh.

TOM. What's the matter?

JOE. You shouldn't mention two such girls in a breath. It's more than I can stand.

TOM. Clara is my adopted father's own daughter.

JOE. She adopted you and your father?

TOM. No, no. She's my adopted father's own daughter.

JOE. So near and yet—[*Confused*] Shakespeare!

TOM. Oh, get out.

JOE. But tell me, old fellow, are there any visitors at your house whom I am likely to encounter?

TOM. Yes, there is one man, and to tell the truth he is not a favorite of mine.

JOE. What are his characteristics?

TOM. Well, he is a dark sort of a person.

JOE. Not colored, I hope?

TOM. No, I mean his actions.

JOE. What are his peculiarities?

TOM. Well, he is very reserved, rarely smiles, and has nothing to say—and—in fact I could give you no better description.

JOE. That's enough. I take a sudden antipathy to the man from your description. But did you ever hear my nickname?

TOM. No.

JOE. I had a great knack of finding things that were lost, when I was a little boy, and if any article of value was lost in the neighborhood, little Joe Ferris was called in to find it, and from my success in finding such things, I got the name of Ferret. That name has clung to me ever since. Now the ferret is a shrewd, cunning little animal, and if this man meditates any evil, rest assured I will find him out.

TOM. But we may wrong him.

JOE. True. But in every happy home that seems to remind us of Eden, where all is joy and peace, we should guard it from intruders and be more than careful of our friends, for the man will come who will sow discord, and perhaps ruin its peace and happiness forever. I am at war with all such men. I cannot say it is something unseen or unheard—it may be my destiny—but I will keep an eye on this man.

TOM. Come, let's go after a glass of sparkling champagne, and a puff of Reina Victoria. We will devise other sports. If we cannot find them here, we will seek them in green fields and pastures new. [*Start to Exit R.I.E. They run into Johnnie O'Dwyer*] Oh, wouldn't that fellow be a picnic for me! [Squares off]

JOE. Excuse me a few moments, Tom, will you?

TOM. Certainly. But mind you don't fail me. I shall expect to see you at the house soon.

JOE. All right. [*Exit Tom. To Johnnie*] Hello, sonny!

JOHN. I don't know you, and my name ain't Sonny, neither.

JOE. Oh well, I guess I'll go on, then—You don't know me?

JOHN. Your face is kind of familiar, but your feet have grown entirely out of my recollection.

JOE. Ha, ha—well—well—[*Takes off his hat*] You can't remember me, then?

JOHN. Well, if it ain't Joe Ferris! [*They shake*]

JOE. Johnnie, how are you?

JOHN. I'm red hot and still a-hottin'. [*Strikes pose*]

JOE. How are all the boys?

JOHN. The boys is all right—all except Aby.

JOE. What's the matter with Aby?

JOHN. [*Jerks his thumb over his shoulder, and makes a choking sound*]

JOE. What? Hung? What did they hang him for?

JOHN. Oh, the same old complaint—nothing.

JOE. Oh, go on—what did he do?

JOHN. Well, you see, Aby was coming down this way with a little bit of a knife in his hand.

JOE. How big was the knife that Aby had?

JOHN. It was a little bit of a knife—only about so long. [*Hands close together—then spreads them out*] That's all.

JOE. I see.

JOHN. Well, Aby was coming down this way with a little knife in his hand, and there was a young fellow coming in the opposite direction with a big boodle of money.

JOE. How big? A boodle? A New York boodle?

JOHN. No—bigger than that. Almost as big as a Chicago boodle.

JOE. Oh.

JOHN. And the young fellow ran right into the knife, and the knife ran right into the young fellow, and it got stuck right in his heart, and he got the heart disease and he went to his grave and died.

JOE. And they hung Aby for it?

JOHN. Yes, sir, they hung him.

JOE. Well, that's a shame. He was such a good boy, too. He would give anything away.

JOHN. Why, he would give himself away.

JOE. He would that.

JOHN. He was so generous that if he had two apples and your mouth was watering for one, he would eat one and keep the other for himself.

JOE. He would, indeed.

JOHN. Aby was a good friend of mine, too. I will never forget him. [Takes Joe's handkerchief out of his pocket and weeps] He owed me a dollar and a half.

JOE. You should seek consolation in the old adage, Johnnie, which says "forget and forgive." Therefore you should forget the dollar and a half.

JOHN. How am I to forget the dollar and a half, when he wasn't forgiving the dollar and a half? [Joe pulls handkerchief away and pulls Johnnie's cap over his eyes in place of it. Johnnie gets through weeping, and tries to put the cap back in Joe's pocket, when he notices that Joe has changed them] You got ahead of me that time, Joe.

JOE. That is because you were committing a capital crime. [Pulls cap down]

JOHN. Oh, my! [Bends over]

JOE. Come—brace up.

JOHN. I can't—I've busted my suspenders. [Straightens up]

JOE. Aby was generosity personified.

JOHN. Aby was generosity personified.

JOE. In fact I never saw generosity so well personified as in Abraham.

JOHN. In fact I never saw generosity so well ex—ah—ah—oh Joe I can't say that word.

JOE. Why not?

JOHN. It tickles my tongue.

JOE. He was a young man worthy of emulation.

JOHN. He was a young man worthy of emigration.

JOE. I could stand here and expatiate at large upon his many good qualities, and if I could find words to express myself, I could make the welkin ring with its praise.

JOHN. Keep away from me. [Gets over to L.I.E.] You've got them bad. Don't come near me.

JOE. Why?

JOHN. I ain't been vaccinated.

JOE. But come, John, tell me what has become of John Adderly?

JOHN. Oh he's ruined—turned respectable. He's up to some game.

JOE. Evidently, as he never would have done so from choice. But tell me—what do you know of him?

JOHN. Well, you see I was walking down Wall Street the other day.

JOE. What were you doing on Wall Street?

JOHN. I was over there to get a check cashed, to buy five cents' worth of chewing gum.

JOE. Oh, yes, I saw your bank on Wall Street.

JOHN. Well, you see, as I was walking down the Street, I saw Adderly coming in the opposite direction, talkin' to a rooster.

JOE. Come now, stop right there. Do you think that I am from the country and you can stuff that down me? I would like to know in what language a man could carry on a conversation with a rooster?

JOHN. He could cackle to him, couldn't he?

JOE. I bow to your superior knowledge of cackleology.

JOHN. Oh, don't. [Gets weak]

JOE. [Holding him up] Can it be possible that my cackalogical phraseology has upset your equilibrium?

JOHN. Joe, don't give them to me in clusters—give them to me one at a time.

JOE. How do you feel now, Camille?

JOHN. Look in the pupil of my eye and you will see a little black spot, and underneath my thumbnail a thin blue line. I cannot marry you.

JOE. Why?

JOHN. I am an octoroon.

JOE. That's foul.

JOHN. Well, then, that's two I've got on you.

JOE. That's so, the other rooster and this one makes two. [Puts up two fingers] All right, we've got two roosters. Now, go ahead.

JOHN. No, the last one wasn't a rooster, so we let her lay. [Puts one of Joe's fingers down] Well, Adderly and this rooster were talking, when up comes the Shrimp and introduces Adderly as Ellert.

JOE. He's sailing under false colors, then. That looks bad. But come to the underground parlor, Johnnie, I want to have a long talk with you.

JOHN. This coat ain't good enough to go to the parlor, Joe—it's queer.

JOE. It is a dizzy coat.

JOHN. But, Joe, it's not the coat that makes the man.

JOE. [Sincerely] You're right. It's not the coat that makes the man.

JOHN. It's the pants. [Exit both R.I.E.]

SCENE 2: *Bar with bottles and glasses, sandwiches and apples, seltzer bottles and a couple of Indian clubs made to look like bottles, all on bar. Curtain painted to resemble back of bar. Window in curtain. Chairs, table-doors. When curtain rises, Dolores and other young women seated in chairs. In chair in front of bar is dummy representing young woman. Billy is behind the bar. Young woman comes in and sings. Dutch song-and-dance man does a turn and waltzes with dummy from the chair, and retires with it under his arm. He also comes out with a coat on in which the sleeves are six or eight feet long and have large hands sewed on the ends. Inside the sleeves and fastened to the hands, are sticks by which he can hold the hands up and make them look very natural. He sings "Only to See Her Face Again," and at each pause lets the arms out a little way until finally they are stretched to their full limit. Very funny. After this a nigger song and dance, and the play goes on. Giovanni enters door R., and advances to center of room.*

Giov. [To Dolores] Come here, and give me the money. [She advances and gives him some silver] Is this all you have got? [He speaks very broken Italian]

DOL. It is, indeed. It is all I have. [Young women all retire into R.U. corner]

Giov. I think you steal from me. [Catches her by the hand—jerks her around—then goes to table and counts money]

DOL. [Kneeling down] There is nothing I wish to steal from you, except myself. [Clasps hands] And if I left him, where would I lay my weary head? [Goes over to where the rest of the women are]

BILLY. [Comes out from behind bar—slaps Giovanni on back] So, Signor—you like this country?

Giov. Yes, me like the country. Me maka da plenty money.

BILLY. But don't you think these girls steal from you sometimes?

Giov. Oh, everybody steal in dees country.

BILLY. What's that, you Italian organ-grinder and ring-tailed monkey-dancer? Take back those words or I'll make you eat them.

Giov. [Jumps up] Never! I no take back.

BILLY. Well, take that, then! [Strikes him]

Giov. [Stabs him. The Dude enters L.2.E.—catches Billy as he falls and carries him out. Dolores exit D.R.] I stab him to ze heart. I fiddle—everybody dance. [Sits down opposite R.1.E. Music—waltz. Johnnie enters door R. and the Dude L.2.E. They both take partners and waltz. Nigger picks up chair and waltzes. Music stops]

JOHN. [Has on new suit. Slaps Giovanni on back] Where is the bartender? [Giovanni jumps up, but sits down again. The Dude sits down at table when Giovanni jumps up. Johnnie backs across room and runs into Dude. Dude holds table between himself and Johnnie] [To Dude] Where is the bartender?

DUDE. The barkeeper has retired. [Johnnie acts as if he were spoiling for a fight]

JOHN. Oh, he's retired, has he? Well, I'll be bartender myself. [Goes behind counter and takes off coat, showing undershirt without sleeves, and large muscles] Come on up and take a drink. [The Dude and Nigger get there promptly] [To Dude] Well, what'll you have? [Girls at bar also]

DUDE. I'll take a little Lignumvitae Rye.

JOHN. Ain't got it. Anything else?

DUDE. Well, give me a little rye, then.

JOHN. Rye whiskey? Yes, sir. [To Nigger] What will you have?

NIG. Give me six cigars, a bottle of pop, and a package of cigarettes.

JOHN. I'll give you a smash in the eye. [Dude drinks] Pretty good stuff, that.

DUDE. Yes—it will do.

JOHN. Ten cents, please.

DUDE. [Looks in pockets] Ah-h—what did you say?

JOHN. I said ten cents, and I want it now.

DUDE. Well, give me a little more. I prefer to pay for mine all at once.

JOHN. [Gives him another drink] That's great stuff—twenty years old.

DUDE. [Examining drink carefully] Indeed, it's very small for its age.

JOHN. Want some more?

DUDE. Well, you might make it grow a little. [Fills it up]

JOHN. [As he goes to drink] Ah, look out there.

DUDE. What's the matter?

JOHN. There's a fly in it.

DUDE. Well, fill it up and let the fly float off. [Johnnie does so. Dude drinks]

JOHN. Twenty cents, please.

DUDE. [Feeling in his pockets] Ah, yes. By the way—do you know Goosey?

JOHN. No, I don't know Goosey, and I want twenty cents for those drinks right quick.

DUDE. Then you don't know Goosey?

JOHN. [Threateningly] Are you going to pay for those drinks?

DUDE. Well, Goosey is a very singular fellow. He walks off—like this—
[Exit L.I.E. Coon (i.e. "Nigger") laughs. Johnnie chases him with seltzer bottle. Coon comes back as soon as Johnnie gets behind bar. Enter Dutchman with water pail]

DUTCH. [To Coon] Shoo-oo. [Walks up to bar—hands pail] Give me a pint of beer.

JOHN. You're in the wrong house. This won't hold a pint.

DUTCH. You got anytings to eat?

JOHN. Yes, there's some sandwiches and apples.

DUTCH. [Takes sandwich and bites piece out]

JOHN. Twenty-five cents.

DUTCH. What?

JOHN. Twenty-five cents for that sandwich.

DUTCH. [Takes piece out of mouth and lays it and apple back] I don't want it. Ain't you got no business lunch?

JOHN. No—and do you suppose I'm going to take that sandwich back after you have been chewing on it?

DUTCH. [Picks up apple] Say, how much are the apples?

JOHN. Same price.

DUTCH. Will you give me the sandwich for the apple?

JOHN. Why, yes—I don't care which you take.

DUTCH. All right. [Hands him the apple and takes sandwich. He walks over to Giovanni] Hello, Johnnie. [Slaps him on the back] Johnnie, get your hair cut, hair cut, hair cut—[Takes hold of Giovanni's hair, which is long. Girls go R.U. and sit down]

JOHN. You'll get your hair cut if you don't give me twenty-five cents for that sandwich.

DUTCH. I guess not. Vot's der matter mit you? Didn't I give you the epple for der sandwich? [Walks up to bar]

JOHN. You didn't pay me for the apple. [Dutchie goes to explain, but gets a smash in the eye. He staggers over to Giovanni—pushes him out of chair and sits down. Giovanni reaches for knife, but thinks better of it]

DUTCH. Oh, say, mister, find my eye, vill you? [Joe comes out from bar and squirts seltzer at Coon, who retreats L.I.E. Dude stalks in, but gets contents of seltzer, and retreats L.I.E. Joe enters D.R. Dude enters L.I.E. and goes to right end of bar. Coon enters L.2.E. Giovanni's brother Pablo enters]

Giov. [To him] You see the bartender?

PABLO. Yes, I saw him. He is dead. Why did you kill him?

Giov. Ah—he strika me—he have no right to strika me. Dolores, go out. I fear she will betray me. [Exit D.R. Pablo exits L.2.E.]

JOHN. Oh, Joe, you just ought to see me clean out the place. [*Swings arm around and hits Dude in the eye*] Well, you hadn't ought of been there.

DUDE. OW—OOO—OW! [*Coon gets him a chair center, opposite second entrance*]

JOHN. Oh, I can feel my muscle swelling.

DUDE. And I can feel my eye swelling.

JOHN. Well, Joe, you're just in time to take a drink.

JOE. No, thanks, I never drink.

JOHN. Then have something to eat.

JOE. What have you got to eat?

JOHN. Three kinds of pie—rice, custard and mustard.

DUTCH. Rice, custard and mustard?

JOHN. Yes, rice, custard and mustard.

JOE. Well, ha, ha, ha! I don't think I care for anything to eat. Come up, boys, and have a drink. [*Dude and Coon get there suddenly*]

JOHN. Look here, you fellows—[*Points seltzer bottle at them*] Get away from here—[*They hesitate*] Git—[*Seltzer*]

DUDE. [*Dude and Coon center of stage. Dude to Johnnie*] Ah, will you do me a favor?

COON. Yaas—do us bofe a favor, will you?

JOHN. Yes, I'll do you both a favor.

DUDE. Just come outside here, will you?

COON. Yaas—just come on de outside. [*Johnnie comes at them with a rush and they exit L.I.E.*]

DUTCH. Will you do me a favor? [*Opposite R.I.E.*]

JOHN. Yes, I'll do you a favor, too.

DUTCH. Ah, there—stay there.

JOHN. Come on up, Dutchy, and have something to eat.

DUTCH. [*Still nursing eye*] I want nottings to do mit you. [*Enter Dolores door R., running and screaming—Giovanni after her—center L.I.E. Giovanni's brother Pablo, Coon and Dude L.2.E.*]

JOE. [*Catches Dolores by the hand and steps in front of Giovanni*] Stop—what do you want with this child?

GIOV. Give her to me. She belongs to me—

JOE. No, you shall not have her. By what right do you beat and misuse these children?

GIOV. I bring her from home. Italy, Signor. She is my child.

DOL. Oh, no, sir, he is not my father. Do not let me go back to him.

JOE. No, you shall not. [*To Giovanni*] She says you are not her father, and I believe her. If you dare to lay a finger on her, you shall answer for it

dearly. [Giovanni throws down club and springs at Joe with knife. Joe knocks him down. The brother attempts to help, but Johnnie knocks him down and he retreats L.2.E. Giovanni exits D.R. screaming vengeance. Joe knocks Dude and Coon around just for exercise. Joe assumes to talk with Dolores, picks up club and looks at it; then leads Dolores to a chair opposite R.I.E., sits down and talks to her. The Dude has retreated—also Dutchy—after the fracas through L.I.E. Dude comes back and bows head on bar—Dutchy enters with dynamite bomb—explodes it back of Dude. It is filled with red fire. Consternation]

JOE. [To Dolores] That man is not your father?

DOL. Indeed, he is not. He brought me from Italy.

JOE. But your father—surely he would not let that man bring you away from Italy?

DOL. He was killed fighting with Garibaldi.

JOE. And your mother?

DOL. [Hands to eyes] Dead.

JOE. Poor child. [Wipes away her tears] Your mother dead, too.

DOL. She grew sick and died when she heard of my father's death. She placed her hand upon my head and said, "God guard my little one. God bless my little Dolores."

JOE. But how came you in that wretch's power?

DOL. Oh, there were a great many children brought over when we were. We played the harp and fiddle on the ferry boats and on the streets, anywhere to get money, and if we don't get two dollars every day, he kicks us and beats us and sends us to bed.

JOE. What? Kicks you and beats you?

JOHN. [Rushes from behind bar] Kicks and beats her—Oh, wait till I catch him—[Starts for door R. Knocks down Dutchy and Dude, who get in his way. Exit D.R. Coon, Dutchy and Dude all go to bar and help themselves]

DOL. There was a little boy and girl who used to live with us and play on the streets. When they were coming home one night, they crossed the bridge and they were hurrying so, because it was after dark, that they both fell into the river and were drowned, and the next morning they were found locked in each other's arms. Oh, Barney was awful sorry. [Dutchman brings chair to front center and goes to sleep. He has picked up the Dude's hat and has it on when he goes to sleep. The Dude picks up the Coon's hat—looks it over—then gets Indian club off bar—goes to Dutchman and strikes him in the stomach with it]

DUDE. That is not my chapeau. [Changes with Dutchman]

DUTCH. [Now has Coon's hat—throws it on floor] That is NOT my chapeau. [Kicks at it and falls on his back. Coon fires Dutchman's hat also. Dude rushes up to strike Dutchy while he is on the floor. Coon does the Pocahontas act—gets on his knees]

COON. Have mercy, sire, have mercy.

DUTCH. Does he have mercy? [Gets on his knees] I am shaved—I am saved. [Dutchman gets in chair again. Dude lights cigar and smokes, sitting at R. end of bar. Coon is still drinking]

JOE. He was sorry on account of their loss, of course.

DOL. Oh, no—because they had lost his best harp—

JOHN. [Enter D.R.] You just ought to have seen me lift him.

JOE. Did you catch him?

JOHN. I should say I did. I'd like to break my foot on him. I'd send him so high that his clothes would be out of fashion before he gets back.

DOL. Oh, you will not let him have me again, will you?

JOE. No, my child, I will see that you are provided for, and he will never misuse you again.

DOL. And my brother and sister! Oh, Barney will beat them worse than ever, now that I am gone.

JOE. But they are not your brothers and sisters.

DOL. I know it, but I love them just the same.

JOE. Well, I will provide for them, too. That wretch of an Italian shall not exercise his cruelty on them if I can help it.

JOHN. What are you going to do, Joe—steal a poorhouse?

JOE. Why, certainly not!

JOHN. Well, if you do, just put me down for a front seat. [Discovers Coon, who is just putting bottle under coat. Johnnie commences to whistle—so does the Coon, who skips toward L.I.E. Johnnie skips alongside of him, imitating his gait and pointing back at bar. Continue this to entrance. Back to counter, leaving bottle there, Coon skips to L.I.E. Johnnie gets seltzer bottle—takes cigar out of Dude's mouth—Dude expostulates against it. Dude rushes out L.I.E. and back again, shouting]

DUDE. The world is mine! [Gets a facer from seltzer bottle, and retires. Johnnie turns attention to Dutchman, who enjoys the fun, but goes to sleep suddenly]

JOHN. Oh—Oh—o—Three shots for five cents. [Takes three shots with bottle. Dutchman and Johnnie fight. Dutchy exits. Report of a gun L.2.E. Coon rushes in L.2.E.]

COON. Oh, you've done it! You'll catch it.

JOHN. [Behind bar] Done what?

COON. That young fellow went right outside and committed suicide. Blowed his brains out with a cigarette.

JOHN. Well, it ain't my fault.

COON. Yes, it is—all your fault. You'll catch it. [Puts card on Johnnie's back marked LEFT. Johnnie repeats that it is not his fault, but Joe sides in with Coon and he is dubious. Play death march. Dutchman and Dude march in with sheet between them arranged to look as if they had a stiff on shoulders]

COON. There is only one thing that will save that man's life.

JOHN. What's that?

COON. A bottle of brandy.

JOHN. Well, I'll give him that, if it'll do him any good. [They take the bottle, and throw shutter off—Exit L.I.E. Johnnie comes out, but he is too paralyzed to do anything. When he turns up, shows card on his back "LEFT." Takes off card] I'll get even with them fellows. [Picks up pepper-box]

JOE. What's that?

JOHN. Cayenne pepper.

JOE. What are you going to do?

JOHN. Make them a dynamite cocktail. [Puts some in bottle] Come on, boys, and have a drink. [Coon and Dude enter and drink; turn wrong side out. Dutchman laughs at them—then drinks his—goes through same motions, his hair rising straight up on head. Dude and Coon carry him off, after he falls L.I.E. John Adderly enters D.R. and goes to take a drink. Johnnie grabs bottle] We don't sell liquor to boys. [Joe catches him—he struggles]

JOE. Oh, you need not struggle—you are in a vise. Didn't I tell you that we should meet again, villain? [Adderly breaks away and makes motion to draw weapon] Why don't you draw your weapon? You are a coward as well as a villain, I see.

ADD. What has caused this change in you, Joe? Have we not always been friends?

JOE. Aye, friends. Who placed the money in my room for which I was tried and convicted? What could I do? My companions were of your stamp, whose words or oath would not avail me. Death was preferable to dragging out a miserable existence in prison. I escaped—went to California and there I met a wretch who was dying of some frightful disease. He was your accomplice, and it was he that told me who put that money in my room. It was YOU, John Adderly. And now what am I? An outcast—an escaped convict—a gambler without sympathy from the human race.

JOHN. Who says you got no sympathy? You, Jack Adderly? [Joe quiets him] Well, I don't take water from no such duck as him. [Drinks out of dynamite bottle] Oh, Joe, what do you think I did? I took some dynamite myself—

ADD. I did not do it. It was all a mistake.

JOE. Who caused the search to be made there?

ADD. Not I. Come, Joe, let us be friends again.

JOE. And you will give information, and have me sent back, I suppose?

ADD. I would never do that.

JOE. You better not. If I thought you meditated such a thing, I'd place the rope around your bull-neck with my own hands, as a terrible warning to all traitors.

ADD. Enough. Our paths lie in different directions.

JOE. [Interrupts] I trust that our paths may lie in different directions, but if in our walk through life we should ever meet, fear will never cause me to turn aside from avenging a wrong.

ADD. Nor me from avenging an insult.

JOHN. Oh, go West, young fellow, and shoot snipe.

ADD. I'll see you again, young man. [Exit D.R.]

JOHN. [Follows him to door] Oh, come and see me now. [Giovanni's brother Pablo enters L.I.E. and picks up snipe lying in center of stage. Johnnie turns and sees him and shoots. He drops snipe and exits L.I.E. Dutchman then starts after snipe. Has on a small plug hat. Picks up snipe and starts off. Joe whistles—then hollers at him. Drops snipe and exits L.I.E. Johnnie shoots just before he gets out. He jumps—hair stands up straight—hat falls off. Johnnie puts on hat—picks up snipe—sits in chair opposite R.I.E.] I'll do all the snipe-shooting round here myself.

JOE. [With Dolores by the hand] Poor child, there is something in her life that strangely resembles my own, for I am like a tennis ball—here, there and everywhere at times, and should misfortune overtake me I shall have at least the heartfelt prayers of one more homeless little wanderer. [Exit Joe and Dolores L.2.E.]

JOHN. Joe is a good fellow, and Joe thinks pretty well of me, too. Why, if I was starving and Joe had one sandwich I believe he would give me the mustard. Joe has got a heart in him as soft as a woman—some women. Oh, women, women, with your four-button kid gloves, while we poor men have to pin our suspenders to our pants! [Goes behind bar. Women gather round bar. Lights down on stage, except light on L. end of counter. Adderly and Giovanni enter door R. and talk just inside. Dolores enters L.2.E. and listens. Gets close to them]

ADD. He struck you down, you say?

GIOV. Yes—he knocka me down—so.

ADD. Well, I'd have his life for it. He is a bad character and I know it. You kill him and I'll swear you out of it.

GIOV. Ah—I keel heem—but how?

ADD. Ask them all up to drink—then turn down the light and stab him in the dark.

DOL. I have heard enough. I will put him on his guard. [*Exit L.2.E.*]

GIOV. See—my knife is sharp. I will do it.

ADD. That is right. Now here is money to treat with. Kill him and you will get your revenge and rid me of a dangerous foe. Call them up to drink and I will return just in time to see my friend the Ferret give his last kick. [*Exit D.R. Giovanni goes to L. end of bar. Dutchman, Dude and Coon enter R.L.1 and L.2., and get in front of bar. Giovanni's brother Pablo enters L.1.E and stands next to Giovanni, who shows him his knife. It is quite dark. Enter Joe and Dolores L.2.E.*]

JOE. Why, you must be mistaken, there is no one here who means to harm me.

DOL. I am sure he will kill you, and all on my account. Oh, let me go back to him.

JOE. Why, I couldn't think of such a thing. Come, wait for me outside a moment. [*Takes her to D.R. Then walks up to L. end of bar. Giovanni turns out lights*]

JOHN. Look out, Joe. [*Giovanni strikes, but hits his own brother, who falls. Johnnie lights the gas*]

DOL. [*Enters D.R.*] Why, Barney, you have killed your own brother!

GIOV. No, no—I no keel my brother. I know my own brother.

JOE. Cowardly assassin—[*Grabs him*] You have killed your own brother in mistake for me, and you must answer to the law for your crime. [*Enter Adderly, door R. and looks at the dead man*] Ah, I see you were but the tool, and there stands the instigator. [*Adderly draws revolver, but the women who are nearest him grab him, and Dolores catches his hand and bites it until he drops the pistol*]

TABLEAU

ACT III.

SCENE: Parlor in Thomas Goodwin's house.

CAE. [*Enters R.C. with gas lights in hand*] Hang out your banners on the outer wall, and let the cry be "Onward!" But why should I play the Roman

fool and die here upon me own sword? NO. Lay on, Macduff, and damn'd be he who first cries, "Hold—Enough!" [Up and down—across stage—stab—fall]

AUNT S. Why, Caesar, what in the world are you making such a noise about?

CAE. That ain't noise—that's ambition. "Lay on Macduff and damn'd be he who first cries, 'Hold—Enough.'" That's crushing genius through the mighty cranium.

AUNT S. Caesar, don't you know that Mr. Tom is expected? Go and see that his room is in order.

CAE. Ha—

AUNT S. Leave the room, sir.

CAE. I go, but of my own accord. [Enter Louise L.I.E.] Ha, ha, ha!

LOU. Go. [Points]

CAE. Great Heaven—I am crushed!

LOU. Now, Auntie, be good and don't insist upon my going to the entertainment with Mr. Ellerton.

AUNT S. But you must.

LOU. I hate him, and I won't go.

AUNT S. Mr. Ellerton is a very nice man, and I don't want to hear any more nonsense about him.

LOU. But I can't go with him.

AUNT S. You will.

LOU. I won't.

AUNT S. If you don't stop being saucy to me, I'll tell your father.

LOU. Well, I don't care, you are awful cross, and I despise Mr. Ellerton. Tom is the only fellow I care a snap for—he is just splendid. Say, Auntie, don't you think Tom is good-looking?

AUNT S. Young girls like you should think of something else besides good-looking young men. It is for ladies like me, and not young girls like you, to think of such things.

LOU. Well, I am bigger than you are and you are forty-nine.

AUNT S. You naughty girl—forty-nine! Why, the idea! It's no such thing. [Enter Tom L.I.E.]

LOU. Oh, Tom, I'm so glad you have come.

AUNT S. Thomas, kiss your aunt.

Tom. All right, old girl.

AUNT S. Thomas, what do you mean?

LOU. She has been scolding all morning, Tom, and I'll tell you all I

know. She meets a red-headed policeman down at the gate every day and talks to him for hours.

AUNT S. Thomas, don't you believe a word she says.

TOM. I don't, I never saw a policeman talking to a woman in my life.

[*Tom and Louise walk to rear of stage together*]

AUNT S. The idea! As if I would talk to a policeman, let alone a red-headed one! [*Enter Caesar L.I.E.*]

CAE. [*To Aunt Susannah*] There is a gentleman down in the garden wants to see you.

AUNT S. A gentleman to see me? [*Confidentially*] Now, Caesar, who is it?

CAE. It's the red-headed policeman. [*Aunt Susannah chases him out L.I.E. Louise and Tom laugh*]

LOU. [*Coming forward*] Now, tell me, Tom, did you enjoy your trip and did you find more attractive faces and friends there than at home? For I suppose you found time to amuse yourself, although you went for health.

TOM. No, my dear, here I find metal more attractive. [*Aside*] My father's money!

LOU. You mean ladies, of course?

TOM. Oh, yes. But by the way, does Mr. Ellerton call as frequently as ever?

LOU. Yes, he does, Tom, and I wish that he would stay away.

LOU. Why, I thought you were fond of him, and the thing as good as settled?

LOU. Oh, I could never marry that odious Ellerton, Tom. The man whom I marry must be one whom I can honor, love and respect. Mr. Ellerton is not such a man. [*Takes seat at table*]

TOM. But such a man I know—a noble, generous fellow, and though we have been acquainted but a few weeks, our hearts are joined together with links of steel. I have invited him here and am expecting him this evening.

LOU. I shall be glad to meet any friend of yours, but in affairs of the heart I prefer to be my own mistress.

TOM. Rest assured that father loves his children too well to ever force you to marry anyone you do not love.

LOU. Surely the father that has been so kind would not want his daughter to risk her happiness with such a man? [*Enter Caesar*]

CAE. The young gentleman is in the reception room and promulgates his wishes on this year card.

TOM. Why, it's Ferris. Show him up at once.

CAE. Safe conduct to his happiness! Ala ca Zam. [*Exit L.I.E.*]

TOM. Why, what's the matter with the fellow?

LOU. He has joined an amateur dramatic society. Why, the other day we heard the most terrible noise upstairs, actually thought the house was tumbling down, but upon investigation it proved to be poor Caesar—[Rises and walks to rear] rehearsing *Richard the Third*. He was running around the room, jumping over chairs and madly shouting "A horse—a horse—my Kingdom for a horse!" [Comes forward laughing]

TOM. And still the world turns round. A black Richard. We shall be having a black Juliet next.

CAE. [Enter L.I.E.] Room for me, Lord Duke Don Caesar De Pizaro Patsy Bol—bol—bol—Bolivar! [Enter Joe L.I.E., and makes a quick move at Caesar]

TOM. Leave the room, fool.

CAE. He who calls me a fool insults the lady I board with. [Exit L.I.E. Louise R.C. Tom L.C.]

JOE. [To Tom] What's the matter with the fifteenth amendment, Tom?

TOM. Oh, he's only a black amateur.

JOE. I should never take him for a white professional.

TOM. Mr. Ferris, allow me to introduce you to my sister Louise. [Joe advances and they stand together]

JOE. Miss Goodwin, it is indeed a pleasure to make your acquaintance.

LOU. The pleasure, Mr. Ferris, is mutual. I assure you I was chiding Tom for his selfishness in leaving me to be escorted by a man whom I abhor.

JOE. [To Tom] It is evident that you have neglected your sister. [Winks]

LOU. Why, he left us entirely alone last winter.

JOE. Did you leave your sister alone?

Tom. [Desperately] Well, what is a fellow to do?

JOE. You should emulate me. Never leave any fellow's sister alone.

TOM. Oh, pshaw!

LOU. Tell me, Mr. Ferris, what were the attractions at Saratoga? Were there any ladies who received Tom's special attention?

JOE. Yes, there was one in particular whom he was very devoted to.

Tom. [Pulls his coat-tail] Oh, come off, Joe.

JOE. Go 'way, you naughty, naughty man. She had lemon-colored hair and a pull-back, so.

TOM. Joe, for Heaven sake, draw it mild.

JOE. [Taking hold of coat-tail] You will draw it off if you keep on pulling it.

LOU. And what was her name?

JOE. Her name was—

TOM. [Whispers to him]

JOE. Did you hear what he said? He said her name was Augalusha.

TOM. Augalusha Snobbs.

JOE. She was the queen of the surf.

LOU. [Walking past Joe to Tom] And so you were playing court to the queen, Tom?

TOM. Why, certainly. [To Joe] I trust we may not meet as strangers when I am united to royalty.

JOE. I hope not. [Aside] Ah, Heaven grant that those words may not come back tenfold to repay for my railery!

CAE. [Enters L.I.E.] Sir, your generous father requests your presence in the ante-chamber.

TOM. What's that?

CAE. Your father wants to see you.

TOM. Tell him that I will join him at once. [Joe, Tom and Louise gather opposite R.L.E. and stand talking]

CAE. Such proclamations shall be made. [Makes a run at them] Ha—beware. She has deceived her father and may be—

TOM. Leave the room.

CAE. [Singing] "There Is a New Coon in Town, There Is a New Coon in Town." [Exit L.I.E.]

TOM. Pardon me for leaving you, but I must pay my respects to my father. I'll leave you to the tender mercies of Louise. You will stay with us, I hope, while in town, as per agreement, you know. [Exit R.2.]

JOE. [Follows him to the door] Thanks—perhaps I will. [Gets chair at back of stage]

LOU. Your family, then, do not reside in New York, Mr. Ferris?

JOE. [Brings chair to her side] Pardon me if I intrude my domestic history upon you. My father and mother both died when I was a little boy, and I have been compelled to fight my way all alone in the world.

LOU. I can sympathize with you, for I, too, and my twin brother, were left alone. And had it not been for Mr. Goodwin, who took our mother from the snow-covered street where she had fallen exhausted, brought her home and warmed us back to life, I fear our history would have been a sad one. But ever since that night when he adopted us he has been the kindest of fathers. I trust that you will remain with us and meet my father, who will, I am sure, be delighted to make your acquaintance. Our circle of friends is very small, and with the exception of Mr. Ellerton we have very few frequent callers. [Enter Caesar L.I.E.]

CAE. Mr.—Mr.—Damned if I haven't forgotten the gentleman's name.
[Exit *L.I.*]

JOE. [Aside] Ellerton—why, that is the very name that Johnnie said Adderly had assumed. The wolf in the fold of the lamb. Can it be possible? But, caution, Joe—caution. [To *Louise*] Do you know Mr. Ellerton's occupation?

LOU. To tell the truth I do not, and were it not for the business relations he has with my father, his presence here would be a cloud upon our sunshine. I think I can dispel the cloud and then the sun will shine brighter than ever. Oh, villain—villain!

CAE. [Enters] Mr. Ellerton is without and craves admission to your ladyship.

LOU. Show him in.

JOE. What—Ellerton here? He must not see me. What shall I do? [To *Louise*] I wish to speak to your brother a moment. [Goes to *R.2.E.*] I think I can find him.

LOU. Wait until Caesar returns and he shall show you the way.

JOE. I wish to see him at once, and I think it is quite unnecessary, as I can undoubtedly find him. [Opens door]

LOU. You will find him on the second floor to the left.

JOE. Thanks. I trust I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again.

LOU. Will you not stay for the evening?

JOE. I will. [Aside] Would to Heaven it were for life! [Exit *R.2.*]

LOU. Why, what a nice young man he is! Tom is very fortunate in having such a man for his friend. [Enter *Caesar L.I.* and behind him *Ellerton*]

CAE. Behold the most conglomerate of his race. [To *Ellerton*] "Mark where she stands. Around her awful form I draw the holy circle of our church. Step but one foot within that circle, and on thy head—yea, even though it wore a crown, I'd launch the curse of—"

LOU. [Sharply] Caesar! [Exit *Caesar whistling L.I.*] He is becoming unbearable. I am afraid we shall have to discharge him.

ELL. Not on my account, I trust. I like his nonsense rather than otherwise. Your father is at home, is he not? In fact he is always at home to me.

LOU. He is, and he bade me say that he would receive you in the library when you called. And there you might transact any business you may have with him.

ELL. [Draws chair closer to *Louise*] Business, Miss Goodwin, is a very cold word to be used between friends and does not sound well when coming from your lips. [Essays to take her hand]

Lou. [Rising] Pardon me, Mr. Ellerton, but my friends I have already selected. [She sweeps from the room and exits through arch]

ELL. [Getting up and gazing after her, and putting chair at rear of stage] I'll lower her tone, the haughty beauty, and that before the day is over. [Sits at table. Aunt Susannah enters L.I.] There's that crazy old maid. I'll pretend to be asleep.

AUNT S. [Just inside entrance] Oh—it's a man! [Goes forward] Why, it's that dear delightful Mr. Ellerton! He's asleep. How sweet he looks. I've a good mind to kiss him. I believe I will. [Kisses him—he jumps up. Looks from behind fan, coquettishly] Peek-a-boo!

ELL. Crazy!

AUNT S. Did I frighten you?

ELL. Bless my soul, no! It takes more than that to frighten me. Do it again if you want to. [Aunt Susannah with a little scream starts to do it again—he holds her off] But not now.

AUNT S. I hope you will forgive my little indiscretion. [Turning herself around and back again like a schoolgirl] Girls will be girls, you know!

ELL. Yes, a nice old girl. [Aside] I suppose I'll have to make love to the old aunt in order to get the niece. [To Aunt Susannah] I have business with your brother which brings me here quite often. [Steps toward her. C. front]

AUNT S. Don't you tickle me, sir—don't you tickle me! [Wriggles]

ELL. I understand your warm and gushing nature. [Arm around her] It has been chilled by contact with the cold and cruel world. If I but dared to reveal to you—

AUNT S. Oh, do.

ELL. Oh, no.

AUNT S. Oh, Mr. Ellerton, isn't this too real to be sweet!

ELL. It IS too real to be sweet.

AUNT S. Oh, will you return my love?

ELL. Certainly I will. I've no use for it.

AUNT S. Will you love me when I'm old? [Draws it out]

ELL. That's about the only chance I have. Allow me to kiss—[She puts up her face] your fair hand. [Gets away from her a little]

AUNT S. I must go now. [Edges up to him and holds her dress in the hand nearest him, as if to detain herself] Now, don't you hold me back, for if my brother knew I was alone with you, he would scold me for being so giddy.

ELL. [Puts his arm around her again] Your giddy brother shan't scold you, for I'll protect you from his wrath.

AUNT S. Oh, wouldn't we make a pretty tintype!

ELL. A great big chromo given away with a pound of tea. [*Lets go of her*]
AUNT S. Now, Mr. Ellerton, how old do you suppose I am? Guess.

ELL. Well, there is a question about ancient history. I guess you are about eighteen.

AUNT S. Oh, somebody told you. [*Goes for him—he holds her off. Caesar enters arch*]

CAE. Oh, Lordy! [*Jumps behind sofa*]

AUNT S. Why, I thought I heard someone speak. [*Goes to L.I.E.*] Good-bye. [*Throws kiss*] Oh, you dear man, I shall never forget you! [*Exit L.I.*]

ELL. Well, I'll never forget *you*, that's sure.

LOU. [*Enters arch*] Why, Mr. Ellerton, you here yet?

ELL. I still trespass upon your valuable time.

LOU. [*Calls*] Caesar—[*He jumps from behind sofa*] Caesar is here. Caesar, show this man to my father's study.

ELL. This gentleman can find the way to your father's study. [*Bows—goes L.2.*]

CAE. Goest thou to speak to my lord Hamlet?

ELL. Go thou to the devil. [*Exit L.2.*]

CAE. Lead on—I'll follow thee. [*Exit L.2.*]

LOU. [*Sits at table*] I know it was wrong to speak to him as I did, but there was something so sinister in his looks and actions that I could not help it. I have made an enemy of him for life—of that I am sure. [*Enter Caesar L.2., with letter on tray*]

CAE. A letter from my lord Duke.

LOU. [*Takes letter*] Caesar, you are a fool.

CAE. My proud girl, you shall yet be humbled. Go, get thee to a nunnery. Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow—go—go—go. [*Runs into door jamb and Exit L.1.*]

LOU. A letter from my brother. [*Reads*]—and that man here too, closeted with my father at this time. I feel that something terrible is going to happen. I fear his devilish look—his cunning smile. [*Enter Joe D.R.*] Oh, Mr. Ferris, I think that Heaven has sent you here for me to confide in. I need your assistance.

JOE. I always act on the first impulse. I find it is the best way.

LOU. I will trust you. Mr. Ellerton is now closeted with my father. That man has long been a suitor for my hand, but without the least encouragement from me. And now I get this letter—read it. [*Hands him letter*] Oh, I feel there is something deep laid underneath all this. Oh, I know that it is some game.

JOE. [*Glances at letter*] You may be sure there is, and you may also be sure that I am just the man to spoil his little game. [*Hands back letter*] I am not a lawyer, no one knows that better than I, and if this man has any business with your father, the latter will come out second best, you may be sure. Is there a door or a window through which I could hear their conversation? It would enable me to act with more certainty, for, believe me, we have a desperate man to deal with—a perfect tyrant and one who will not leave his prey while a drop of blood remains.

Lou. I will tell you what we can do. I will scream and alarm the inmates of the next room. You conceal yourself behind the sofa. They will rush in here. You can then step into the next room. I will give them some explanation for my fright and you can overhear every word that is said.

JOE. [*Goes toward sofa*] What a wonderful faculty for invention has a woman, and what a dear delightful creature she is! Well, who knows, something good may come of it, after all.

Lou. Are you ready?

JOE. All ready. [*Joe hides behind sofa—Louise screams. Ellerton and Mr. Goodwin enters L.2.E. Tom enters D.R. Caesar and Aunt Susannah L.1.*]

OMNES. Why, what in the world is the matter?

Lou. Oh, dear me—look under the table! [*Joe sneaks into L.2.E.*] I was so frightened.

AUNT S. What was it?

Lou. It looked for all the world like a great black cat.

AUNT S. A great black cat. [*Picks up skirts and runs out R.1.*]

MR. G., ELL. and TOM. A great black cat! [*All look at Caesar*]

CAE. A great black cat? Well, what are you all looking at me for? I thought he had a touch of E Pluribus Union! [*Exit L.1. Louise and Tom are at table*]

ELL. [*To Louise*] I trust that you will be better presently.

Lou. I have every reason to believe I shall be better presently.

ELL. Your father was afraid that some calamity had befallen you.

Lou. [*Going up stage—looking at father, who is on sofa*] And I was afraid some calamity had befallen my poor father. Come Tom, I am all right now. And of one thing you may be sure.

ELL. And that is—?

Lou. [*Bowing herself out with Tom*] That the black cat will never frighten me again. [*Exit through arch*]

ELL. What a fuss she makes about nothing—and what does she mean by a black cat, I wonder? Well, Mr. Goodwin, let us resume our conversation which was just interrupted.

Good. [Rising] Yes, let us come to the point at once. We are ruined.

ELL. Excuse me sir—YOU are. I offered to take a share of the risk, but you declined.

Good. But you said the stocks were firm and the supply was inexhaustible.

ELL. There you are—wrong again. Their circular said so.

Good. But you gave it your support.

ELL. True—and at that time I thought so. But come, sir—your son.

Good. Ah, yes. Five years ago I left him in undisturbed possession of a house that had stood the shocks of thirty years. Young in years but old in mercantile experience. During the panic of '73, while other houses were tottering and falling about us, ours alone stood—like the giant oak, it defied the storm. And now, what do I hear? Rivals say its time has come at last. That proud old fabric is levelled with the dust. [Turns, with hands up] Oh, Heaven, do not now desert me! In the evening of my life sustain me as thou hast in other days! [Sinks on sofa]

ELL. Would it not be better to act for yourself than to leave everything to Heaven? [Snaps fingers]

Good. I confess, 'tis to you I owe all my misery. Your oily tongue first counselled me to risk my all, and when I warned my son to beware of you, he only laughed.

ELL. But you didn't warn him in time, or he wouldn't stand the chance he now does of ending his days in the State's prison.

Good. [Catching him by the collar] Unsay those words, villain, or, old as I am, I'll strike you dead at my feet!

ELL. Your indignation is very natural, sir, but I have proof of what I say.

Good. You have proof?

ELL. Yes, sir, right here. [Takes note out of bill book—puts book back carelessly, so it can be easily gotten at] Look at this signature and tell me if it is yours?

Good. It is my writing.

ELL. Look again and be sure.

Good. No—this is not my writing. It is a forgery.

ELL. So you see that the great house of Goodwin has a worse enemy than I am.

Good. Oh, wretch! And my son, too! [Turns to exit, rear arch] This matter shall be laid bare.

ELL. Stop! [Holds up check] Here is the proof against your son. Render ME powerless?

Good. I do not understand you.

ELL. Make it to my interest to destroy this note and conceal this evidence.

GOOD. I am still in ignorance.

ELL. In other words, give me the right to call Louise my wife.

GOOD. [Coming back slowly] What—Louise your wife? You, marry Louise? Never! She loathes—she detests you.

ELL. I may not be able to inspire love, but I have the power to command respect. We shall see. [Goes to rear arch]

GOOD. Oh—stay—!

ELL. Come—I will do better. I will advance money to meet your creditors—destroy all proof against your son. We'll infuse new blood in the firm of Goodwin and Company, and it shall live again as Goodwin, Ellerton and Company.

GOOD. Oh, anything to save my children from misery—myself from despair!

ELL. I thought you'd change your mind. Come, sir—sign this paper. [Takes out book and lays it on table] And you flourish again like a green bay tree.

GOOD. [Reads paper] Ah, your schemes were well laid and you have me in your power. But as long as you hold that forged check in terror over my head I will not sign.

ELL. [Tears note up] Behold my magnanimity. [Aside] I didn't tell him, though, I had a second one. [To Goodwin] So you see the devil is not always as black as he is painted. [Goodwin starts to sign. Enter Joe L.U.E.]

JOE. Stop! [Tears up paper] And now, sir, you behold my magnanimity.

ELL. The Ferret here?

JOE. Yes, the Ferret—right here.

GOOD. Who are you, sir?

JOE. I am the man who scared away the black cat, and there he is! [Points at Ellerton and laughs. Ellerton annoyed]

GOOD. But I never saw you before.

JOE. Let it suffice for the moment that I am here as your best friend, and Heaven helping me, I'll prove myself one by thwarting yonder devil. Let us call him by his right name for once. DEVIL, did I not tell you that you should feel the weight of my arm—while you rioted at your ease on the ill-gotten gains wrung by the father from the poor starving wretches of Five Points? My mother went to you for assistance after your accursed place had swallowed up my father's all, and when she asked for help, your father struck her. I then, boy as I was, registered a vow to be even with you for that blow, and Heaven has sent me to right the wrong, and drag the guilty one to justice.

ELL. Do not believe him—he is an escaped convict.

GOOD. No, impossible!

JOE. Through his hellish machinations and perjury, too, he confines me to the loathsome cells of the State's prison, but I have a paper signed by his confederate, and attested to by the judge of the court before which I was tried, proving that I was innocent and he the guilty one. And he must take my place in that same prison. That is your doom, John Adderly.

ELL. No—no—Joe—stop. Don't say that.

GOOD. What, the son of John Adderly that kept a place in the Five Points?

JOE. The same. And you see the father well represented in the son.

GOOD. Merciful Providence, how wonderful are thy ways! Twenty years ago, and the night of the great fire, I knew of a similar act done by his father. I heard a cry of distress, and following the sound I found a woman in distress. Aye, dying in the streets. I afterwards learned she had gone to him, asking for a mere pittance. Bread enough to keep herself and two children from starving, after her husband had been ruined by rum, and she thrown from his door and left to die in the street. Those two children are now mine, by adoption, and living under this roof.

JOE. [To Ellerton] Oh, villain, pray that it may not fall and crush you!

ELL. Joe Ferris, you have been the bane of my life. YOURS shall now answer for it. [Draws revolver. Joe takes it from him, and holds picture, hesitating to fire]

JOE. You deserve death for being such an infamous coward. But I'll not cheat the hangman of such a precious package as you are. [Gives revolver to Goodwin] He would become a murderer as well as a forger.

GOOD. WHAT? A forger?

JOE. Yes, forger! I know something of this coal transaction. He calls himself the coal agent, but I call him the coal fraud. Why, the coal only exists on the char that he carries in his pocket. Why, he's the whole coal company; transacts all the business. In his pocket, are all the stealings, rolled up in a little bit of a lump. Give it a toss and away it goes. [Indicates tossing a ball away]

ELL. But I never forged my father's name.

GOOD. But the proof of that has been destroyed.

ELL. So you think, but I have another check. [Shows book that he sticks, carelessly, in his vest pocket. Joe jerks it out]

GOOD. Villain, you have deceived me in that also! [Enter Policeman, Louise and Aunt Susannah]

ELL. What, a policeman here? Arrest that man! [Points to Goodwin]

JOE. [As he tears up check taken from Ellerton's pocket, Tom Goodwin enters L. and stands behind Goodwin, Sr.] What for?

ELL. For forgery.

JOE. That proof has been destroyed. Arrest THAT man! [Points to Ellerton]

ELL. ME? What for?

JOE. For murder. You instigated the Italian to strike the cowardly blow that your arm failed to strike. ARREST that man!

ELL. [Crossing to Goodwin, Sr.] But you yourself saw him *destroy* the proof against your son!

JOE. A father will not convict a son.

ELL. But my *oath* will.

JOE. But you are a criminal, and your oath will not be taken seriously. [Women come down and congratulate Joe, as Policeman goes down and puts handcuffs on Ellerton, who stands amazed. Goodwin embraces his son, as curtain falls]

ACT IV.

SCENE: *A Station house at a Union Pacific Railroad station. See front of script for description of set. At rise, Joe, a Chinaman and three ladies are discovered, and as curtain ascends, they give three cheers.*

JOE. [Calls] Come, boys, get those trunks off. [Johnnie and several supers enter, and take trunks off left, followed by the ladies, Johnnie, and the Chinaman. But as Joe calls Johnnie, and ladies stop] Johnnie, you escort the ladies over to the ranch, and you'd better stop on your way back, and tell the Chief to send me a few of his braves. Black Cloud and his band are reported at Station 42, and it is possible they may come here. I don't want them to catch us without a guard, as it might invite attack.

JOHN. All right, Joe. Catch on, girls! [Offers arms, which two girls take and they exit, followed by other girl and Chinaman, off R.I.E. As Tom Goodwin enters up R. and comes down and slaps Joe on back]

TOM. Are you the station agent?

JOE. I believe I am. [Turns] Why, Tom Goodwin!

TOM. Joe Ferris, I'm delighted. [Shakes hands]

JOE. Where'd you come from?

TOM. Why, from the train, of course!

JOE. And I not there to meet you!

TOM. What in the world brought you out here?

JOE. Oh, Tom, don't ask me. How could I stay in New York after what happened in your house?

TOM. How can I ever repay you for what you did? In a moment of madness I forged my father's name, and you saved me from disgrace and ruin.

JOE. It was a terrible sacrifice, for in doing so I forfeited the good opinion of your family, by revealing the name and conditions of my associates.

TOM. But I investigated, and found you innocent of any crime.

JOE. But I was a gambler, and my associates were men of the lowest stamp. But, remember, I was left alone when a mere boy. I found myself in the streets one night, with clothing scarcely sufficient to protect me from the cold, while vice rolled by me, wrapped in furs. I resolved I would lead such a life no longer, and I became a gambler. My wits were as sharp as theirs. They didn't thrust me aside, but even then, the money wrung from my dupes seems to melt in my hands. So, after passing through an eventful life I have at last settled down as station master at 47th U. P. Railway. By the way, Tom, what ever became of Adderly? You know, he was sentenced for five years for that affair with the Italian. I suppose he is still serving the State?

TOM. About six months ago an uprising took place in the prison, and after killing one guard and nearly killing another he escaped by jumping into the river. Nothing was heard of him for a long time, but just before I left New York I read in the papers that he had been seen around his old haunts.

JOE. He is free, then. That man bears me no good will.

TOM. Yes. They never succeeded in capturing him. But tell me, do you feel contented out here?

JOE. How could I be contented? I sometimes long to be back in New York and I sigh for my old associates—but always the GOOD ones, Tom, remember that. But, Tom, come into the station. [Starts]

TOM. But I must go and bring Louise and the rest of the folks.

JOE. What? Louise *here*?

TOM. [Points to them, as Louise and Aunt Susannah enter R.U., followed by Chinaman] No, THERE! Louise, allow me to present you to a very dear friend.

LOU. Why, Mr. Ferris! I'm more than pleased to meet you here. [Shake hands]

AUNT S. Why, Mr. Ferris! [Tries to kiss him, but he dodges her] How do you do?

LOU. AUNTY! Oh, I'm so glad to find you here ahead of us, Mr. Ferris, for this is to be our new home. And Aunt Susie was afraid we'd have no

neighbors, and no one to entertain us. But tell me, how is it that we find you here?

JOE. I have learned that an honest day's work is the best nurse for a good night's sleep. [*Chinaman has been trying to pull ribbons off Aunt Susannah's hat, she turns, frightened*]

AUNT S. What in the world is *that*?

JOE. Well, we haven't named it yet.

AUNT S. Well, it looks exactly like a Chinese firecracker.

CHI. Me no firecracker, me skyrocket. [*Sits on box, and gets his finger pinched in lid*] Oh, oh, oh. [*Joe points to show him he's sitting on the lid*]

JOE. See. [*Chinaman gets up. Joe shows him the end-pieces on the box. Chinaman sits again and grins*]

LOU. May I have a word with you, Mr. Ferris?

JOE. Certainly. [*Tom and Aunt Susannah retire to boxes at back of stage*]

LOU. Why did you leave New York so suddenly, without a word of farewell?

JOE. I loved one far above me. Do you remember, when I sat in the witness box giving evidence against that man, and every word I spoke was carrying me further and further away from her, until I had revealed myself a gambler and the accomplice of this unprincipled man? Then I realized the position in which I stood, and not until then did I realize how hopeless was my love. Even as I sat there I held in my own hand that priceless boon —my pardon signed by the governor, who had heard my prayer, and with tears in his eyes, he bade me "Go and sin no more." That was why I left New York.

LOU. But she whom you had loved—Had she loved you in return and bade you to stay—?

JOE. Then I would have died at her feet.

LOU. You were wrong not to disclose your love, for had she been a true woman, she never would have refused such a noble heart as yours.

JOE. Had you been that woman, would you *then* have spoken thus?

LOU. I would, indeed.

JOE. Then, 'tis you I love. But until this moment I never even dared to hope to win the love of one so pure and good as you. [*Louise turns toward him*]

LOU. Oh, what can I say? That I never loved until I saw you—never knew happiness until you came to our house! [*He kisses her*]

CHI. Oh, shamee—shamee—[*Hides face. Aunt Susannah comes forward with Tom*]

TOM. What does this mean?

JOE. It means that your sister has consented to become my wife—and that I am the happiest man on the U.P. Road.

AUNT S. [To Louise] Then 'tis you he loves. [Kisses her. Tom and Joe go up and sit at back] But don't you know that that is very naughty?

LOU. Yes, I know it's naughty, but it's nice. [She goes up-stage and joins Tom and Joe. Joe springs to meet her]

AUNT S. I wish I had some nice—

CHI. [Runs up to her] You like some ricee—[Aunt Susannah turns back on him and walks to box opposite R.2.E. Sits down and takes drink out of bottle]

CHI. Ah ha—Melican woman like jig water. Me likee, too. [Takes bottle out of her hand and drinks. Offers it back several times, but fools her and drinks himself, talking Chinese all the time, and keeps this up till the bottle is empty] Me makee mashee. [Sits beside her] Ah, there my sizee—me stealee you. [Tries to put his arm around her. She jumps quickly—he falls, then chases her]

JOE. Here—what is the matter, Tart?

CHI. [Joe comes forward with Tom] Melican woman fightee.

JOE. Come here, Tart. [To others] Watch me telephone to China. [Takes Tart's cue] Hello, Tart!

CHI. Hello!

JOE. You're crazy.

CHI. Me, too. [Joe turns away laughing] Now me talkee. [Takes end of cue] Hello—hello—hello—[Jerks his cue—disgusted—jumps on box]

JOHN. [Enters R.2.E.] Supper is ready, Mr. Joe.

CHI. Hello, Johnnie. Me makee mashee.

JOHN. Who is it? The old girl? [All exit R.3.E., except Joe and Louise and Chinaman, who is on box. Enter Caesar with baggage]

CAE. Say, look here—[They are just disappearing in the station] Where is the colored population goin' to roost? [Joe and Louise stop at door of station. Chinaman hollers and skips R.1.E.]

JOE. [To Caesar] Why, I thought I would leave you out here to amuse my Indian friends.

CAE. Injuns around here? [Looks scared]

JOE. Lots of them. You ain't afraid of Indians, are you?

CAE. What—me afraid of Injuns? Well, I guess not. Why, my maw used to keep an Injun boarding-house.

JOE. Where?

CAE. In Indianapolis.

JOE. [Quickly] What's that?

CAE. [Jumps] Oh, Lord!

JOE. You ain't afraid?

CAE. No, I'se just a little bit skeered, that's all. [Exit Louise R.2.E.]

JOE. [Comes forward and takes Caesar by the arm] You must be very circumspect. There is an Indian around here ten feet high, and mark you, Caesar, he eats a nigger every morning for breakfast.

CAE. He eats a nigger every morning *before* breakfast?

JOE. Yes, sir.

CAE. That settles it. This nigger don't get up till after dinner.

JOE. [Crosses to R.2.E.] Look out for that hat. [In deep tone] The bell has rung for it and the Indians are death on a white hat.

CAE. Oh, Lord!

JOE. What's that behind you? [Exit R.2.E.]

CAE. Oh—[Jumps. Chinaman enters R.1.E., runs into Caesar and exit L.2. After this Caesar is about scared to death. It gets dark] I wonder what's the matter with that hat. The boys in St. Louis used to holler "Who skinned the cat, Nigger wid the white hat." Oh, how dark it's getting! I wish when I come out here I'd stayed home. If any of them Indians eat this nigger, I'll be doggoned if I don't lay heavy on their stomachs. Oh, but I'm sleepy. I'll go and get something to eat, and then with the blue sky above me and the green grass beneath me, I don't think an earthquake would scare me. [Indian war-whoop] Oh, Lord, what's that? [Exit R.U. Enter Indian L.U., goes to station—looks around—beckons. Adderly enters L.3. followed by Chief and Indians. Indians squat around at back of stage. Adderly opposite R.2.E., Chief opposite L.2.E.]

CHIEF. White Brother so—

ADD. Don't call me White Brother—call me Indian like yourselves. I would not have the keeper of the station here know that a white man had led you on the war-path.

CHIEF. Did he not say that he would lead the Indian where he could avenge the wrongs of his race? Have we not done so? Has he not seen the Pale-faces scalped—their homes burned, and their women and children carried away captive to the wigwams of Black Cloud's braves? And now, more of the white race turn their faces to the west. Where can the Red Man go? What spot can he call his own? None—but his Mother Earth, to sleep his last sleep. Behold, there is another reason why we must fight. The Iron Horse comes thundering across our plains. Our warriors look aghast, and in vain does Black Cloud tell them that these were the hunting grounds of their fathers, and belong to them. They are filled with fear. And what has

the white man given us for all this? Ugh—his fire-water. It steals away the brains of my people and excites them to deeds of violence. The Red Man's hours are numbered.

ADD. You are right, and nought is left but revenge.

CHIEF. Yes—spare neither age nor sex. Kill all.

ADD. But what is to become of the white family that we tracked here?

CHIEF. Their fate will be sealed by the rising sun.

ADD. Yes—kill all. But the women—what of them?

CHIEF. They shall be carried away captives to become the squaws of Black Cloud and his braves.

ADD. That is good. There is much plunder here. Provisions, ammunition, money. All this shall belong to you.

CHIEF. White Chief speak good. Indian take all—and kill.

ADD. All but the women, for the Chief himself wishes one for his squaw.

CHIEF. The White Chief shall have one for his squaw. Indian kill all the rest.

ADD. Yes, kill all that I shall name. The station-keeper is my deadly enemy. Kill him.

CHIEF. Black Cloud kill him.

ADD. He may take away your hunting grounds and not pay you for them, but pay your great Father in Washington and leave you to freeze and starve. Now, the keeper of the station is as cunning as a fox. We must return when all have gone to rest. Fire the station—stampede the horses, and when the sun rises, not one of their cursed tribe shall be left alive.

CHIEF. When does the Iron Horse come back?

ADD. At this time tomorrow, and they must find naught here but smouldering ashes.

CHIEF. White man is black. But they are our enemies and must perish. I will teach them that the Indian, too, knows how to punish and avenge. [*Adderly goes to door of station. Chief steps back a step or two, then quickly forward with a yell to his followers, who all spring forward, but Adderly stops them*]

ADD. Back! Lights are still moving around the station. Back—and defer our purpose for a while.

CHIEF. The White Chief speaks good. Back until I give the signal. Then spring upon them like wolves. [*All back to L.U. and L.3. and exit, Adderly being the last. The first Indian who entered runs back to Adderly and raises his knife—wants to enter the station. Adderly catches his arm and forces him off L.U., following him and looking back, shaking his fist at the station*]

JOHN. [Enters R.2., with revolver in hand] Oh, why didn't he wait a minute! Just a minute and I would have plugged him. I wonder where I've seen that face before. In some jail, I guess, for a more hang-dog looking countenance I never saw before. [Peers around carefully] That settles it. The first Mr. Injun I see around here will get perforated. [Chinaman makes noise at L.2. Johnnie watches with gun ready]

CHI. [Lying down] Don't shootee.

JOHN. Come here, Tart. [Enter Chinaman, L.2.] You seen anything of Black Cloud around here?

CHI. Me no likee Black Cloud.

JOHN. No, you bet you don't. Black Cloud is a very tart Indian.

CHI. Me tart. Mashee woman.

JOHN. Yes, you are a very tart washerwoman. Say, what did you put starch in my sox for?

CHI. Me no putee starchee sockee. Me putee sockee starchee.

JOHN. [Mimics him—shows him revolver] Do you know what that is? That is a young man's Christian Companian. And it's five volumes all bound in one, and it's all loaded with slugs plumb to the muzzle.

CHI. Muzzle—sluzzle.

JOHN. Yes, muzzle-sluzzle. And if I ever draw a bead on Black Cloud I'll give him a new set of shirt studs.

CHI. Shirtee studee?

JOHN. Yes—you want one?

CHI. Me no wantee. [Caesar enters R.1.]

CAE. It's no use. I can't sleep for those dol-garned mosquitoes.

CHI. Oh, Black Cloud—Black Cloud—

CAE. [Falls on his knees very frightened; holds up hat] Oh don't shoot me—don't shoot me—shoot the hat.

JOHN. That ain't an Injun—it's only a nigger.

CAE. Yes, I'se only a nigger.

JOHN. Well, it's a good thing, for if you'd been an Indian I'd of blowed the whole top of your head off.

CAE. Well, thank the Lord, I'se only a nigger!

JOHN. Where did you come from?

CAE. The railroad, of course.

JOHN. Don't get funny now.

CAE. I come along wid the white family what's inside.

JOHN. How many of them are there?

CAE. About a hundred and fifty.

JOHN. Count them.

CAE. Well, dar's de old man and de young man, de two young ladies, and de old woman. Two dogs, a Thomas cat, Big and Little Casino. . . .

CHI. Fullee hand.

JOHN. That's only a hundred and forty-nine.

CAE. An' one respectable gentleman. That's a hundred and fifty.

JOHN. We don't count niggers out here.

CAE. You don't?

JOHN. No, we don't.

CAE. Well, I guess you counted 'em last election just the same.

JOHN. Did you ever play smarty?

CAE. No, but I've played Richard the Third.

CHI. Oh shootee—shootee!

JOHN. I'll shootee. You shut up. [*To Caesar*] Say, you want to be mighty careful round here. This place is surrounded by Indians. [*All close together, C.*]

CAE. Oh, Lord!

JOHN. The very trees is full of them.

CAE. Den, fo' de Lord's sake don't shake dat tree.

JOHN. How are you heeled?

CAE. How is any nigger heeled? Got a razor.

JOHN. [*To Chinaman*] You—are you heeled?

CHI. Allee samee Melican man.

JOHN. I'll tell you what we'll do—we'll go hunting for Indians. [*They creep around stage*]

CAE. I pray de Lord we don't find any. [*Music all through this. They get startled at loud strains. Business and ad lib. Do this once or twice. Chinaman and Caesar almost fall. At last all three form in line at rear of stage, trot to front with music and sing song. Exit R.I.*]

ADD. [*Enters L.U.E.*] I had almost forgotten the accursed wire. I must destroy it, for Ferris will telegraph for help. Come here. [*Calls to Indian, who enters L.I.E.*] Well, you must cut that or the chief of the station here will telegraph to his brother, far away, and get help. Do you understand?

IND. Yep, me know. Indian climb like squirrel. See. [*Runs off R.I.E.*]

ADD. Now, Joe Ferris, your hours are almost numbered—you who have thwarted me so often. Through you the plans I have laid for years have been almost dashed to pieces. And now to come here and find everything as if I had planned it. The daughter who so despised me, the father who hated me, and the son who escaped with me! All here, and at last in my power! Oh, I could shout with very joy until the rocks re-echo with laughter! Rejoice, you red-skinned devils! For this I have sold myself to you, and

become one of your tribe. My measure of crime is almost complete, for, with the wealth which I now possess and the gold, I am told, is hidden here, I will return to civilization. Then who will recognize me, the elegant gentleman of the East, as the renegade of the West? [*Click, click, click, three blows outside, and the sound of the wire falling*] All hope has fled you now. That little wire held your hopes, but it is severed now and eternity yawns at their very feet. [*Looking in station door. Indian now enters R.I.E.*]

IND. Indian do what white man tell him—climb pole—cut wire—so.

ADD. You have done well. But see, lights are still around the station. Come, let's get back for awhile. [*They exit L.U.E. at same time. Johnnie and Chinaman enter R.I.E. and Joe enters with lantern, at R.U.E.*]

JOE. You must be mistaken, there are no Indians around here. Forty-two reported them in *that* vicinity yesterday.

JOHN. Can't I believe my own earsight?

JOE. Well, what did you hear?

JOHN. I don't know, ask the Chinaman. He's just as big a liar as I am.

JOE. Well, Tart, what did you see? Come, speak up!

CHI. Me see Indian white man—Black Cloud.

JOE. Are you sure it was Black Cloud?

CHI. Me saby, Black Cloud.

JOE. Then there is, indeed, danger. Johnnie, go and destroy all the liquor in the storehouse. [*Johnnie exits R.*] China, you go and attend to the horses. [*Chinaman exits R.U.E.*] I'm afraid Black Cloud means trouble. [*Picks up wire*] Why, the wire has been cut! This, then, is positive proof that white men are directing the Indians' movements. No Indian would have been cunning enough to cut that wire, and I may expect them down on me at any minute. What shall I do?—I have it! I'll tap the wire here and telegraph to Station 46, and have the train sent back, and perhaps it will get here in time to save us. [*Shaking fist threateningly L.I.E.*] Ah, you red devils, you thought to get ahead of the Ferret, did you? Well, I'll show you the Ferret is a match for sixty red-skinned devils. Now, then, for the apparatus. [*Exits R.I.E., as Chinaman enters R.U.E.*]

CHI. Melican man like fightee. Chinaman like sleepee in box. [*Gets in box R.2. Caesar enters R.U.*]

CAE. I just went and put on my new Rip Van Winkle wig and white-washed my face, and if any of them Indians scalp dis child—Oh—they'll get fooled. Oh, I fixed myself! [*Pulls back coat—shows two big horse-pistols*] Dat am a gun—and dat am a son of a gun. The last time I shot dat one was last Fourth of New Year's, and I was laid up for just seven weeks. If I turn dis one loose on an Injun, and he don't drop, I'll turn Old Faithful loose,

and if he don't drap, then I'm goin' around behind him and see what's holdin' him up, that's all. I'd just like to try this here one on an Injun—just to see how quick he'd move. [*Chinaman raises top of box and lets it drop. Caesar drops on his knees, shaking. Finally looks around, and gets up—sees that there is no one there—is completely changed and scared*] Injun see nigger—Injun run. Injun not run—nigger run. Oh Lawd—here comes one now with a seven pounder on his back. [*Exit R.U. Enter Joe with instrument R.1.E. Puts it on barrel—connects wire and works instrument*]

JOE. Station 46—[Speaks while working instrument. He is supposed to be telegraphing. Stops and examines gun—looks around—telegraphs again] Come, old man, wake up—wake up! [*Stops and waits again*] Oh, why don't he answer me? [Very anxious] Patience, Joe, patience. Don't talk of patience to a man of my temperament! Leave patience to the saints. [*At last machine answers—he listens eagerly*] What do I want? I'll tell you what I want. [*Telegraphs*] Has the U.P. train yet passed your station? Answer me quickly. [*Turns off key of instrument and waits*] God grant that they have not passed there, for before they could reach the next station, which is a great way off, I fear the crisis would have passed and the murdering savages have done their work. [*Instrument on barrel begins to work—tick, tick, etc. He speaks, translating the message as it comes over the wire*] “The train is just entering the station.” Thank God for that! [*He goes to instrument and telegraphs*] “Get help and send back the train at lightning speed. I am surrounded by Indians. I have two helpless women to protect, and only about four fighting men. Lose not a moment if you would save human life.” [*Stops telegraphing*] There, my pretty little piano, that's the sweetest tune you ever played. And if I am ever a father, you are the only instrument my little ones shall practice on. Now, if they will wait until I get rid of my instrument, I'll promise to handle them a little rougher than their great Father in Washington. [*Rolls barrel off R.1.*] If we are lucky, I guess we will get out of this with a whole skin. [*Indians appear at L.3. and L.U. Joe enters R.1. Tom R.2. Johnnie R.3.*] Give them a warm reception. [*All advance and chase Indians off, fighting. Tom and Black Cloud enter R.2., struggling for gun. Black Cloud gets gun and Tom retreats to L.U.E., firing a revolver. Black Cloud levels gun and snaps it as Tom exits L.U.E., followed by Chief Black Cloud. At the same time Caesar enters R.U.E. Falls in C. of stage—kneeling and praying. Indian enters R.1. and rushes to Caesar, scalping him, pulling off the Rip Van Winkle wig which Caesar has over his regular wig. Indian exit L.1. as Caesar jumps up and fires revolver after him. Indian returns and gives a war-whoop, which frightens Caesar, and he runs off R.3.E. Indian follows chasing him, and Caesar re-*

enters R.1., followed by Indian, who chases Caesar off L.1. Aunt Susannah comes out of station in nightgown and exits hurriedly L.1.E. Chinaman opens box and shoots at her as she runs off. She returns and runs out R.3.E. Chinaman fires another shot and goes out after her. Caesar enters L.2. followed by Indian who catches him, as Johnnie enters L.3., and grabs Indian. All exit. Adderly enters R.3.E., dragging Louise by arm. Black Cloud enters R.U.E. Joe enters R.2., and releases Louise. Johnnie enters L. and shoots at Black Cloud, who chases Johnnie off L.2. Joe and Adderly indulge in a fist fight. Adderly finally falls. Johnnie returns—hands Joe a revolver. Tom and Chief enter R.2.E. Chief and Adderly stand at bay. Train comes on here and stops, and soldiers from train fire at Chief and Adderly, both of whom fall. Louise rushes into Joe's arms, forming the picture as down comes

THE CURTAIN

DAVY CROCKETT;
Or, BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT, THEN GO AHEAD

By Frank Murdock

PROPERTY PLOT

ACT I.

Plenty of dry leaves to cover the stage—four guns to load—powder-stuffed squirrel—water pail, sidesaddle.

ACT II.

Four buffalo robes—Cot C.—bar to break—bundle of twigs for Davy—snow to blow in door—six pieces of wood—Scott's poem of Lochinvar—an axe.

ACT III.

Same as Act II.

ACT IV.

Large pictures on easel—pen and ink and document for lawyer—table L.2.E.

ACT V.

Lighted candle in window—rifle on wall—small book for Parson—legal papers for Crampton.

SCENE PLOT

ACT I.

A clearing in the forest with cottage R.2.E.—Well, rope and bucket L.2.E.—Rustic bridge from R. to L.U.E.—Steps L.C.—Window in cottage—Dried leaves cover the stage—Bench in front of cottage facing audience.

ACT II.

Interior of Crockett's hut—Fireplace L.2.E.—Door opening down stage R. 2.E.—Sockets for the bar to fasten it.

ACT III.

Same as Act II.

ACT IV.

Handsome C.D. Room.

ACT V.

Interior of Crockett's house—Door L.2.E.—Table C.—Window of C. flat.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

DAVY

OSCAR CRAMPTON

NEIL

MAJOR ROYSTON

BIG DAN

BRIGGS

YONKERS

BOB

QUICKWITCH

WATSON

PARSON

ELEANOR

DAME

LITTLE SAL

ACT I.

SCENE: *A clearing in the forest, with Dame Crockett's cottage, set R. Well L.*

CHORUS. [Before rise of curtain]

When high o'er the mountain
Field, valley and crag,
The sun gilds the fountain
We watch for the stag—
Crack! Crack! 'mid the covers
Our free rifles ring,
Far flies the wild, wild plover
The eagle takes wing.
A thousand bold echoes
Roll round at our hand,
And the startled air owns us
The Kings of the Land.

Discovered: Dame, at window.

HUNTERS. [Without] Hello!

DAME. Didn't I hear voices, singing and hollering? There again—my old ears ain't what they once was, but I reckon I can tell Big Dan's voice a good quarter of a mile or so yet.

HUNTERS. [Without] Hollo! Hollo!

DAME. Yes—there they come—as wild a set as any in the settlement, and as hungry, too, I'll be bound—for they never come this way without empty stomachs. [Exit into house. Enter Hunters, Big Dan, Briggs and Yonkers]

BIG DAN. Hollo, Crockett! Hollo—nobody's to home.

BRIGGS. What did I tell you?

BIG DAN. Hollo. Marm Crockett. Commissary, hollo—o—o—

YONK. Dan your lungs is in your stomach. You never yell that way except when vittles is wanting. [Dame appears]

BIG DAN. Ah—there she is. I know'd if she was anywhere in the settlement I'd fetch her.

DAME. Why, where's my Davy?—ain't he with you?—I allow'd he was.

YONK. Ain't seen him these two days.

DAME. He started for the ridge this morning 'fore daybreak! Well, boys—what luck?

YONK. Bad enough—here's three on us been out on a tramp arter a bear since sun-up and nary a squint of the varmint—and now look at us—tired out and as hungry as catamounts—so how about provender, mother?

DAME. Oh, plenty, boys and something worth eating this time.

OMNES. What, mother?

DAME. Well, don't ax—just wait till I get it ready. [*Exit*]

BIG DAN. There goes the biggest-hearted woman in these parts.

YONK. You are right there. [*Enter Little Bob*]

BOB. Hollo, Big Dan.

BIG DAN. Hollo, yerself, Bob.

BOB. Hey—Sal—here's Big Dan. [*Enter Little Sal and Tot*]

BIG DAN. Come here, Sal.

BOB. Go to your sweetheart, you Sal.

SAL. He ain't neither my sweetheart. Davy's my sweetheart.

BOB. Davy's your uncle—how can your uncle be your sweetheart?

BIG DAN. Oh, Davy's the man—we are square on that point. Say, Sal, what's for supper?

BOB. I know, she don't.

OMNES. What, Bob?

BOB. Broiled bear steaks.

BIG DAN. Briled bear steaks—do you hear that, boys? Bob, where did that bar come from?

BOB. Davy killed him last night.

OMNES. Last night! I'm an Injun if I don't think it's the same critter we have been arter. Say, Bobby, what did the varmint weigh?

BOB. It warn't a varmint, it were a bar.

OMNES. Ha—ha—

BIG DAN. Bob, kin you hit a squirrel yet?

BOB. I bet you I can, right in the eye, too.

YONK. Oh, Brag is a good dog, sonny.

BOB. Well, who said you weren't?

OMNES. Ha, ha!

BIG DAN. Oh, he—he can do it. I've seen him afore.

BOB. Hey—yonder's one now.

OMNES. Where?

BOB. Up there in the big chestnut tree, yonder. Give me a rest if you want to see me fetch him.

BIG DAN. Steady, Bob.

BOB. You steady your own self.

YONK. He can't do it.

BIG DAN. He can. I tell ye he can. [*Bob shoots and runs off*]

YONK. Hit, by thunder! [*Re-enter Bob*] Well, what's the matter? You fetched him, didn't you?

BOB. Yes, but it ain't in the eye. But I can do it, I can.

BIG DAN. Never mind. Maybe I moved a bit.

YONK. Yes, you moved—but it's a pretty enough shot as it stands. Ha, ha! These Crocketts do beat all creation.

DAVY. [*Without*] Hollo.

BOB. That's him. That's our Davy.

YONK. Yes, that's his voice—as clear as a bell and as sharp as the crack of a rifle—not another one like it in the settlement, and yonder he comes with a two-year-old buck over his shoulder—good for you, my boy! [*Music—quick and lively—Auld Lang Syne. Enter Davy*]

DAVY. There you are, Mother. Forty-two, how's that? Why, hollo, boys, how are you?

YONK. In luck again, eh?

DAVY. Yes, the red fools, they will come my way. Well, it's what they are made for, I spec—but for all that I never drew my knife across the throat of one of 'em without a shudder. Don't seem like a square fight, no-how. Well, boys, how are you, anyhow?

DAME. Hungry as you be, I spec', and supper just about ready.

OMNES. Ha! Ha! [*Exit*]

DAVY. [*To Bob*] Where are you going?

BOB. To get some supper.

DAVY. No siree. You and me waits.

BOB. I want some of that bar.

DAVY. You talk to me about bar in that way, I'll sew you up in the skins.

DAME. [*Appearing*] Come, Davy, there's a nice rib and slapjacks piping hot.

DAVY. Now, you go in with the boys—you know, I never eat except when I'm hungry—[*Sees Bob. Business*] What's the matter with you? What are you hiding behind the well for? Come right here to your uncle—what have you got behind you? What's that—a grey squirrel? Who killed it—you, did you? Well, what's the matter with you?—Oh, you don't mean to tell me you have missed the eye, eh? Let me look—now what kind of a shot do you call that? A good inch from the eye—and after all my teaching too! Is it all to be throw'd away on you like that? Here—I'm ashamed of you—I am indeed—I don't think you are a Crockett arter all. I reckon you must have been changed in the cradle.

BOB. Well, they ought to have watched it, then—I say, Davy, what did they do with the other one?

DAVY. The other what?

BOB. The other baby, the one that was took out?

DAVY. Young man—yer mind's wandering—go in and get some supper. [Exit Bob] Ha, Ha! Just like that boy. [Enter Dame, with pail. Goes to well] Hold on, Mother, that's my work. I say, Mother, I've got some news for you. Squire Vaughan's daughter's coming home.

DAME. What! Little Nell?

DAVY. Well, Little Nell, as she used to be called. But I reckon it's Miss Eleanor Vaughn now. Mother, do you remember she was took across to foreign parts to be eddicated by her father? You remember, don't you?

DAME. Yes, and he died then—poor old man.

DAVY. Yes, died and left her an orphan to the care of a guardian. I think that's what you call it. Well, he's fetching her home now, and that's why they are fixing up the old house so nice of late.

DAME. Son, I wonder if she will remember the time when you and her were sweethearts, eh, boy?

DAVY. Why, Mother, how you talk? Oh, dear—no—I reckon she's gone and forgot us by this time.

DAME. Well, I allow you're right. [Goes to door, takes pail from him] Ah, thank you, son, you're allus good to your old mother. [Exit]

DAVY. [Solus. Business] What am I for if I shouldn't be good to you? Bless that dear old face—she's getting on in years, and by and by she'll need a son's hand to keep the wolf from the door.

NEIL. [Without] Hollo.

DAVY. Strange voices.

MAJ. R. [Without] Hollo.

NEIL. Can you hear us?

DAVY. Yes, I reckon we can. Hollo, what's the matter? What do you want?

NEIL. Assistance. We have met with a serious mishap. [Hunters appear]

DAVY. Hold on, boys, I'll see what's wrong.

BRIGGS. Who can it be?

YONK. Strangers here, sure.

DAME. [Entering] Tinkers or peddlers. Such folks is allus getting into some sort of fix or other—there they come—why, ther's a gal with 'em—a real lady! [Enter Major Royston leaning on Davy]

MAJ. R. Is it much further to this place of yours?

DAVY. Oh, no—right here. [*Eleanor and Neil enter. Crossing bridge*] Take care—look out. [*Neil falls. Davy catches Eleanor*] That's slippery where you are.

NEIL. Yes, I perceived so as I fell.

EL. I'm very much obliged to you, but don't you think it would be just as well to put me down?

DAVY. Oh—yes.

EL. Thank you. [*Goes to Major Royston*]

MAJ. R. Take care.

DAVY. What's the matter? Sprain, I allow.

MAJ. R. To be sure—you see that just leaning my weight on that ankle sends a shoot of pain all through me. See that?

DAVY. Yes. But if I were you, I'd lean my weight on the other leg.

MAJ. R. Sir!

EL. Oh, be patient, guardy.

MAJ. R. Patient? Haven't I a right to stand on which leg I please—on my right leg or my left leg?—I'll stand on my head, if I like—then, sir, what do you say to that?

DAVY. Oh, that's good, if you like it.

MAJ. R. I don't know, sir, but you are right. My name is Royston, sir. Hector Royston, ex-major in the Continental army, at your service or anybody's.

DAVY. Well, my name is Crockett.

EL. What?

DAVY. Crockett, Miss—

EL. Not Davy Crockett—not my old friend, Davy Crockett?

DAVY. Well, Davy's the name, but as for the old friend—

EL. Ah—you have forgotten me, while I knew your face before your name recalled it. Don't you know me? Who am I, now?

DAVY. Why, Mother, look—it's Nellie Vaughn!

EL. Yes, the same saucy Nell as of old, and this is your good mother? Have you forgotten me, too?

DAME. A thousand welcomes *home*.

EL. Home—yes, it was home while my poor father lived, but now—

DAME. Oh, miss—I didn't mean—pray, forgive.

EL. For what?—For recalling him to me?—I rather thank you, for his memory is the one green spot in my lonely life—no, not lonely, for here is his worthy representative. [*Goes to her guardian*]

MAJ. R. Take care—

DAME. I beg pardon, sir, but did you say your foot was sprained?

MAJ. R. No, marm, I did not. I said it was turned—there's a difference between a sprain and a simple turn—it was all the fault of that accursed saddle.

EL. Oh, Guardy—

MAJ. R. Eh—wh—I beg your pardon, madam, for the expression, but it was all the fault of the lady's saddle—the girth broke—the saddle turned—she turned with it—I turned to save her, my foot turned under me and, confound it, we all turned topsy-turvy together.

EL. Oh, Guardy!

DAME. He'd better step indoors. A basin of cold water and a bandage will set that all right.

MAJ. R. I thank you, madam, and I will take your advice.

EL. Assist him, Neil. [Neil comes to him. Major Royston limps toward door. The children stand in front of him]

MAJ. R. Get out! [Children laugh. Major Royston falls and gets up] Why don't you come, some of you, and pick me up? [All laugh]

EL. Oh, how beautiful it all seems! I declare, the place has changed just as little as its inmates—and what little folks—are these all Crocketts?

DAVY. Yes, all!

BOB. All 'cept me.

DAVY. What?

BOB. I was changed in the cradle.

DAVY. Oh, clear out.

BOB. Well, Davy says I was.

EL. Not yours, Mr. Crockett?

DAVY. Good Lord, no!

EL. Of course not. Well, come, little folks, I am the visitor and you must show me the way. [Exit with children]

BIG DAN. Davy Coo-Coo—Ha! Ha!

YONK. Davy Coo-Coo—Ha! Ha!

BRIGGS. Davy Coo-Coo—Ha! Ha! [They all scamper off. Chorus—music. Repeated outside]

DAVY. Mighty, but she's pretty! I feel just as I did when a little boy no bigger than Bob. Dear me, I forgot them horses! They'll want a feed—and while I'm about it I'll fetch up that damaged sidesaddle. I reckon I can tinker it up a bit, and maybe I'll get another of them looks in pay—pay—great Lord, that gal could buy me out, body and soul, for next to nothing, and I ain't for sale generally. I ain't, neither. [Exit. Re-enter Eleanor followed by Neil]

NEIL. So you have known these people before, Eleanor?

EL. Yes, and I am proud to know them still. I love their honest simplicity, rugged though it be. It refreshes me like a draught of pure spring-water, or a breath from this fresh mountain air. Why do you smile?

NEIL. You will hardly expect me to share your enthusiasm.

EL. Certainly not. Our tastes are very dissimilar.

NEIL. I am very sorry if our engagement has become irksome to you. It was no fault of mine, when abroad I was well enough—but now—

EL. [Rises, sits on bench in front of cottage] I see you are determined to be ill-natured. I wish you would go and look after my saddle—you know it must be mended before I can remount.

NEIL.—Oh, yes—[Goes up] I declare I am quite turned about. Which way did we come?—I think this way.

EL. I think the other.

NEIL. Yes, I daresay you are right.

EL. Well, why don't you go?

NEIL. You won't be afraid?

EL. Afraid of what?

NEIL. Of being alone.

EL. Why, I was born in these forests. I am the daughter of a backwoodsman.

NEIL. Very well, I'll hurry back.

EL. You needn't.

NEIL. Eh?

EL. Oh, do go and look after my saddle.

NEIL. Yes, I will. [Exit]

EL. This marriage with Neil Crampton is a mistake—a fatal error—I do not love him—I cannot love him—and if I am to understand this letter I am not so much to blame. A strange, ambiguous letter.—It is from Mr. Dunforth, poor papa's solicitor—it puzzles and disturbs me.—Let me read it again for the hundredth time: "My dear Miss Vaughn: You start to-morrow for your old home in the west. As your father's old friend and your legal advisor I feel in duty bound to offer you a word of caution. I have reason to believe that measures are afoot to coerce you into what I believe to be a matrimonial speculation." [Enter Davy] "If you doubt me I will only suggest that you keep one eye on your guardian's movements, another on those of Mr. Oscar Crampton—." Oscar Crampton, a man I never liked from the beginning, and yet Guardy trusts him—I can comprehend nothing—absolutely nothing. [Enter Davy with saddle. Eleanor mistaking him for Neil] Now, what in the world has he brought that saddle here for?—I thought I told you not to hurry back—now, don't say I didn't—I told you so very distinctly—not that

your society is so distasteful to me as you imagine—but because—because—Oh, do put it down! [Davy drops saddle] Umph—he obeys me like a dog—well, what you brought it for at all I don't know, I don't want it—[Davy is taking it off] Well, you need not trouble yourself to take it back—[Pause]—My smelling salts. Now, don't say you haven't got them. I'm sure I gave them to you this morning—Well, why don't you—? [She turns and sees Davy] Oh! Oh!

DAVY. I'm afeared you got the wrong pig by the ear.

EL. Oh, sir, I didn't mean—I—I—did you bring my saddle?

DAVY. Yes, but I'd just as leave take it back if you don't want it.

EL. Oh, no, I like to have my saddle with me. No, I mean I thank you very much.

DAVY. You're welcome, miss—I heard the old gentleman say the saddle was a little bit damaged, so I thought I'd just fetch it up and tinker it up a bit—that's all.

EL. How good!—I thank you—I—oh, dear, I don't know what to say. What's the matter with it?

DAVY. The belly-band's busted.

EL. And do you think it ought to be mended?

DAVY. Well, if you are going to ride on it again I think it might as well.

EL. Do you mend saddles?

DAVY. Well, I don't do it for a steady living, but I do sometimes, just to keep my hand in—

EL. I wonder if I could—

DAVY. I don't think it would be just a lady's work.

EL. Oh, I like to do odd things, and I think I could do this.

DAVY. Well, go ahead—let's see how you'd do it.

EL. Oh, there's no difficulty about that—the girth is broken.

DAVY. Eh—yes, busted off there.

EL. Well, then, I would get a piece of leather, a real strong piece of leather—and a needle and some thread—some real strong thread—then I would make some holes in the leather—then—then—I would sew it right on there and then I am sure it would buckle just as well as ever. There—why he's laughing at something—is it so *very* funny?

DAVY. No, it ain't funny at all. [Laughs]

EL. Isn't that right?

DAVY. Yes, that's first-rate. [Laughs]

EL. Is there another way?

DAVY. Yes, I'm afeared there is, miss.

EL. A better way?

DAVY. I don't know that it's a better way—but it's a shorter way.

EL. How would you do it?

DAVY. I'd just let it out a couple of inches on the other end.

EL. Why, to be sure—how stupid I am!

DAVY. Yes.

EL. Sir!

DAVY. No, miss, only a trifle green.

EL. Thank you, sir.

DAVY. Oh, it's quite natural, miss. You haven't been used to this kind of work, and that makes a great difference—[*The Dame appears at window*]

DAME. Miss, the old gentleman is coming out. Won't you come and help him?

EL. Certainly. I shall be back soon. [*Exit with Dame*]

DAVY. I didn't think you could get so much fun out of saddle-mending.
[Enter Oscar Crampton]

OSCAR. Hollo.

DAVY. Hollo.

OSCAR. Well, sir, can't you come to me?

DAVY. No, I'm busy. You ain't, so you can come to me.

OSCAR. You are very independent. I only wished to—

MAJ. R. [Within] Take care.

OSCAR. Ah! I know all I want. I will trouble you no further. [*Retires back*]

DAVY. Well, there's a man I reckon don't say his prayers every night.

[Crosses L. to Neil. Enter Major Royston, Dame and Eleanor]

MAJ. R. I declare, madam, your bandages have worked quite a miracle. The pain is quite gone.

EL. We cannot sufficiently thank you, madam.

DAME. Don't try, miss—better let me make you up a couple of beds—going to be a bad night—snow on the mountains, sure.

EL. Thank you, madam. Much as we thank you, we are compelled to decline—

MAJ. R. The fact is, marm, we are expected by a friend—

OSCAR. [Advancing] By a friend who has anticipated your arrival and has hastened to meet you.

MAJ. R. He, here? [*Eleanor shudders*]

OSCAR. Well, old friend, a thousand welcomes—Miss Eleanor, your blooming looks are the best vouchers for your health. I am rejoiced to see it, but where is Neil, my nephew? I long to embrace the dear boy. Well, old friend, everything goes to a wish.

MAJ. R. A word with you, my dear friend.

OSCAR. That's right. Call me your friend—your dear friend—[They go up]

DAVY. That's all counterfeit—the men are playing 'possum—but the gal is in earnest. I can see it in her eyes.

EL. [Aside] My guardian seems distressed at this meeting, but why—why?

OSCAR. Everything is to a wish—the house is arranged as much to her taste as if she were in reality its mistress.

MAJ. R. As if she were its mistress?—do you dare? [Offers to strike him]

OSCAR. [Seizing his hand] Be calm, my dear Royston—you were always so passionate—take my arm, I insist—I command—ha—ha—you see how impossible it is to resist me! [They exit. Bob enters stealthily—watching]

DAVY. Bob—come here—[He gives him the saddle. Bob goes off with it] There's a screw loose somewhere.

EL. Yes, there is some mystery here—my guardian's agitation, nay—positive terror—this warning letter. I begin to doubt. Oh, for some friend! [Crosses L.]

DAVY. [Coming forward] I beg pardon, miss, but I think you called my name.

EL. Can this be intuition? It is, and I will follow it—Mr. Crockett, Davy—

DAVY. Yes, that's it, call me Davy—that's my name.

EL. Yes, that's the name I once called you by—then we were children and playmates.

DAVY. Yes, little fellows—I remember.

EL. If the occasion offered, could you defend the woman as you once protected the girl?

DAVY. Could I?—just try me!

EL. I take you at your word, Davy Crockett.—Do you see this letter?—It concerns the happiness of my whole future life, and yet I cannot comprehend it—here, you read it—and advise me. No, do not hesitate. Your strong man's nature will make all clear. Read it, for I trust you, Davy Crockett.

DAVY. Well, miss, I'd like to do what you ask, but I'm afraid it's impossible.

EL. Oh, you refuse to befriend your old playmate?

DAVY. No, miss, it ain't that—I've looked into them eyes and I've seen thar what I never see in the eyes of a living woman before, and I'd lay my life down this minute—I would—as I'm a man—but take back your letter

and find a better friend than Dave Crockett, for I'm a backwoodsman—and I cannot read—

EL. He cannot read—[*Re-enter Neil*]

NEIL. I cannot find your saddle in that direction. I must take the other path.

EL. Ha! Ha! I fear your chance has gone; someone has been before you—

NEIL. Eh, who?

EL. Who?—Why—Davy Crockett. [*Re-enter Major Royston and Crampton, Dame and children*]

MAJ. R. Madam, good-bye—we are to be neighbors and we will see more of each other. Good-bye, Mr. Crockett. Good-bye, Davy.

OSCAR. [*To Neil, who is about to offer arm to major*] No, no, my arm alone shall support our dear friend. Your arm where it is due—lean on me, my dear friend. [*Exit Major Royston and Crampton. Neil gives arm to Eleanor—they go up. Bob follows with side-saddle on shoulder*]

EL. Not a word—not a look—[*Exit. Music soft—“Annie Laurie.” Davy is rushing after them*]

DAME. Good Lord, what's the matter with the boy?—Davy, there's a queer look in your eye—what's the matter, nothing wrong, is there?

DAVY. No, Mother.

DAME. Where are you going?

DAVY. I don't know, Mother.

DAME. When are you coming back?

DAVY. I couldn't exactly say.

DAME. Davy! [*Business*]

DAVY. What, Mother?

DAME. Do you remember the time when you were a little boy no bigger than Bob? You used to go out in the woods and set your traps for rabbits. Sometimes it was pitch dark—What allus kept you from being scared and brought you back to your mother's side? What was it, boy?

DAVY. The light in the window, Mother. [*Warning for curtain*]

DAME. Davy, that light is there for you still. It will always be there for you—remember that it will always be there for you—

DAVY. I know it, Mother. [*Business*]

DAME. Now, son, where are you going?

DAVY. I don't know, Mother.

DAME. And when are you coming back?

DAVY. Mother, what's allus been mine and Father's motto? Ain't it been “Be sure you're right, then go ahead”?

DAME. But are you sure—dead sartin sure you're right this time?

DAVY. By the Eternal, Mother, I think I am—[*Ring down very quick curtain*]

DAME. Then go ahead! [*Swell music on curtain*]

ACT II.

SCENE: *Interior of Davy Crockett's hut. Enter Davy.*

DAVY. Lord, how it do snow! I'm a good mile ahead of them, and they have got to pass this way. I'll allow, they'll be pretty glad of a shelter. Now, there's comfort—just a handful of twigs and everything outside wet through with the snow. Davy Crockett, you're a careless varmint—just enough to start a blaze and little more. [*Enter Neil*]

NEIL. Help—help!

DAVY. Well, I declare! It's that man!—Where's the girl?

NEIL. Out there, fainting—freezing—

DAVY. Freezing? 'Tarnal death! [*Exit. Neil crawls to corner of stage*]

DAVY. [*Re-enters bearing in Eleanor in his arms*] Not dead—but—dear me, how cold she is! Miss, try and rouse yourself. What am I to do for more wood? Oh, here—it is the bar of the door, but no matter. [*Breaks it*] Thar's something big enough to barbecue an ox. Another minute I'd have been too late. Too late—the word sends a cold shiver all through me.

EL. Oh—Oh—!

DAVY. Did you speak, miss?

EL. Oh, my feet—

DAVY. Thunder and lightning, what am I going to do now? Well, it's got to be done, so here goes—[*About to take off shoes*]

EL. What are you doing?

DAVY. Nothing, miss, nothing.

EL. Oh, my head—

DAVY. Yes, miss, and them feet, too. Do try and rouse yourself, for them shoes got to come off somehow.

EL. Take them off, please.

DAVY. Who! Me?

EL. I'm so drowsy.

DAVY. Poor girl! If I get through this night, it will be a clear case of Heaven's mercy—

NEIL. [*Groans*] Oh, you're coming round now, just when you ain't wanted. What are you doing there?

DAVY. Well, come and look. There, miss, just keep them feet wrapped up, and I'll get some more wood if it takes the roof off the house. [*Exit. Neil groans*]

EL. Is that you, Neil? Are you safe, too?

NEIL. Yes, but don't excite yourself.

EL. I won't—I won't—but—

NEIL. Calm yourself, the peril is over.

EL. Peril! Oh, I remember, I insisted on going into the forest in search of holly berries. Guardy remonstrated. I would not heed him—the snow fell faster and faster, the path became blocked—the horses became restive—and then—and then, all is a dreadful blank.

NEIL. Do try and calm yourself.

EL. Yes, but what will Guardy say, and Mr. Crampton, too?

NEIL. Never fear. They will hunt the forest through to find us. In the meantime, let us thank Heaven that we have been saved from death.

EL. Saved, and by whom?

NEIL. By that hunter—by that—Crockett fellow.

EL. Tell me, Neil, was he not here just now?

NEIL. Yes, he went out a moment since.

EL. I knew it, those tender eyes, that gentle face, that bent over me—it was no dream, then—no dream. [*Re-enter Davy with armful of wood*]

DAVY. There's some wood. Oh, miss, you're all right, aren't you?

EL. Then it was you, really—you whom I have to thank for saving my life?

DAVY. No, miss, he did his part as well as I did. He came in and told me you were out thar freezing. Say, I was a bit savage with you, and I ask your pardon.

NEIL. I'm proud to take it.

DAVY. Miss, he's burning up with the fever—he's a sick man and no wonder.

NEIL. No, it's only a slight ringing in my head.

DAVY. Yes, that's it—that's the fever. Here, let me see if I can't squeeze you out a drop of spirit.

NEIL. No! No!

EL. Do, Neil, to please me.

DAVY. Open your head—that, don't make up faces—it's good—[*Neil drinks*] Takes the roof off your mouth. Now snooze away.

NEIL. If you require my assistance, you will awake me, won't you?

DAVY. Yes, we couldn't get on without you. Now, snooze away, for you need it bad.

EL. How good you are, Mr. Crockett!

DAVY. Don't say that, miss, for what I did for you I'd have did for any living soul that came to my door in a storm like that. But you are safe, and I thank the Eternal for that.

EL. How strange we meet again!

DAVY. Yes, 'tis kind of singular.

EL. Is this your hunting lodge?

DAVY. Yes, this is my crib. This is where I come and bunk when I'm out on a long stretch arter game. Miss, here's something belongs to you—[*Hands her book*] You left it at my mother's house—

EL. Oh, *Marmion*!—it's dear Sir Walter's book.

DAVY. Is it? I allowed it was yours.

EL. Yes—I mean—thank you very much.

DAVY. Oh, you're right welcome—what is that, sarmons?—No?—Law, maybe—No? Well, I allowed it was, 'cause that's what lawyer and parson needs.

EL. Yes, and very good reading it must be. But this is lighter.

DAVY. Is it? Yes, that's right, light—I've seen weightier books than that.

EL. No, I mean—this is more interesting.

DAVY. Yes, I allow it must be, if you say so.

EL. Shall I read you something and let you be the judge?

DAVY. Well, if you would, I'd like it right well.

EL. Is he asleep?

DAVY. I hope so. Yes, he's snoring like a bar in midwinter. Miss—are you right comfortable there where you are?

EL. Oh, it's delightfully cozy.

DAVY. Ain't that good to hear you say that!

EL. Now, what shall I read?

DAVY. I don't know. I've no choice.

EL. I know—cut and choose at hazard.

DAVY. Yes, read that—

EL. Ha, ha! Now listen: "Oh! Young Lochinvar," etc. [*Reads first verse of Scott's poem of "Lochinvar"*]

DAVY. Sounds pretty, don't it—goes on jest like music. My, but that's pretty!

EL. "He stayed not for bread—." [*Second verse of "Lochinvar"*]

DAVY. There's a gal in it. Well, it makes it all the prettier. [*Eleanor reads third verse*]

DAVY. [*Interrupting*] Say, miss, this ain't true—what you're reading, is it?

EL. Well, it might be, although such things are rare nowadays. [*Finishes verse*]

DAVY. Yes, I reckon they be—go on, miss—go on!

EL. "Then spoke the bride's father.

Tread me a measure, said young Lochinvar."

DAVY. A nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse.

EL. Why, how excited you are! Does it please you? You see, we have brought our young knight errant to the test. Father, mother, brother, all the world against him, but the lady's hand is in his own.

DAVY. Well, what did he do?

EL. What would you have done?

DAVY. Me—I—well, go on, let's hear it out.

EL. "One touch to her hand," etc. [*Reads sixth verse*]

DAVY. True blue, and the gal's his—go it, you divil—oh, gal! Well, there's something in this rough breast of mine that leaps at the telling of a yarn like that. There's a fire—a smouldering fire that the breath of your voice has just kindled up into a blaze—a blaze that will sweep me down and leave my life a bed of ashes—of chilled and scattered ashes.

EL. Heavens, what have I done? Sir—Mr. Crockett—Davy—

DAVY. Oh, don't mind me. I ain't fit to breathe the same air with you. You are scholared and dainty, and what am I, nothing but an ignorant backwoodsman, fit only for the forests and the fields where I'm myself hand in hand with nature and her teachings, knowing no better?

EL. Oh, hear me—

DAVY. No, I heard too much of you already. I've seen too much—afore you came. Dod rot me—I've skeered you—Miss, I didn't mean to skeer you. I'm an unlicked cub, but my heart's in the right place, and if ever you want a friend—

EL. A friend, Davy—?

DAVY. Well, you've made a fool of me. You've just gone and forced pesky nonsense out of my mouth, but I only want you to believe that I'm your friend. I'm ready to work for you, to starve for you.—What's that?—

EL. I hear nothing.

DAVY. Don't you? Well, maybe I'm mistaken. [*One howl*] No, thar it is again.

EL. What is it?

DAVY. Keep still and listen. [*Howl again*]

EL. I hear a long, low cry as of some animal in distress.

DAVY. Ah, you hear it then? I was right, wasn't I? [*Howl*] Thar it is again.

EL. What is it?

DAVY. That's wolves.

EL. Wolves—! [Screams]

DAVY. Don't be skeered.

EL. But—is there no danger?

DAVY. Ain't I here?

EL. Yes, but they are so dreadfully near.

DAVY. Yes, they tracked you in the snow, and smell blood.

EL. Blood!

DAVY. Take it easy, girl. This door is built of oak, I built it—and—blazes, the bar's gone! [Warning curtain]

EL. Gone! [Wolves howl all around cabin]

DAVY. Yes, I split it up to warm you and your friend. Rouse him up. The pesky devils is all around the house.

EL. [Goes to Neil] Neil—help! [Wolves throw themselves against door. Bark]

DAVY. Quick, there, I can't hold the door agin 'em—

NEIL. I tell you, Uncle, if the girl says no, there's an end of it—

EL. My God—he is delirious!

DAVY. What!

EL. 'Tis true, nothing can save us!

DAVY. Yes, it can!

EL. What?

DAVY. The strong arm of a backwoodsman. [Davy bars door with his arm. The wolves attack the house. Heads seen opening in the hut and under the door]

TABLEAU

ACT III.

SCENE: Same. Discovered: Crockett still at the door. Eleanor.

DAVY. This is getting kind of monotonous, this business is—[Wolf howls] Yes, howl away, but you got to scatter at dawn. That dear, blessed girl, she's had a sleep—and that is just as good as rest to me to think she owes her life to me—that will be no more to her after this than the dog at her feet at home—not so much—for he will feel the pressure of her soft white hand in his shaggy coat, and I'll never see her after tonight, never again—I mustn't if I could.

EL. [Starting up] Who's there? Who called?

DAVY. No one. You must have been dreaming.

EL. And have I been sleeping? How selfish, and you have not left that door the livelong night?

DAVY. Well, miss, if I had ventured away from this door they'd been among us like a falling hemlock.

EL. But you must be dreadfully tired.

DAVY. Oh, no, takes more than a handful of wolves to wipe a man out in these parts.

EL. But your arm, your poor arms!

DAVY. That's right swellish, I must say, as if some rising young blacksmith had been sledging on it all night.

EL. Oh, Mr. Crockett—Davy—

DAVY. Oh!—my name spoken like that, miss—you ain't crying for me, are you?

EL. Yes, look at my tears—my soul is welling through my eyes. This night has shown me all your noble self—your loyalty, your unselfish devotion. I read your nature, as you cannot, for in the greatness of your heart, you deprecate those qualities which in my eyes raise you far above your kind, to where, rugged and simple but still preeminent, you stand a man. Fate seems to have linked our lives, but the world divides us. We must part here, and both must learn to forget.

DAVY. Forget! Hold on, miss, I have listened to you as a man dying of thirst listens to the trickling of a stream of water that he can't reach—and though I know there's no hope for me, yet you might have stopped this side of that word forget. Do you think I could forget you? Do you think I could forget the touch of your hand in mine, the sight of your face? You called me a man, and as a man I couldn't forget you if I would, and I wouldn't if I could.

EL. Well, at least you will not think me heartless?

DAVY. Heartless? When I've seen you cry for me?

EL. And since you must remember me, let it be as one who dreaming of what might have been, is aroused at the voice of duty to dream no more. Can you do this and not reproach the dreamer? Brave knight—true friend—may Heaven bless you as I do!

MAJ. R. [*Without*] Hollo—

EL. Guardy's voice! [*Two shots*]

DAVY. Take care. Look out. [*Two shots*]

OSCAR. [*Without*] Hollo—

DAVY. There's the other one. [*Two shots*] Aim low, boys, but slew 'em—do you hear the critters scamper? How I'd like to be among 'em!

MAJ. R. Bravo, lads—they are found—stand by the horses—open the door.

DAVY. Hold on! The door's bolted!

MAJ. R. Why don't you open the door?

DAVY. The bolt is a trifle swelled.

MAJ. R. Confound it! Open the door.

DAVY. "Tarnal death, hold on! There's a sartin amount of patience required about all these things. Oh, right here near this joint—there she comes, and not an inch to spare. [Enter Major and Oscar. Davy falls on couch]

OSCAR. Neil! [Hears Davy groan] What is that man doing here?

EL. Look at him and ask. Look at his pale face, his torn and mangled flesh, his brave life's blood freely drained, and for me! Look at all this and then question. Shall I tell you what he has done? He has saved me from a fate too terrible for thought—myself and yonder wretched man—saved us, defended us, stood the livelong night at that door—his strong arm our only salvation, a living barrier between us and death, signing a compact written in his own blood. And for me, for me!

OSCAR. We are losing ground here—[Goes up]

MAJ. R. Don't fret, girl. He is only faint from loss of blood.

DAVY. Who's faint? Davy Crockett? It's a—there, don't you worry—I'm worth a dozen dead men yet.

OSCAR. Neil, don't you know me? Why, the boy is seriously ill.

MAJ. R. Oh, Eleanor—

EL. Hush, Guardy—poor Neil!

OSCAR. You remain here and I will summon the servants—he must be removed at once.

MAJ. R. Remove him? Do you want to kill the lad? Let him remain where he is.

OSCAR. Here! Impossible.

DAVY. You're right, Squire. If that boy ventures out in a storm like this, it is more than his life is worth.

OSCAR. But—

DAVY. Well, I reckon I know, don't I? I was raised in these parts and I know the fever when I see it. There's only one thing to be done, and that's got to be done quick.

OMNES. What's that?

DAVY. Well, just cover him up with the skins, build up a blazing fire—pour a horn or two of that liquor down his throat, and wait till I come back.

OSCAR. Where would you go?

DAVY. To the nighest settlement. A short ten miles from here.

EL. For what?

DAVY. For help, for a man what's sick and needs it bad.

EL. Are you mad, to venture out in such a storm, and in your condition? You shall not go.

DAVY. I must, girl—it's duty—duty.

EL. But you could never find the path in such a storm.

DAVY. Oh, yes, I could. I could find the path if the snow stood breast high.

EL. But for my sake, think—it may be death.

DAVY. Well, let it come.

NEIL. Oh, Eleanor! Eleanor!

OSCAR. Do you hear him, girl? Have you no heart?

MAJ. R. Speak to him, Eleanor. It may save his life.

EL. No, no, I cannot.

DAVY. Go to him, girl. There's your place by his side. [*Music, "Annie Laurie"—very soft*] There's a new light dawning on us both. Our ways in life lie different—Yours and his is by the warmth of the firelight, but mine is out thar in the storm fighting for life and breath. It's hard, I know, but I must not shirk my part. Good-bye, girl, I'll never see you again.

EL. Never!

DAVY. How can I, when you belong to him? But don't say you'll forget. And when time has passed, you might waste one thought on Davy Crockett. It's all he asks—it's all he's worth. Good-bye, I'm going out of the Heaven of your life. I'm going out of your sight forever.

EL. No, Davy, you shall not go. [*Warn curtain*]

DAVY. Oh, girl, don't tempt me—don't you see that Satan is tugging at the strings of my wicked, sinful heart, saying Don't go, stay here, let him die?

EL. Die?

DAVY. For he will die afore morning, if I stay, and that will leave you free—free for me to love. That's what is ringing in my brain, and I'm trying to fight it down—I'm trying to do what's right.

EL. Forgive me, Davy. You are right.

DAVY. Then let me "go ahead." [*Exit Davy. Ring down. Music swells*]

TABLEAU

ACT IV.

SCENE: *Interior of Major Royston's mansion. Discovered: Oscar.*

WAT. [*Without*] Take the candles to the supper room. I'll attend to the evergreens myself. [*Enter from C.*]

OSCAR. Ah, Watson, more decorations, eh?

WAT. Yes, for the supper room. The house begins to look like a bazaar or a Christmas fair.

OSCAR. Or a gentleman's mansion decorated for a wedding.

WAT. Yes, sir. I suppose the wedding will follow?

OSCAR. All in good time, my dear friend.

WAT. Well, they will make an uncommon pretty couple—a very pretty couple. [Exit C.]

OSCAR. [Solus] A pretty couple, yes—and a golden couple—rich—rich—and here the instruments with which I have brought it all about: Royston's I.O.U. on every one of them. And here the master's key of all the forged notes—Ah, Royston, little did you dream twenty years ago the interest I would demand today. Fool, you have sown the wind; now reap the whirlwind! [Enter Neil from C.] Ah, the bridegroom-elect, and what a face! Are you to be married or to be hanged?

NEIL. Spare me your—sarcasm—I am unhappy enough without it.

OSCAR. Unhappy, my dear convalescent? Your fever has not quite left you.

NEIL. [C.] Ah, it is from the time I contracted that fever that I date my present unhappiness—but my eyes have been opened since. Uncle, I love the girl—yes, love her still, but her heart is not mine—never can be mine. I have known it ever since that night in the forest, and I should be either a fool or a coward to wed with her. [Enter Major Royston]

MAJ. R. Neil, have you seen Eleanor?

NEIL. Not within the hour, sir.

MAJ. R. Nor I—she keeps her room with a pertinacity more marked than commendable.

OSCAR. Ah, Major, we have been young ourselves, let us remember that.

MAJ. R. Hypocrite! [Enter Watson from C.]

WAT. Squire, the lawyer is below.

MAJ. R. Very well, I will see him in my own room. Crampton, will you join me?

OSCAR. You know, my dear Royston, what a poor head I have for figures, but when the mutual interest of those dear to us is considered—Neil, where are you going?

NEIL. To my own room. Do not be afraid. I'll join you at the proper moment.

MAJ. R. [Goes up to him] Come, Neil, rouse yourself. Your dejection will affect your bride.

NEIL. The reproof is deserved, sir. I will try. [Exit C.]

OSCAR. Love is a strange disease, my dear Royston.

MAJ. R. True, but shame and the bondage of shame is still stranger.

OSCAR. Why, your abstraction almost equals poor Neil's—but come, the lawyer and the settlements await—[*Exit L.*]

MAJ. R. Heaven forgive me! What a wedding night, and what sad hearts to grace it! [*Exit L. Enter Davy*]

DAVY. So this is her home, and this is her wedding night! I wonder if that man loves the girl as well as I do? I don't think he do—and I don't think he kin. [*Enter Eleanor from door R.*] It's the gal herself, how pretty she do look! Just like a statue done up in real frost. [*Hides behind portrait*]

EL. Robed for the ceremony that links my fate to his! Orange blossoms on the brow, but in the heart what they should have decked me in is black, not white. The flowers should have been dead roses woven in a wreath of cypress.

DAVY. Poor girl, thinking so deep, and she don't seem just happy in her looks, neither!

EL. Oh, Father, you see me here, wayward as of old, and heartsore. If you can see, pity your child and send some kind friend to save me from this bitterness worse than death.

DAVY. [*Coming from behind portrait*] Here, I'm here, heart and hand, ready to serve you.

EL. You, here!

DAVY. I've skeered you agin—but I didn't mean to, 'deed I didn't. My heart got into my throat, and it was them words of yours that put it there, too.

EL. Oh, why have you come, and at such a time? Don't you know this is my wedding night?

DAVY. Well, how could I help knowing it? And I declare to you I never thought to see you again—Ah, I meant every word I said, and I tried dreadful hard to keep my promise, but since I see you first, I haven't been myself at all. I seem to be chained right down to the place where you are, and I can't shake myself clear nohow. Why, miss, for days and days I've hung about here watching the bare walls that held you, and last night I stood under your window from sundown to dawn again, and when the light went out behind your curtain it seemed to me as if the light of my life had gone out with it, for I knew today would give you to another man. Yet I stayed just to get one more look at the sweet face, and then to go away forever.

EL. Where?

DAVY. Well, I don't know where, and I don't care much, for it's all one to me now—but just say one kind word afore I go, will you? Say you forgive me?

EL. Yes, but leave me.

DAVY. I'm going, miss, and I'll never set eyes on you again.

EL. Stay! Don't go! You think me cold, unwomanly—do you think a woman, young, ardent, imaginative, could look on a love like yours unmoved? A love that asks nothing save the privilege of dying at my feet? You think this, you who saved my life, you who—Oh, Heaven, never pausing to look deeper into my heart to read my nature by your own, to see there that I love you—I truly know you for what you are, my hero and my lord—but the confession which should have been my pride is now my shame, for I am bound by honor and duty to another! [Turning away]

DAVY. No—no—to me, and to me alone, and by the Eternal, I'm going to have you!

EL. How can you think to win me?

DAVY. Well! I don't think nothing about it—it's settled down into a matter of the deadliest certainty—Yet hold on; can you;—a girl like you—can you think to join hands with an ignorant, backwoodsman like me? I'm just wild to hope it.

EL. Stay! If you can save me from this marriage which fills me with disgust and loathing,—do it, I am yours.

DAVY. Oh, I'll do it! If Satan himself stood there, he shouldn't bar my way out.

EL. Oh, be prudent!

DAVY. Don't worry, I'm only dazed a bit—I'm just dazed with the happiness of this minute—to think that this dear hand I never thought to touch again, to think it belongs to me. Oh, if I go mad, it's your own fault—There, I've given my heart; now let's talk business.

EL. But what plan? What scheme? [Looking to left door]

DAVY. Well, I don't know, yet stay—I'll tell you what to do—let the ceremony go on as it's commenced, until the time comes.

EL. And when it comes?

DAVY. Oh, I'll be thar.

EL. May Heaven help you!

DAVY. Yes—but Heaven helps the man as helps himself—fair means or foul, I mean to have you now, and the man that comes between us—oh, say it again!

EL. I love you, Davy.

DAVY. Come here—the clouds have passed away and—someone's coming.

EL. Davy—only be sure you are right.

DAVY. And then go ahead. [Exeunt. Enter Major Royston]

MAJ. R. [From L.] The shame and humiliation of this accursed affair will prove to much for me—tortured by a villain who is ready, nay, eager to pro-

claim my dishonor to the world, should I dare to thwart him. No—no, I must go on to the end. [Re-enter *Davy*]

DAVY. Very well, I'll see the squire myself.

MAJ. R. He here! Crockett, I'm pleased to see you, but—

DAVY. I know you'd rather have my room than my company, 'cause this is the gal's wedding night.

MAJ. R. Well—

DAVY. Yes, I know—but—she ain't married just yet.

MAJ. R. Well, much as I owe you, much as we all owe you, I must confess your call is a little inopportune. Is your business so very pressing?

DAVY. Yes—Oh, yes!

MAJ. R. Because we might take some other time.

DAVY. No, I don't see how it could be put off—'cause it's got to be done tonight.

MAJ. R. Very well, my lad, speak out and quickly.

DAVY. To tell you the truth, Squire, you can do me a big kind of a service. They tell me you've got a horse yonder, a black stallion that you are willing to back agin anything in the settlement.

MAJ. R. And he deserves it. Devilskin deserves it.

DAVY. Yes, I've seen the horse and I allow I'm a judge of horseflesh—that's why I come to you.

MAJ. R. Well?

DAVY. Well, I've got a little job on a little matter of something I kind of set my heart on. Well, it ain't worth while going into detail, is it?

MAJ. R. No, no, certainly not.

DAVY. No, because you might not see my little game with the same eyes that I do, 'cause I don't mind telling you thar's a gal in it—a pair of eyes I took a fancy to.

MAJ. R. Ho, Ho! A love scrape—oh, you sly dog!

DAVY. Nothing more, Squire, honor bright.

MAJ. R. Oh, don't mistake me. I was young myself once—and not so very long ago.

DAVY. I am right glad to hear that, 'cause you ain't going to be hard on me, are you, Squire?

MAJ. R. No, I admire you all the more. But you're a cunning dog, Crockett—well?

DAVY. Well, Squire, the game I'm going to play is full of danger and full of dare. It may be one man agin a score, and it may be one horse agin the field, and now to make a long story short, I wish you'd lend me that horse, Devilskin. Thar now, it's out.

MAJ. R. The stallion is yours—[*Business*] not as a loan, but as a gift. You saved my Eleanor's life—

DAVY. No, Squire, I wouldn't take your horse as a gift.

MAJ. R. Come, come, I know you are proud, but you shall not refuse him—take the beast and may Heaven prosper you in all you do!

DAVY. Well, that's good of you, Squire, you've floored me.

MAJ. R. Pshaw! Lad, take the horse, and once on his back you may defy pursuit, for he's strung like steel and the wind alone can catch him.

DAVY. Well, Squire, I'll take the horse, but with this special understanding—if ever you have cause to change your mind about me or mine, the bargain is off, and the horse will stand in your stable next morning.

MAJ. R. Oh, no fear of that—no act of yours could ever change my esteem for you.

DAVY. Well, I wouldn't be too sure of that—for this is a rough-and-tumble world and things is putty apt to get mixed, especially when there's a gal—

MAJ. R. Oh, I'll risk it.

DAVY. Well, good night—and give my best wishes to the bride.

MAJ. R. And to the bridegroom-elect, eh?

DAVY. Oh, he'll take care of Number One, I reckon.

MAJ. R. Well, good night, and don't make a mess of it.

DAVY. No, I'll do my part. The rest lies with Devilskin.

MAJ. R. Oh, he'll not fail you. Remember he's strung like steel.

DAVY. Is he? Well, the horse and man are both alike, and the wind alone can catch us. [*Exit*]

MAJ. R. There's a lad of mettle. I wish Neil was a little more like him. Ah, well, we cannot pick and choose in these matters. If we only could—
[*Wedding March. Enter Oscar*]

OSCAR. The wedding march—how my pulse keeps time to it, and my heart throbs as if it would burst with the exultant triumph of this moment!
[*Enter guests and Eleanor, Neil and Quickwitch from door L.*]

MAJ. R. Welcome all—is everything prepared? [*Go down C.*]

OSCAR. You see, Neil? What think you now? There is your bride,—her fair hand only waiting for the ring.

NEIL. Her hand indeed! Ah, if I but knew her heart were in it!

OSCAR. You talk like a poet or a fool. Come, play the host amongst your guests—your guests and mine. [*Music soft, "Annie Laurie"*]

MAJ. R. Eleanor, you are abstracted. Remember who you are and where you are.

EL. He does not come! My courage begins to fail me.

QUICK. Your signature, sir. [*Neil crosses to table*]

OSCAR. You hear, by a stroke of the pen and she is yours.

NEIL. Look, Uncle, look at her face now.

OSCAR. Fool—ingrate! Have you lost your senses! My hopes, my fortunes all are centered here, fail me and—come, Nephew! [He signs] So all is over. Now, Eleanor.

MAJ. R. Come, Eleanor.

OSCAR. The pen, sweet Mistress Eleanor. Only a word—write here—a little word, your name—your signature is all we want. [Enter Crockett]

DAVY. Hold on! Stop!

OSCAR. Who said "Stop"?

DAVY. I said "Stop."

OSCAR. And who are you?

DAVY. Davy Crockett—you need not introduce yourself, because I know you and it would only be a waste of time.

MAJ. R. Crockett, why are you here, and what do you want?

DAVY. My bride.

OMNES. His bride?

DAVY. Thar she is, if you don't believe me. Look in her eyes.

OMNES. Eleanor!

DAVY. Come on, let's go on with the marriage—here's everything—here's a lawyer, he's got the document, here's the bride—but that's a small mistake about the bridegroom—I'm the man, consequently you ain't. Squire, I told you thar was a gal in it, didn't I?

OSCAR. Is this a trick?

MAJ. R. Crockett, leave my house and depend upon it you shall answer to me for this public insult.

DAVY. All right, Squire, I'm your man.

NEIL. Sir!

DAVY. Or yours.

OSCAR. Ha! Ha!

DAVY. Or yours, particularly yours.

MAJ. R. Leave my house, sir, or the servants shall force you out.

DAVY. Force—say, Squire, I want to tell you a story. There was once a game young knight, I think that is what they called him. He was a scout—a trapper, a man who forded rivers in his buckskins with nary a friend but his horse and his rifle. Away he went, caring for nothing, stopping at nothing, until he reached the house that held the gal of his heart. "What do you want here?" says the dad—"I want my bride," says the knight—"Get out," says the

dad—"Whoop," says the knight, "I'm Lochinvar. Who dares to follow?"
 [Runs off with Eleanor]

OMNES. Stop him! Stop him!

TABLEAU

ACT V.

SCENE: *Interior of Dame Crockett's home. Discovered: Parson and Dame.*

PAR. So, Dame, you've heard nothing from Davy?

DAME. Nothing, Parson, nothing. He's more of a rover than ever. It's a good month since I set eyes on the boy.

PAR. Kind-hearted boy, Dame, but rash, rash to a fault.

DAME. Yes, Parson, he takes arter his father, but such as he is, he is my only one, and my heart gets heavy without him.

PAR. Well, Dame, it's getting late, and I must be going. [Enter Bob in nightdress]

DAME. Mercy on us! What's the boy doing out of bed?

PAR. What is it, my little man?

BOB. Has our Davy come yet?

DAME. No, child, why?

BOB. 'Cause I heard him.

DAME. Heard who?

BOB. Heard our Davy a-hollowing just now.

DAME. Oh! Parson! If anything should have happened to our boy!

PAR. Never fear, Dame, he is in good hands, remember that. Go to bed, Bobbie, and if your Uncle Davy comes, you'll see him in the morning.

BOB. He's a-coming now, I tell you, he is—

DAME. How do you know?

BOB. Why, can't you hear him a-hollowing? [Horse's hoofs]

DAVY. [Outside] Hollo! Hollo!

DAME. I do believe the boy's right. [At window]

DAVY. [Outside] Hollo! Hollo!

DAME. Yes, that's my boy! [Taking light. Enter Davy and Eleanor]

DAME. Marcy on us, who's this?

DAVY. Mr. and Mrs. Davy Crockett.

DAME. Miss Eleanor here, and with you? It's the girl's wedding night!

DAVY. So it is, sure enough.

EL. Oh, madam, don't condemn me.

DAVY. Sit down, you must be pretty well tired out. Mother, I left you single-handed and alone, but I've brought you home a daughter, your son's wife.

DAME. Your wife?

PAR. Marcy preserve us!

DAVY. Leastways, if she ain't my wife just now, she's going to be in considerable less than five minutes. [*Omnés outside—Hello—Hello*]

DAME. What's that? What does it mean? [*Hoofs*]

DAVY. [*Bars door*] It means, Mother, that we're here just in time. Parson, you're a saving angel. Come out with your book and marry us off-hand.

PAR. Eh! What?

DAVY. I know it's a little unregular, but it's our only hope.

PAR. I—I—don't understand?

DAVY. I ain't the least bit particular you should understand, so long as we do! Come now, do it, will you?

PAR. *I certainly will not.*

DAVY. Parson, if you're the man I take you for, you'll show it now. This girl belongs to me, I won her fair, square and legal. I saved her life, when the wolves were howling around her. I took her from the arms of them that are coming to take her from me now, but if a foot dares to cross that threshold, and she's not my wife, you'll see bloodshed.

DAME and PAR. Bloodshed?

DAVY. Mother, give me my rifle!

PAR. *Davy! Davy!*

DAVY. Will you marry us? [*Horse's hoofs swell*]

PAR. I certainly will. [*Takes book out of pocket, amidst noise and confusion at door*] Do you take this man—? [*Noise and confusion stop*] Do you take this woman—? [*Noise still kept up*] notwithstanding the irregularity of the proceeding—[*Noise—confusion—crash, door broken open. Enter Neil, Royston, Crampton*]

DAVY. Mr. and Mrs. Davy Crockett at home until further notice.

CRAM. Scoundrel!

DAVY. Yes, I know your name. You needn't introduce yourself.

MAJ. R. Eleanor, in the name of all the furies, what has *induced* you to take a step like this?

EL. Be patient, Guardy.

MAJ. R. Patience, girl! We are disgraced, ruined!

DAVY. Ruined! Didn't I tell you we were fast married?

OMNES. Married? Impossible!

DAVY. Impossible? Ask Parson!

PAR. Not at all, gentlemen, but a fact. I performed the ceremony myself.

CRAM. Did you dare?

PAR. I did, and am willing to bide the consequences of the act. [*Placing hands in sparring attitude*]

DAVY. Oh, Parson!

PAR. Heaven forgive me!

MAJ. R. Eleanor, in your father's name, I command you to leave that man!

EL. Never!

MAJ. R. I am your guardian.

EL. *He* is my husband.

CRAM. If you be man, tear the girl from *him*.

DAVY. [*Presents rifle*] Eternity is a-yawning for you, if you dare to touch her!

DAME. Stop, son! He is dead and gone that taught you how to kill, but I'm here still to teach you when to spare.

DAVY. I reckon you're right, too, Mother.

CRAM. [*To Neil*] You hear this, and say nothing?

NEIL. Uncle, this violence is shameful, and I am not base enough to be a party to it. [*Crosses to Eleanor*] Eleanor, I have known the truth of this from the first, and had not a *will* stronger than mine compelled me, I should long since have released you from all troth to me. They may divorce you, but from me you have nothing to fear. [*Exit door L.*]

MAJ. R. Eleanor, my girl, this is childish folly. His reckless ardor has excited your fancy, and you believe you love him, but when you find yourself alone amidst ignorance and privation, think of that, my girl, think well of that!

DAVY. It's true, every word he says. 'Tain't too late, take time to think; look about you—this is all I've got to offer you, and you've been used to better.

EL. Used to what? Gaudy jewels that please the eye when the heart is empty? Oh, I have been so lonely amidst all these splendors.

DAVY. But can you give it up, and *all* for me?

EL. I *love* you, Davy.

DAVY. Squire, *hearts* are trumps.

CRAM. If persuasion fails, use force.

MAJ. R. I will use force, as you shall see.

DAVY. Will you? Come on, then! [*Pointing gun*]

DAME. Davy!

DAVY. All right, Mother, put it away.

MAJ. R. Eleanor, my girl, a villain, cold and cruel, for years has held my name and honor in his hands. I have feared him until now, but now I defy him.

CRAM. At last the mask is off. I thank you, Royston, it will make my revenge the more complete. He speaks the truth. Listen, all. This man has been the slave of my caprice, and why not? You and all the world believe him upright and honorable, I, his fate, his nemesis, can *blast* his honor and lay bare his crime. I do it with a breath—I strike the first blow now—here are the proofs of his guilt, read, read—[*Handing Crockett papers*] You will not? Then I pronounce that man a criminal and a forger. [*Davy seizes papers*] Robber, ruffian!

DAVY. Look here, do you know what we do with men like you in these parts, when a man wearing the image of the Almighty Maker shames nature and changes off with the wolf? We of the hills and mountains band ourselves together, and form a court of law where there's mighty little learning, maybe, but where there's a heap of justice, and where a judge sits that renders a sentence—strikes terror to the boldest heart. Do you know his name? It's Lynch—Judge Lynch.

CRAM. Why—what do you mean?

DAVY. I mean business, and damned little of that. Now, what's your game? You're dumb. Well, I allowed you'd be. Squire, hold up your head. We are neither your judges, nor your accusers, but your children and your neighbors. Can you lay any claim to these documents?

MAJ. R. No, they are lawfully his—he holds my notes for large amounts. I am irretrievably in his power.

DAVY. Well, then, they belong to him.

EL. No, no, give them to me.

DAVY. First be sure you're right—then go ahead.

EL. The nature of these notes is best known to you. Make out your claim in full, and my solicitor will cancel all obligation.

MAJ. R. No, Eleanor, no. I cannot consent to this sacrifice. Your fortune is sacred.

EL. My fortune is there. I ask no other.

CRAM. You settle matters very easily, Mrs. Crockett.

DAVY. Eh!

CRAM. There is another debt, one of vengeance. How will you settle that?

EL. That is for you to do—treat it as I do these. Burn it. [*Burns letters*]

DAVY. Now, I allow, that makes him right sick.

CRAM. Royston, we shall meet again—my revenge shall come!

DAVY. Look here, you're a marked man in these parts. Keep a watch over your tongue, for if you don't—

CRAM. Well, if I don't—?

DAVY. Well, private interests must give way to public weal.

CRAM. Ill luck and disappointment on you all!

DAVY. Thank you—same to you!

CRAM. Bah!

DAVY. Yes, that is what the sheep said. [*Bob puts head in door*] Come here, Bob. There she is—there's your new Aunt Crockett.

BOB. Say, Davy!

DAVY. Eh!

BOB. Is she the one what was took out of the cradle?

DAVY. Young man, your mind is wandering—go back to bed and sleep it out. [*Exit Bob*] Mother, that boy's getting a deal too pert. He'll have to be took down. [*Parson rises to go*] Parson, take a chair. Mother, the light in the window has brought me back to my old resting-place.

EL. And me to my new resting place—the heart and home of Davy Crockett. [*Music, "Home Sweet Home"*]

CURTAIN

SAM'L OF POSEN;
Or, THE COMMERCIAL DRUMMER

By George H. Jessop

CAST OF CHARACTERS

SAMUEL PLASTRICK

MR. WINSLOW

FRANK BRONSON

JACK CHEVIOT

CON. QUINN

MR. FITZURSE

WEST POINT

FOLLIOTT FOOTLIGHT

UNCLE GOLDSTEIN

MLLE. CELESTE

REBECCA

ELLEN

MRS. MULCAHY

ACT I—INTERIOR OF MR. WINSLOW'S JEWELRY STORE.

ACT II—INTERIOR OF PRIVATE OFFICE OF MR. WINSLOW.

ACT III—A BEAUTIFUL PARLOR IN MLLE. CELESTE'S CLUBHOUSE.

ACT IV—GOLDSTEIN'S PAWNBROKER'S SHOP.

ACT I.

SCENE: Interior of Mr. Winslow's jewelry store with partition to separate office R. Store front with C.D. and two large windows, one on each side. Carpet down, street-scene backing, people occasionally passing. Safe up R., desk down R., counter L. with stools in front of it. Show case back of counter. Lively music at rise. Con. Quinn discovered dusting showcase.

QUINN. Well, I have everything ready for another day's business. Everything looking clean and neat, as should be. There's piles of dust here every morning. I'm sure I can't see where it all comes from. Well, that's all I have to do; for I sit here all night doing nothing, nothing, but smoking my pipe, and when I get tired of sitting down I walk about the place. I'm sure it's an easy job, and I ought not to complain, but I fancy fault-finding is natural with all of us, to say the least. It's the best-paying job I ever had, and Mr. Winslow is such a fine gentleman. Sure, he would never say a cross word to anyone. But there is one man about the house I don't like, and that is Mr. Winslow's nephew, Frank Bronson. He has such a hangdog look about his eyes. I wouldn't be at all surprised to hear some day that he had run away with some of his uncle's money. At any rate, I wouldn't trust him with my money. [Enter Jack, C.D., carrying light overcoat on arm]

JACK. [Yawns as he enters] Well, Con, how fares it with you this morning? I'm earlier than usual.

QUINN. Good morning, Master Jack. You are early indeed. You look as if you had been dissipating.

JACK. Yes, dissipating as usual. But I have made up my mind to stop, and I'll give you my word, last night was the last night of carousing for Jack Cheviot.

QUINN. That's right, Master Jack. Give me your hand, for I am glad to hear it. And I hope you will never touch a card again while you live, for don't you know, Master Jack, it's a bad thing to play cards for money? Sure, a fine gentleman like yourself ought not to do it.

JACK. Your sentiments are very true, yet I would not be likely to continue this foolishness, as I have nothing left to play with. In fact, I am so heavily in debt that I don't know what to do. By the way, Quinn, how has Frank been acting towards Uncle, regarding me. Do you know?

QUINN. I don't, Master Jack. I don't.

JACK. [Half aside] Somehow I hate to ask Frank for a loan, and still I must, or raise the money on this ring. A present from dear Ella.

QUINN. What was you saying to yourself, Master Jack?

JACK. Oh, I was just thinking of my present condition.

QUINN. Yes, and you were doing your thinking so loud that I caught what you were saying. Now, Master Jack, take my advice and do not do that. Speak to Master Frank, tell him of your resolve, tell him you are going to be a better boy in the future, and I don't think he'll refuse you. If he does, he's no man. [L.I.E.]

JACK. You're right, old friend, and I shall follow your advice. [Shakes hands]

QUINN. I am glad to hear it, Master Jack. I always try to be your friend, and I always shall be.

JACK. Thank you, Quinn, thank you. [Crosses to R. Hangs hat and overcoat on hat tree]

FRANK. [Enters C.D.] Good morning, Quinn. [Sees Jack, who has been standing before hat tree] Ah! Good morning, Jack, this is rather early for you.

JACK. Yes, it is rather early for me. [Crosses to back of counter. Frank enters office and sits at desk]

QUINN. [To Jack] I'm sorry, Master Jack. I have no money of my own to let you have, for I would trust you with every cent I have in the world.

JACK. Thank you, Quinn, your kindness is deserving of more appreciation than I can reward you with.

QUINN. [Putting duster under counter, then crosses to hat tree, takes hat and is about to exit C.D.] Well, I'll be going after my breakfast. [To Jack] I wish you success. [Pointing to office and exits]

JACK. Thank you. [Crosses to office and enters, walks to Frank] Frank, I don't wish to interrupt you, but will you please turn to my account and let me know how I stand. I would like to ascertain if there is any there; is there any balance in my favor, or to the contrary, if I have overdrawn my monthly compensation.

FRANK. I thought you had something to ask me, being here so early in the morning. Well, Jack, I have been looking over your account just this minute, and find, I am sorry to say, that you have overdrawn to the amount of twenty-five dollars. But why do you ask?

JACK. I will tell you, Frank. Last evening, Dupres, one of my creditors, improved the opportunity to approach me for an old gambling debt, which was contracted some time ago, and he threatened to lay the matter before Uncle unless I settle by ten o'clock this morning.

FRANK. What is the amount of your indebtedness? Is it very large?

JACK. One hundred dollars.

FRANK. Well, that is not so bad as it might be.

JACK. Now then, Frank, since the expression you have just uttered gives me courage, could you oblige me with the required amount? I'll promise to return the money to you as soon as possible.

FRANK. Had you spoken to me about this matter yesterday, I would have considered it a pleasure to accommodate you with any amount, but this morning I am as poor as yourself, Jack. Only last night I made another payment on some property which I purchased some time since, and I am sorry to say, drained my pocketbook dry. But I will speak to Uncle if you like and try and induce him to help you.

JACK. Had I better speak to him myself?

FRANK. As you like, Jack, but if I were in your place I should like someone to pave the way for me. If you will trust me with the matter, I know we will be successful.

JACK. Thank you Frank, I will trust you. [*Exit and crosses behind counter*]

FRANK. Very well. [*After he exits*] Rather a fortunate debt, that, for me, and I would throw a hundred in the street if the amount of that debt were five thousand dollars. Oh, I'll pave the way for you, dear brother! At any rate, I'll get you out of my way.

CELESTE. [*Enters C.D.*] Ze nice morning, Monsieur Jack. You are well zis morning?

JACK. No. Not as yet.

CEL. She is late zis morning. [*Goes up and enters office*] Good morning, Monsieur Frank.

FRANK. Ah, Celeste, good morning. I hope you are well, my darling.

CEL. Oh, yes. I am quite well.

FRANK. I am pleased to hear it.

CEL. I zee the Monsieur Jack come back? Ze grand plan is a failure, Monsieur Frank, ze bad failure.

FRANK. [*After a pause*] No. I rather expected the old man would take him back. He, however, has only taken him back on trial, and we must manage so that the trial is unsatisfactory to the governor. Do you hear? Jack must be gotten out of the way. I'd be a fool, when it is almost as good as settled that I'm to be a partner in this concern, to let my brotherly feeling interfere with my plans for keeping Jack from getting back into the old man's graces.

CEL. Or even let him get ze place. Monsieur hopes to gain the pretty Ellen's affections, bah. You reckon wildly, Monsieur Frank. If you think

when ze good fortune comes, you will cast the old love off for ze new, it shall never be, Monsieur Frank Bronson.

FRANK. When will you cease to be foolish, Celeste? Have I not promised you everything when I get the coveted position? Now let me hear no more of this complaining.

CEL. But ze Mlle. Ellen—ze report says zat ze Monsieur Frank pays her ze lover's attention. Poor Jack is no longer allowed zat pleasure. How about zat?

FRANK. Report be hanged! If I do treat the girl courteously, what does it signify? You know it has always been the governor's desire that one of his nephews should marry her; preferably the one he proposes to make his partner. Therefore, you see it is but natural that I should and must for a time devote some attention to her, in order to humor the old man's whim.

CEL. I don't like ze idea. Bye-and-bye ze Monsieur Frank fall in love with ze Ellen's fortune, and ze infatuation for Celeste be a thing of ze past.

FRANK. Bah. No. I have promised to declare our marriage as soon as I am made partner, and I'll do it, if you continue to help me and serve me faithfully. Now, keep your eyes open and go back to your counter. [Kisses her]

CEL. Very well, don't you forget ze promise. [Enters store and crosses to lower end back of counter]

REBECCA. [Enters C.D.] Ah, good morning, Jack. I am late, am I not? [Goes down to hat tree]

JACK. Oh, no, plenty of time. Better late than never, you know. [Laughs. Is at back end of counter]

CEL. Good morning, Mlle. Rebecca, you are late. [Business at show case behind counter]

REB. [Crosses and goes behind counter] Ah. Indeed, I'm sorry. Oh, Jack, I nearly forgot to tell you I have seen Miss Ellen this morning. She said she would call after a while.

JACK. Her kindness is a matter of great satisfaction.

REB. She thinks somewhat of giving you a lecture. That would be a pleasure rather than a punishment, would it not?

JACK. [Before counter] Yes, for my association with her has always been of the most agreeable nature, and any lecture from her will be prompted by good intentions. [Smiles]

REB. I'm sorry, Jack, for I'm afraid it won't suit you. [Laughs]

JACK. I hope it will not be as serious as you would have me think. [Goes down to hat tree and returns, meeting Mr. Fitzurse in C.]

CEL. [Calling] Mlle. Rebecca—

REB. Yes, in a moment. [*Closes case, which she has had open for some time*]

FITZURSE. [*Enters C.D.*] Good morning, ladies. [*Funny bow*] I hope you are in excellent health this morning. [*Have apple peel on coat*]

REB. [*Sarcastically*] Oh, yes.

CEL. [*Very pleasant*] *Bon jour*, Monsieur Fitzurse.

FITZ. Good morning, Jack. How is the state of your health this morning?

JACK. I'm quite well, I thank you.

FITZ. Ah, my boy, you missed it last night at the party! Why didn't you come? Everybody inquired for you. Oh, we had such a splendid time dancing. It was just delightful. Why, you never saw anything to equal it. And do you know, Jack, I made several favorable impressions, and the young ladies asked me to call any time I wanted. Ain't that charming?

JACK. And no doubt you will call often. [*Laughs*]

FITZ. Why, certainly, I don't see how I could stay away, for they are both just as bewitching as they can be. I tell you, Jack, I am enchanted with their beauty and grace. [*Intimating grace in pantomime*] Ah, you should see them.

JACK. I should judge from your marvellous description that the entire occasion was immense.

FITZ. Oh, yes, it was. And I can tell you, Jack, I was the pet of the ladies last night. Yes, I was.

JACK. [*Aside*] How well he feeds on flattery! [*Aloud*] What a point of success you must have reached! But, I say, Fitzurse, what peculiar ornament is that you have on your coat? Are they going to become fashionable? [*Turns. Fitzurse rises and they brush off his coat*]

FITZ. Oh, as I was passing the corner a crowd of horrid loafers who were standing there started to cry as they saw me coming: "Look at him! Ah, there, I wonder whether those are real?" [*Limp, etc.*] So I stopped right before them and told them that they ought to be ashamed of themselves, crying at a gentleman passing by. And when I said "gentleman," one of those horrid creatures hit me right in the neck with a tomato. Wasn't that awful vulgar? I tell you, Jack, I was mad enough to shed tears.

JACK. Well, I suppose you went for them with your cane.

FITZ. Oh, no. I took my departure at once. Do you suppose I would fight with those horrid creatures? Oh, no! [*Looks at Rebecca with eyeglass*] But I say, Jack, who is that young lady back of the counter? She is a beauty, ain't she? What's her name, Jack?

JACK. That is Miss Heyman, and one of the nicest ladies I ever met.

FITZ. She is beautiful, Jack, beautiful. Will you introduce me, Jack? [*Crosses to Celeste before case*]

JACK. Certainly. If you like, with pleasure. [*Crosses to Rebecca, who is at upper end of case*]

FITZ. I would be delighted to make her acquaintance. But wait. I wish to speak to Mlle. Celeste. Mlle. Celeste, I have a solitaire ring here, the stone of which is priceless, but I don't fancy the setting. I wish something new, you understand. Something very fine. [*Hands ring to her*]

CEL. Oh, ze beautiful solitaire, monsieur; oh, ze beautiful. [*Opens showcase, takes out tray to show rings and settings*]

JACK. Mr. Fitzurse, if you please.

FITZ. [*Eyeglass. Looks at Jack*] Ah. Oh, yes, excuse me just a moment, mademoiselle. [*Goes to Jack*]

CEL. Certainly, monsieur. [*Insulted*] Ze big fool!

JACK. Miss Heyman, permit me to introduce my friend, Mr. Fitzurse. [*Walks up and back of counter*]

REB. [*Bows*] Mr. Fitzurse, I am pleased to meet you.

FITZ. I am quite honored, I assure you, Miss Heyman. Beautiful morning, is it not?

REB. Oh, no. [*Laughs*]

FITZ. [*Business of thinking*] Strange answer. Did you say it is not a nice morning?

REB. [*Carelessly*] Oh, yes. Very nice. [*Laughs*]

FITZ. I thought you had misunderstood me. But pardon me, Mlle. Celeste is waiting, I believe. [*Bows himself away and backs into stool*] Oh, dear me!

CEL. Monsieur, here is our assortment, and you will see the new styles. [*Shows tray*]

FITZ. Oh, what beauties! Your assortment makes it difficult to select. I don't know which to take. You will pardon me if I ask Miss Heyman to assist me.

CEL. Certainly. [*Aside*] Ze big fool!

FITZ. Miss Heyman, will you favor me with your good taste?

REB. I'm afraid my choice will not be yours.

FITZ. I would like to wager that it will.

REB. I'm not so sure of that. [*Takes ring from tray*] Now, this would be my fancy.

FITZ. [*Not being suited*] Yes, yes. That's quite nice. [*Aside*] Oh, it's horrid taste!

REB. Do you fancy my choice?

FITZ. Well—Oh, yes—[*Aside*] I'll change the order tomorrow.

CEL. Will monsieur have that one? [*Points to ring*]

FITZ. [Aside] I do hate to insult a lady. [Aloud] Yes. I will have it like that.

CEL. Very well, monsieur. [Whispers to Frank] Whenever you can.

FITZ. Miss Heyman, I am extremely obliged to you for your kindness.

REB. You are very welcome.

FITZ. By the way, Miss Heyman, what is being played at the opera tonight? Do you know?

REB. *Carmen*, I think.

FITZ. Ah, indeed. I love *Carmen*. I think the music grand. [Business]

REB. Yes, the music is quite good, but I fancy other operas better. [Comes down to end of showcase after Samuel comes down]

SAMUEL. [Outside] All right, Mr. Schwimelhumer, I'll see you further. [Enter C.D.] You want to buy some shoulder-braces? Three pair for a dollar.

FITZ. No, sir. I don't care for any.

SAM. Well, everybody knows his business best. If you want to buy any Boston garters, two pair for a quarter. They have brass buckles and attach at both ends. They never break to pieces. [Business] You want to buy?

FITZ. I don't care for them.

SAM. You don't want them? Everybody wants them. Everybody wears them. How do you keep your stockings up without garters?

FITZ. I don't wish for any, I tell you.

SAM. Well, everybody knows his business best. Would you like some rolled plate collar buttons? I'll sell you three for ten cents.

FITZ. No, I don't wear them.

SAM. Don't wear them? How do you keep your shirt on without collar buttons?

FITZ. You are a horrid fellow.

SAM. A horrid fellow? "New est mis och vecht." Can't I sell you some patent suspenders with double end nickle buckles and brass pulleys on both sides? Made of the best India rubber? I tell you, you can go out and shovel dirt from morning to night with these suspenders. Two pair for a half a dollar.

FITZ. [Aside] I'll buy them to get rid of the fellow. [Gives money to Samuel]

SAM. And I'll stick to him till I have got his money.

FITZ. Let me have them.

SAM. [Aside] Everybody knows his business best. [Aloud] Thank you. For a half a dollar you've got a bargain. [Aside] They cost me a dollar a dozen. [Enter Quinn]

FITZ. [To Quinn] Here. I will make you a present of them.

QUINN. [Takes suspenders] I thank you, sir. [Bows; goes down R.]

SAM. You want to buy some socks with double heels and double toes, warranted not to rip or tear? The longer you wear them, the thicker they get. Four pairs for half a dollar.

QUINN. No, I have all the socks I want.

SAM. I'll give you ten cents for those suspenders.

QUINN. I think you're too sharp.

SAM. How do you know? I pay half a dollar a dozen for a dozen of the same.

QUINN. If that's the case, you can have them. [Hands them to him]

SAM. For nothing?

QUINN. For ten cents.

SAM. [Gives money. Aside] I bet I made money on dem shoulder braces. [Aloud] Here. I will give you these. [Hands him collar buttons. Quinn about to take them] For ten cents. Do you smoke?

QUINN. [Business of accepting a cigar] I do, sometimes.

SAM. Well, here is a match.

QUINN. You'll die with brain fever. [Retires up]

SAM. How do you know? [Down stage]

FITZ. Well, Mlle. Celeste, do not disappoint me. Miss Heyman, *au revoir*. [Business with umbrella and exit C.D. Frank enters store; crosses to front of showcase; converses with Celeste. Rebecca comes down to Samuel at exit of Fitzurse; looks over lace on tray]

SAM. Miss, ain't you a yrhdum inne von unsure lustre?

REB. Yes, I'm a Jewess.

SAM. Ich habe gedacht. Wie heissen Sie? Was ist Ihr nahme, wann ich Sie fragen darf?

REB. My name? Rebecca Heyman.

SAM. Rebecca Heyman?

REB. My uncle keeps a broker shop on Tenth Street.

SAM. What? You are Isaac Heyman's niece? Then you are from Posen, too?

REB. Yes. I was born in Posen and lived there until I was twelve years old.

SAM. Then you must know some of my people in Posen. You know Sam'l Plastrick?

REB. Yes, I knew him very well.

SAM. Vell, dat's my fadder und Ihr unkle kenne ich sehr goot, und sie sind sie, nighte?

REB. Then you know my uncle?

SAM. Do I know him? Er ist doch ein sehr guter freund von mein fatter. Wir sind susammen gegangen zu die selben schule. [*This means, translated, "He is a very good friend of my father's. They went together to the same school."*]

REB. Uncle will be pleased to have you call.

SAM. Oh, I was in his store several times. But see here, Rebecca. I would like a situation in this house. I used to vas in the jewelry business in Posen.

REB. Indeed, I wish you could get a position here, for then you could come with me at night and I would not be afraid.

SAM. I'll take you home half a dozen times every night, if you get me the job.

REB. [Laughs] Mr. Plastrick, how do you sell this? [*Handling lace*]

SAM. Don't buy it. It's all Moch shoven. Job lot. Vot I buy at auction for a matsia.

REB. [Laughs] Now, if you like, I will introduce you to Mr. Cheviot, one of Mr. Winslow's nephews. [*Calling*] Mr. Cheviot!

JACK. Yes. [*Comes down*]

REB. Mr. Cheviot, allow me to present Mr. Plastrick, a friend of mine. [*Goes back of counter*]

SAM. [*Shakes hands*] I am glad to meet you.

JACK. It's a mutual pleasure, I assure you. [*Surprised*] Why, you are the same young man I met in the street, the other day, when I had the misfortune of being upset in my buggy! Besides, to lose my ring, which you found and returned to me, for which allow me to thank you again, and I hope some time in the future I will be able to do something for you in return.

SAM. I was just speaking to Rebecca this minute. I told her I would like a position in this place. I know I could make money for the firm.

JACK. Upon the arrival of Mr. Winslow I shall consider it a matter of duty to address him in your behalf. If you will call again I will offer you the advantage of an introduction.

SAM. Thank you, Mr. Cheviot. [*Shakes hands*] You're a dandy. [*Goes up to Rebecca*] If I get the job, I'll take you home half a dozen times every night. [*Exit C.D.*]

JACK. Very well.

FRANK. [*Sarcastically*] A friend of yours, I believe.

JACK. He is an honest and industrious young fellow, and I am proud of him as a friend. [*Enter Mr. Winslow C.D.*]

FRANK. Good morning, Uncle.

WINSLOW. Good morning, Frank. [*To others*] Good morning. [*Enters office, takes off hat and sits at desk. Calls Frank*]

FRANK. Yes, sir. [*Enters office. Jack and Rebecca up at upper end of case, behind counter. Celeste at lower end of case*]

WIN. [*Laughing*] Has Jack said anything about my reproaching him last night?

FRANK. Not anything. But I thought he was to leave us.

WIN. My nature forbids me acting hastily, and upon reflection I have concluded to give the boy another chance.

FRANK. Jack, then, does not seem to improve any. Upon my arrival here this morning he requested me to advance him one hundred dollars to liquidate a gambling debt. Now, such actions cannot become profitable to you and I think you ought to bring him to such a point that he will cease his desire to contract debts—especially debts of such a nature.

WIN. Say to Jack that I would like to see him.

FRANK. Yes, sir. [*Enters store. To Jack*] Uncle wishes to see you in the office. [*Crosses to front of case, lower end, and whispers to Celeste*]

JACK. [*Crosses and enters office*] Uncle, I have been requested to attend your presence.

WIN. Jack, I understand that you are in need of a hundred dollars.

JACK. I am. And to be honest with you, Uncle, to pay a gambling debt which I contracted some time ago. I have ceased this folly and with your kind assistance I shall be a better man in the future.

WIN. Jack, your promises are like piecrust—easily broken. [*Laughs*] My boy, if you will continue this foolishness it will ruin your prospects forever, and for your own good I must refuse you any assistance. [*Jack bows and exits; meets Ellen who enters C.D.*]

ELLEN. Why, Jack, you look so troubled. What's the matter?

JACK. Oh, nothing. Only a blessing from uncle.

ELL. Well, I am really disappointed, for I myself came here on a lecture tour.

JACK. You have? Then proceed, for I might as well cure my sickness with one good dose as to lick the spoon and trust to luck.

ELL. [*Laughs*] Well, Jack, I will have pity on you and postpone the lecture until some future time.

JACK. Thanks for your consideration. I fear you are too kind. [*Smiles*]

ELL. But, for not calling on me last night I shall never forgive you. [*Going toward office door*]

JACK. Oh, yes, you will. You wouldn't be so unkind. [*Crosses to Rebecca; up before case*]

ELL. You deserve a severe scolding. [*Enters office*] Guardy, here is a note for you. [*Hands letter*]

WIN. Thanks, Ellen. I am glad you have come, as I have something to say to you.

ELL. Indeed?

WIN. Ellen, my child, I am very much afraid you will have to postpone your marriage with Jack.

ELL. But why, Guardy?

WIN. He is too wild, and reports speak very badly of him. Ellen, my child, I fear Jack gambles.

ELL. That report, I think, originated with some wicked-minded person. I will never believe that of Jack.

WIN. It would certainly enrich no one to speak adversely to his interests.

ELL. Well, Guardy, I am willing to take my chances with Jack, unless it is proven to you that reports speak correctly. But please don't lose any sleep over it, Guardy. *[Kisses his forehead and crosses to Rebecca]*

SAM. *[Enter C.D.]* I said I would be back in half an hour. What do you think of my suit? It is the one I wear when I go to Sunday school. What do you think of the hat? It is one I brought over from Posen.

REB. *[Comes down when Sam'l enters]* You look very well.

SAM. I look like a regular dude. Has the governor come in yet?

REB. Yes. Mr. Winslow is in the office and Mr. Cheviot is waiting for you, I think.

SAM. Well, I'll go and mind his business. *[Goes up]* I come back for instructions.

JACK. So I see. Just a moment. *[Enters office; closes door. Sam'l follows him and has business of having nose pinched by door. Then follows Jack in office]* Uncle, here is a young gentleman in search of employment. He is of Hebrew type. After what has happened, I don't know what weight my words have with you, but I will say this for the young man: he is honest, trustworthy and industrious. He is the same person who found my ring and returned it to me.

WIN. I don't know as we have an opening for the young man at present.

SAM. *[Has been listening at door]* I don't get the job!

WIN. But show him in.

JACK. Very well. *[Opens door; speaks to Sam'l]* Mr. Winslow will see you. Step in. *[Crosses to Ellen; whispers to her and when Frank is called in by Winslow he goes down to lower end of case and takes ring from it]*

SAM. Mr. Winslow, I believe. I come to see if you want any help about the store. Miss Rebecca will recommend me, and as there is no harm in asking, I came in to see you.

WIN. Oh, no harm done. You say you know Rebecca?

SAM. Yes, and I know all her people in Posen.

WIN. Well, I would like to accommodate you, but what can you do?

SAM. I don't know so much about that until I try. I think I could do a great many things, because I used to be in the jewelry business in Posen.

WIN. Indeed? But what were you last employed in?

SAM. You mean, what am I doing now? I'm in the go-as-you-please business.

WIN. What business, did you say?

SAM. I sell shoulder-braces, roll-plate collar buttons, Boston garters and sox that never rip nor tear.

WIN. I see you have been in the mercantile business.

SAM. I guess that's what they call it. Now, Mr. Winslow, I should like to start with you for a small salary.

WIN. Very sensible. What is your name, did you say?

SAM. Samuel Plastrick, and I come from Posen, Germany.

WIN. Well, Mr. Plastrick, I'll give you a trial as stock clerk.

SAM. You'll find me a regular stock clerk in half an hour. *[Aside]* I'll own this business in a year!

WIN. *[Goes to door]* Frank, you may show this gentleman his work as stock clerk.

FRANK. Yes, sir. This way, if you please. *[Crosses to L.I.E.]*

JACK. *[Coming down]* Frank—one moment. I wish to speak to Mr. Plastrick.

FRANK. Very well. *[Returns up stage]*

JACK. *[In undertone]* Mr. Plastrick. *[Takes him aside]* I would like you to take this ring to Rebecca's uncle and get me a hundred dollars on it for a month. I must have the money.

SAM. I'm always open for business. *[About to go up]*

CEL. Help—help—Mon Dieu—Monsieur Fitzurse's ring is gone from the showcase!

FRANK. *[To Sam'l]* Stop! You stop right there.

SAM. Wie-heiszt? *["What do you mean?"]*

WIN. *[Enters from office]* What is it?

CEL. Ze solitaire—ze priceless Fitzurse's solitaire ring is gone from ze showcase! It was here not five minutes ago.

WIN. Who has been here since then?

FRANK. I saw that dutiful nephew of yours remove something from the showcase and give it to that man.

JACK. Stop! I placed my own ring in that box. *[Points to one in Sam'l's hand]* If it is not there now the rings have been changed.

WIN. Jack, my boy, I fear you are in a fix.

REB. No—he is not. I saw that woman [*Points to Celeste*] change the rings.

WIN. What was your object in this foul attempt?

CEL. Ze object—I will tell you ze object, monsieur. Jack Cheviot was my lover and he refused to marry me, so I sought a glorious revenge. As I have failed—I will go. [*Exit C.D.*]

WIN. Jack, you may consider yourself discharged. Rebecca, you and Sam'l may also go.

SAM. I had a job for half an hour.

ACT II.

SCENE: *Interior of Mr. Winslow's private office. Door R. and L.3., entrance. Desk opposite R.1. Entrance. Table and two chairs opposite L.1.E. Carpet down. Scene boxed. A safe below 1.2.E. Hat tree against flat R. At rise Rebecca is discovered seated at desk.*

QUINN. [*Enters at rise—L.3.E.—Crosses to Rebecca*] A letter for Miss Rebecca from your friend—to judge from the handwriting. Oh, now, you need not be ashamed of it. Sure, he is a smart bit of a man and can sell anything that has ever been invented. Will you read to me what's in the letter? [*Laughs and crosses to L.1.E.*] Never mind, Miss Rebecca, he's smart bit of a man and it's a fine husband he'll make you. [*Exit laughing*]

REB. He is always teasing me about Sam'l. [*Looks at letter*] From Sam'l, sure enough. [*Opens and reads:*] "Grand Rapids, Mich.—May the first. My Darling Achen Rebecca—Your welcome letter just received, from which I see that you have had the good fortune of receiving a promotion, and I hope you will be pleased with the position as bookkeeper. I am indeed very sorry to hear that things have taken such a bad turn with our friend, Jack Cheviot. Will do all I can to help him when I get home, which may be the fourth." [*Spoken*] Why, this is the fourth, so he will be home today. [*Reads:*] "Hoping that I will find you in good health and spirits, I am, yours truly, Samuel Plastrick. S.O. Somebody's Orphan" [*Speaks*] Every time I receive a letter from Sam'l it reminds me of the morning he entered the employment of Mr. Winslow, and I shall never forget the look on his face when he thought himself discharged about fifteen minutes after he had been engaged.

QUINN. [*Enter L.3.E., ledger in hand. Crosses to Rebecca*] Miss Rebecca, I was told to bring this to you. [*Hands her ledger*] Well, will you tell me

what he said in the letter? [*Laughs and crosses L.I.E.*] Never mind, he's the smartest bit of a drummer on the road. [*Exit*]

REB. [*Gets up—has right hand on desk*] I wonder what train he's coming on?

SAM. [*Enter L.U.E. Rushes to Rebecca and kisses her*] Always on the lightning express.

REB. [*Turns*] Oh, Sam'l! [*Throws arms about him*]

SAM. Oh, Rebecca! [*Patting her on back*] Once more for the cigars. [*Embrace again*] Well, Rebecca, how was business while I was gone?

REB. [*Mad*] Of course, it must be business the very first thing!

SAM. Business before pleasure, Rebecca. But how have you been since I was gone? [*Patting her on back. She is pouting—has back turned*] I nearly forgot—I must go downstairs.

REB. Oh, I'm not mad, Sam'l.

SAM. [*Business*] Oh, I thought you were. [*Arm about her*] Now, tell me how you have been since I saw you last.

REB. Oh, I have been very well, with the exception of a slight cold.

SAM. Why didn't you use a mustard plaster? Or some of that patent medicine I used to peddle around the country? It will break up your cold in half an hour.

REB. I shall try some the next time I have a cold, just to please you.

SAM. That's right, Rebecca—but be sure and not take too much, for too much is worse than none.

REB. Oh, I believe you, but tell me, did you have a pleasant trip?

SAM. Oh, I had a splendid trip and I had lots of fun. Last Sunday I stopped at the Moulton House in Grand Rapids, and do you know the house is full of widows?

REB. What?

SAM. [*Eye business*] I mean the hotel is full of windows what you look out of and—

REB. Oh.

SAM. And I had a beautiful corner front room with widows—I mean windows. You see, Rebecca, I always get the word mixed—from which I could see way far out to where they turn the street cars around to make the horses look fresh, and guess who I met there, Rebecca?

REB. I can't Sam'l—how could I?

SAM. I was just going to tell you. I met that Schismine Greenfelder from New York. I was just going to ask him to pay the ten dollars he owes your uncle, when he told me he wanted to buy a necklace. I sold him a ten dollar

necklace for twenty dollars and now I am going to give your uncle his money. A new way to collect old debts.

REB. That is indeed a new way.

SAM. By the way, Rebecca, where does Jack keep himself?

REB. I don't know. I met him in the street this morning, but he never noticed me—poor fellow. He looked so worried and broken hearted.

SAM. I'm afraid it ain't all worry that affects him.

REB. What else can it be?

SAM. Gin cocktails, schnapps—

REB. You don't think there is any truth about Jack frequenting Celeste's gambling house, do you?

SAM. At first I didn't, but now I am certain he does.

REB. But, oh Sam, how could a nice moral young man like you know anything about such places? Just explain that.

SAM. [Whistles; walks to L.; thinks. Aside] I have it! [Aloud] Oh, well, Rebecca, you see we business men find out such things by hearsay.

REB. Oh, if that is the case, you are excusable.

SAM. Everybody knows his business best.

REB. But, Sam'l, I'm afraid you commercial travellers are sometimes very naughty.

SAM. Rebecca—the drummer is the most innocent man on the road. [Looking at her—smiling, etc.] But say, Rebecca, how do you like my new suit? Isn't it a dandy?

REB. Yes, indeed. It must have cost you considerable.

SAM. Not a cent. [Takes her aside] That's extra baggage.

REB. Why, what do you mean?

SAM. I charge it to the firm as overweight of trunks. [Puts arm about her] But, say, Rebecca—

REB. Well, what is it? I'm all attention.

SAM. While out on my last trip I made up my mind to get married.

REB. [Smiles] Yes?

SAM. Yes, and she's the nicest girl that ever stood in overshoes.

REB. [Mad] Indeed? [Takes his arm from about her] Well, then, just go and place your arm around her.

SAM. But, say, Rebecca—

REB. Don't speak to me again.

SAM. Why, Rebecca! It's you I mean.

REB. Me? Oh, Sammie! [Throws arms about him]

SAM. I knew that was just the way she was going to refuse me. Well—what do you say?

[Song introduced here—“Take me, Sammy dear” sung by Rebecca]

SAM. [Kisses her] That seals the bargain.

WIN. [Enter L.3.E.] And a good bargain, Mr. Plastrick.

SAM. [Hands in vest armholes; walks to L., whistling] I sold myself, and without opening my sample trunk.

WIN. Yes, and you need not be ashamed of it.

SAM. [Aside] The drummer is ashamed of nothing!

WIN. For Miss Rebecca will make you a good wife, and any young man could feel proud of her as a wife.

SAM. Take a cigar, Mr. Winslow? [Smiles]

WIN. [Takes cigar; lights it; seated L. of table L.2.] Be seated, Mr. Plastrick [Points to chair R.] I have something to tell you of importance.

SAM. [Sits] I'll bet a half a dollar it's about extra baggage.

WIN. I have an important errand for you to fulfil.

SAM. [Aside] The baggage account will stand increasing.

WIN. I would like you to go to New York, Mr. Plastrick, and deliver those diamonds to Mrs. Fairchilds, which I imported for her at a cost of ten thousand dollars. I could send them by express, but fearing for their safety, and knowing you to be perfectly honest, I will trust you with their care.

SAM. Thank you, Mr. Winslow. When will I start?

WIN. At six o'clock this evening. [Rises] Now, if you will do this as you should, I will give you a lift when you and Rebecca go to housekeeping. [Business, laughs and goes up L.3.E.] When you are ready, you can come for the casket, and don't forget to be very careful of yourself. [Exits after Sam's speech]

SAM. [Shows revolver] It is a rainy day when I get left. Rebecca, my credit is good at this house.

REB. Yes, but I don't like it a bit that you should go out again so soon.

SAM. Business is business, Rebecca. And now I must go and see that my trunks are sent to the depot.

REB. Don't stay long.

SAM. [Kisses her] I'll be back in half an hour. [Exit L.3.E.]

REB. What a change in circumstances from eight months ago, when Sam was but a stock clerk, and today Mr. Winslow trusts him with ten thousand dollars' worth of diamonds. I'm sure it pays to be honest.

FRANK. [Enters R.3.E.] Miss Rebecca, I have been requested to ask you to stop downstairs, a lady friend awaits you.

WIN. [Enter *L.I.E.*] Frank, I have concluded to establish Filkins in your position, and hence ask you to withdraw any further claim upon it. [Sits]

FRANK. [Aside] Damnation! I never expected this. [Aloud] Be it so. I am somewhat surprised; I will no doubt be able to find an opening somewhere else.

WIN. Any such calculation on your part will be unnecessary. I intend to make you my pardner shortly.

FRANK. Thank you, most generous uncle! I fear I do not deserve such kindly treatment.

WIN. [Laughs] Maybe not. Now, regarding Ellen. She still declares that she will never marry you, but will cling fervently to the remembrance of Jack until he himself proves himself a traitor, in confessing his love for her, which, rumor says, he has already given to Celeste.

FRANK. There has been no lack of effort on my part to secure her affections.

WIN. Within the peculiarity of her actions there is a good deal of shrewdness. She knows what interest she possesses in my business, and if her love for Jack is not entirely erased and they are married, I must accept him against all odds as my partner.

FRANK. Suppose that we could demonstrate to her the deception that Jack is practising, would she believe it?

WIN. That is a matter to be tested.

FRANK. The old adage that seeing is believing can certainly be applied in this case. Ask her to allow you to escort her to Madame Celeste's and to give her an opportunity to observe Jack as he sits enveloped in deep study over his vocation.

WIN. A most excellent plan, I think, and this very day after she has made up her disguise I will go with her. About what time had I better go?

FRANK. At about eight o'clock this evening would be the most suitable time, I think.

WIN. I think your plan will succeed. [Enter *Ellen L.3.E.*] And here is Ellen. You come, my child, at a most opportune time. My nephew and I were just comparing issues over a subject that should interest you.

ELL. Indeed, Guardy, and what may it be?

WIN. Our conversation refers to Jack.

ELL. Has he been here?

WIN. No. And his presence here is not desirable.

ELL. I hope you have not allowed your credulity to be imposed upon?

WIN. Not at all, my child. But where there is smoke there must be fire. Now, I am going to be liberal with you, and we will investigate this matter

together, in order that we may ascertain the truth. [*Rises*] Now, for the present I must leave you in company with Frank, who can detail to you what has been said and acted upon. [*Exit R.3.E.*]

ELL. Well, Mr. Bronson, what has been said about your brother, Jack?

FRANK. The stories about my brother, I am sorry to say, are so numerous that I could not repeat them.

ELL. Yes, and I know many of them to be lies.

FRANK. No doubt of that, and, being his brother, I sincerely hope so.

ELL. Mr. Bronson, I do not think it right in you to boast of your brotherly love for Jack, for I believe, and have reasons to think, that some of the stories afloat regarding poor Jack are your own inventions.

FRANK. [*Surprised*] My inventions?

ELL. Yes, your inventions.

FRANK. You wrong me. Be that as it may, but did not mademoiselle herself say that Jack was her lover?

ELL. She did, but I do not believe her. But had she said the same of you, I could believe it.

FRANK. Then you wrong me grossly, Miss Ellen.

ELL. Indeed!

FRANK. Yes, you misjudge me awfully. And I would not incur any further dislike from you by making the slightest effort to prove his infidelity.

ELL. Ah! Then you were to prove his infidelity?

FRANK. Not I. It was Uncle's desire that you should go with him, and should you go with him, I hope as a brother should that the proper evidence will not convict him.

ELL. I shall go to satisfy my guardian of Jack's innocence. [*Gets up and goes to R.3.E.*]

FRANK. [*Aside*] Victory is mine! [*Aloud*] Miss Ellen, I beg of you stay and give me an opportunity to right myself in your eyes. I know that you have misjudged me in the past, and I suppose because of my professed love for you; but I hope you will believe me when I say it was no fault of mine, for I love both you and Jack so well that I should have forever remained silent, and after this I shall become perfectly heedless to any solicitations on the part of Uncle.

ELL. Perhaps, Mr. Bronson, I have been hasty in forming an opinion, and if I have wronged you in the past I crave your forgiveness. [*Offers hand*]

FRANK. [*Takes her hand*] Forgive you? With all my heart. And I hope you will regard me differently in the future.

ELL. I shall, Mr. Bronson. [*Bows and exits L.3.E.*]

FRANK. [Aside] Frank Bronson, success will crown your efforts in the future! [Enter *Rebecca*, *R.3.E.*. To *Rebecca*] The lady was a friend of yours, was she not? [Exit *R.3.E.*. After *Rebecca's speech*]

REB. Yes, a very intimate one. [Sits at desk]

SAM. [Enters just in time to see *Frank* exit; kicks at him] Du ecklicher schimmel—I feel a monumental—

REB. Why, Sam, what kept you so long?

SAM. Business, *Rebecca*, business. I just sold a customer of mine a bill of machshoves—and when he came to the door here I heard *Bronson* speaking to *Mr. Winslow*, so I waited on the outside, and, what do you think, *Rebecca*? *Mr. Winslow* is going to take *Miss Ellen* to *Mlle. Celeste* tonight, so she may see for herself that *Jack* goes there.

REB. Oh, Sam, this must not be. If she finds *Jack* there, it will be the breaking of the last chance for him in her favor.

SAM. Well, they're not going to find him there, because I'm going around to *Celeste* and tell her of the trick *Bronson* is going to play on her. It's a frosty day when *Sammy* goes back on a friend.

REB. But Sam, you should not go to that place without me. For I could not think of trusting you in the society of a fascinating woman like *Celeste*.

SAM. *Rebecca*—you think I'm a masher? What do you want at a club house? You don't know a red from a white. Besides, it's enough if one in a family plays *Keno*. Well—now—I came nearly forgetting the diamonds.

REB. I don't think you are a bit nice—now there. [Pouting]

ELL. [Enters *L.3.E.*.] Why, *Miss Rebecca*, haven't you gone home yet? You are late for Saturday.

REB. I should go presently. I am waiting for *Mr. Plastrick*'s return.

ELL. Then *Mr. Plastrick* has returned from his trip?

REB. He came home this afternoon.

ELL. Did he know or speak of any news regarding *Jack*?

REB. [Aside] What will I say? [Aloud] No, he said nothing to me about *Mr. Cheviot*.

ELL. I suppose he has not had time to see *Jack* yet?

REB. Maybe not. If he had, I think he would have spoken of him. [Exit *R.3.E.*. *Ellen* goes up and takes hat from rack; puts it on; screams when *Sam'l* kisses her. Turns as he enters]

SAM. [Enters *R.3.E.*.] Now, *Rebecca*, don't be mad. [Steps behind *Ellen* and kisses her. *Quinn* enters with duster in hand *L.3.E.*, followed by *Frank*, who stands in door. *Rebecca* and *Winslow* enter *R.3.E.*.]

ACT III.

SCENE: Parlor in Mlle. Celeste's house (club), richly furnished. Has large window C. (bay) backed by garden. Boxed scene. Carpet down and bric-a-brac about stage. Celeste discovered at table L.C. Door bell rings when curtain rises.

CEL. [Calling] West Point.

WEST POINT. [Enters R.I.E.] Mademoiselle? [Bows]

CEL. Someone is at ze door. Go and see who it is. [West Point goes L.3.E., reenters]

W.P. Mr. Bronson.

CEL. Show him in. You know Monsieur Bronson is always welcome. [Exit West Point and returns at once, bowing Mr. Bronson in. To West Point] You may be wanted in ze card room. [West Point bows and exit L.I.E.]

FRANK. [Comes down and meets Celeste C.] My darling Celeste! [They embrace] You are growing prettier every day in your new home. This is an elegant establishment, Celeste, and you must be proud of it.

CEL. I have ze pride and you reap ze profit.

FRANK. I have paid the last mortgage on the place, and from today it shall be yours alone, so you may enjoy the profit as well as the pride. Now, my dear Celeste, I shall ask something of you in return. Old Winslow desires to know of Jack's visits here, and proofs of this will secure my partnership. This must be given to him, and once done I will claim you before the world as my wife.

CEL. You swear you will do zis?

FRANK. I do, Celeste, I do.

CEL. Zen ze gladness comes to me, Monsieur Frank. Ze joy of my life will be complete, but Monsieur Jack has never been here.

FRANK. Oh, that can easily be arranged. I will send Jack a message, telling him that I must see him on business of great importance. I'll sign the message A. J. Webster, and Jack will be sure to come, as Webster is his friend.

CEL. I will make ze arrangements with Monsieur Webster. Will you come with Monsieur Winslow?

FRANK. No, Winslow is not to know that I am arranging for his admission here tonight. Now, Celeste, it may be possible that Sam intends coming here to forewarn Jack. See that he does not.

CEL. I will do as you say, Monsieur.

FRANK. The old gentleman has ordered Sam off to New York with a diamond necklace worth at least ten thousand dollars, which he is to deliver to a party there. If he should come here, it is likely that he will have this necklace in some inside pocket. [With a smile] A word to the wise is sufficient. [Smiles] Celeste, you are not slow to comprehend.

CEL. Ten thousand dollars! [Rubbing hands] Zat is ze grand—ze magnificent—ten thousand dollars—I will see zat it never leaves the house if he comes here. I can fix it. Ze glass of drugged wine, or ze drugged cigar, will make him go to sleep. And zen my work will be easy.

FRANK. You are right, Celeste. But see that the Governor sees Jack, and the more embarrassing the situation he is in when discovered, the better it will be for our purpose.

CEL. I comprehend ze plan. Ze magnificent plan.

FRANK. Well, my darling Celeste. I must be leaving you. [They kiss] I will see you again before morning. [Noise heard off R.I.E. as if men were disputing]

CEL. [Starts at noise] What can zat noise be? [Rushes off R.I.E.]

FRANK. How my love urges her on! This fickle woman Celeste will purloin the jewels and be imprisoned. My rival Jack will become a thing of the past, and as for Samuel, [Laughs] he will go into the next bankrupt stock to make up a full dozen. [Exits L.I.E. Enter Celeste and West Point R.I.E.]

W.P. [As they enter] Well, Mademoiselle, I cannot help it if Mr. Webster will get mad because he drinks more than he is willing to pay for. You see, he gave me a five-dollar note to take out what he owed, and when I gave him his change he said I must be mistaken. Now, Mademoiselle, I never make mistakes. I always know what a gentleman has called for. I have a great noodle. [Puts his finger to his head]

CEL. If zat is ze case, Monsieur Webster must pay at the time he gets ze cigar or ze wine. [Doorbell rings. West Point turns and walks quickly to R.I.E.]

W.P. Mademoiselle.

CEL. West Point, go to ze door. [He exits L.I.E. Celeste seated at table L.C. West Point enters, bowing in Jack]

JACK. Good evening, Mlle. Celeste.

CEL. Good evening, Monsieur Cheviot. Are you well zis evening?

JACK. [Somewhat coldly] Yes, thank you. Where will I find my friend, Mr. Webster?

CEL. Your friend Mr. Webster is in ze card room. [Points off R.I.E.]

JACK. Thank you. [Crosses to R.I.E. Bows to her, smiles sarcastically, and exits]

CEL. I nearly forgot ze wine—and ze cigar. [*Calls West Point. West Point enters R.I.E.*]

W.P. Mademoiselle, at your service.

CEL. West Point, go in my room and get ze box of ze small cigars. You will find zem on ze table. And get some wine, in ze bottle. [*Points to table up C.*]

W.P. Yes, Mademoiselle, I will do so. [*Goes to table and takes tray with bottles and exits L.I.E.*]

CEL. I must get ze powder to drug ze wine. [*Exit R. Enter West Point, filler and box of cigars on tray, which he places on table up C.*]

W.P. [*Showing box of cigars, holding them up*] The result of science. One continuous rock-ballasted Havana wrapper and dust-filler can pull two hundred pounds of live frame through six passenger and two baggage cars without stopping. I took a trip with one of these the other day. We had a nice time—but bless the coming person—for there is going to be an episode. [*Enter Celeste with small package in her hand*]

CEL. Have you filled ze bottle?

W.P. Yes, Mademoiselle. [*Aside after having glanced at package in Celeste's hand*] More episodes. [*Doorbell rings. He turns, goes toward R. I.E.*]

CEL. West Point.

W.P. Mademoiselle?

CEL. See who is at ze door. [*He exits L.I.E. Celeste puts powder in bottle*] Monsieur Plastick may come now. [*Enter West Point*]

W.P. Mr. Plastrick, or some such name.

CEL. Show him in and let ze Monsieur be seated at ze table. [*Pointing to bottle L. going towards R.I.E.*] I will return shortly and see Monsieur Cheviot. [*Aside*] I'll see that Jack is safe. [*Exit R.I.E., West Point bowing to Sam'l, who enters*]

W.P. Be seated, Mr. Rolstron, Mlle. Celeste will see you directly.

CEL. Mr. Plastick, if you please. Say, how is business?

W.P. Very good this evening. All the rooms are full.

SAM. [*Aside*] I guess he ain't far from it. [*Aloud*] You are doing a good business here every evening, ain't you?

W.P. Yes, sir—pretty fair.

SAM. Say, young man, ain't your name West Point?

W.P. Yes, sir—it is.

SAM. I thought I remembered you. [*They shake hands*] Tell me who owns this place?

W.P. I don't know, sir.

SAM. [*Gives coin*] Now, tell me. Don't Bronson own this place?

W.P. Yes, sir—Mr. Bronson and Mlle. Celeste, as I understand it.

SAM. [*Aside*] I thought the gentleman had an interest in here. [Aloud] Say, West Point, how much does he pay you a week for your services.

W.P. I decline to answer, sir.

SAM. You what? [*Looks at him astonished*]

W.P. I decline to answer.

SAM. Oh, I forgot. [*Takes another coin from pocket, gives it*]

W.P. Five dollars a week—board and extras.

SAM. [*Hands him coin*] Here is more extras. [He looks at it as if ashamed to take it] Don't be foolish—take it. [Aside] Centennial medals a dollar a cross. [*Hands him another coin*] So du canst du Shabes damit machen. [Starts to go R.3.E.]

W.P. I was requested to have you wait here.

SAM. I just want to go in and see a friend of mine. [Going]

W.P. See here, sir—I can't let you go in there without permission from Mademoiselle.

SAM. You don't tell me. [*Gives coin*] What do you say?

W.P. You may go. [Sam'l exits R.1.E. West Point comes down-stage] I don't know, but it seems funny that everyone talks about drummers being so sharp, and always having an eye like the eagle bird. So far as I am concerned I think that some of them are too thick-headed for any smartness. Why, every time that I said no to that fellow, he produced just like a hen laying eggs. [Starts to go L. when he drops coin; picks it up, bites it and discovers it to be bad] The drummer is a smart man after all. [Enter Sam'l R.3.E.]

SAM. I wonder where Jack is? [Sees West Point, takes coin from pocket and holds it up] Here, West Point.

W.P. No, thanks, you are too generous.

SAM. [Coming down] But this is a good one.

W.P. [Takes coin, looks at it, bows to Sam'l, crosses to R.] Thank you, sir. [Exits R.1.E. Enter Celeste R.1.E., is very friendly]

CEL. Ah, good evening, Monsieur Plastrick. [Extending hand]

SAM. Good evening, Mademoiselle. [They shake hands]

CEL. Won't you be seated at ze table here, while I get ze wine and cigars?

SAM. [Sits at table R.] I don't care if I do.

CEL. [Goes to table up C., brings down tray with glasses and box of cigars] Monsieur, have some wine. It is excellent.

SAM. No, thank you, I just had a whiskey sour.

CEL. Well, you will smoke ze nice Havana? [*Handing him box over table*]

SAM. I don't care if I do. These French people always smoke good cigars.

CEL. It gives me ze great pleasure to see ze monsieur. How is ze Mam'selle Rebecca? Why did you not bring her to spend ze evening? I would like to have her call. I am always so lonesome.

SAM. Rebecca has got the lumbago in her head. But if you are lonesome, why don't you take a hand at poker for pastime?

CEL. Ah, monsieur knows ze secret?

SAM. [*Aside*] She thinks I'm a sucker. [*Aloud*] I never knew it was a secret.

CEL. Oh, it's kept very private. You find ze good cigar is ze imported one.

SAM. That's first-rate. By the way, a friend of mine down on Broadway manufactures imported cigars. [*Blows smoke from cigar*]—for seven dollars a thousand if you return the stamps and the boxes.

CEL. [*Very pleasant*] That's very cheap, indeed. Now, won't you try some of ze wine? Come—just to please me—a little drop.

SAM. [*Aside*] If Rebecca saw that, she would pull all the hair out of my head. [*Aloud*] But I might as well be sociable as not. [*Both drink*]

CEL. Well, what is ze news at ze store?

SAM. The latest is that Mr. Bronson is about to marry Miss Ellen.

CEL. What is that you say? Monsieur Bronson marry Ellen? Zat cannot be. You are mistaken, Monsieur Plastrick.

SAM. The drummer never makes mistakes. Listen, Mr. Winslow and Ellen are coming here this evening, and if they find Jack here, the girl will marry Frank Bronson, and he'll become partner in the business.

CEL. [*Madly*] Never—never! [*Drags dagger from bosom of dress*] I will drive this to his black heart first.

SAM. Don't you do it, it's too much trouble. He ain't worth it. You just tell Mr. Winslow that Jack has never been here. That is enough. Then the young lady will refuse to marry Bronson, do you see?

CEL. Yes, I comprehend ze plan. Ze grand one, and I think I will do it. But I must consider it first, to see if it is possible zat he has deceived me. [*Puts hand to forehead, as if in thought*]

SAM. What room is Jack in?

CEL. Monsieur Jack has not come yet zis evening.

SAM. [*Blowing as if warm*] It's awful warm here. Couldn't you kindly open the window. [*Cigar drops from hand as he falls back in chair asleep*]

W.P. [Just as Sam'l falls asleep, West Point is about to step in door R.3.E. Sees Sam'l and laughs] The gentleman has reached his destination.

CEL. [Goes up stage towards window, watching Sam'l. Does not open window, but approaches him on tiptoe, looks into his face] Monsieur feels the fresh air coming in? [Aside softly] He is asleep. [Goes up and looks off R.3.E. to see if she is watched, comes down] Ze drug works capital. [Looks off R. and L. entrances; approaches Sam'l] There is no one watching me. Now I will get the diamonds. The ten thousand dollars diamonds. [Kneels by his side; is about to put hand inside coat pocket; starts as if she heard a noise; gets up; comes to R.1.E.] It was nothing, only imagination. [Goes back to Sam'l, goes through coat pocket first, then cautiously his vest; puts hand into inside pocket and takes casket from it. Gets up with a start; trembles and conceals casket; recovers herself] I HAVE ZEM! [Looks at Sam'l; opens casket; comes down stage, looking at diamonds] Ah ze magnificent—ze beautiful! I shall wear zem when I go back to La Belle France. [Closes casket. Frank has been watching her from L.3.E.]

FRANK. And it is thus you have sold your liberty! [She turns frightened]

CEL. Monsieur—how you frightened me! I was not expecting you.

FRANK. Hunters often surprise the game. You have been trapped. Henceforth you are nothing to me, and if you ever dare to trouble me, I will hand you over to the law.

CEL. What is zis you say? You betray me, your wife—who would steal for her husband? [Points to him]

FRANK. No, I'll tell you the truth. You are no wife of mine. The marriage was but a sham to satisfy your scruples.

CEL. Monsieur Bronson, you are ze coward!

FRANK. [Laughs] And the time has come for an understanding. You my wife—absurd!

CEL. [Goes to him and looks him in the face] You forget, monsieur, the ceremony was performed in France, and before ze witnesses. And according to ze law of zat country, you are my husband.

FRANK. And you forget that the witnesses were friends of mine.

CEL. Then I will have ze satisfaction zat you will marry me before you leave zis house. [Takes dagger and raises it over him] Or I will kill you!

FRANK. Don't be a fool. Keep your stolen prize, and keep your mouth closed, and you will be let alone. Well, I will leave you now. [Turns to R., goes up]

CEL. [Stands before him with drawn dagger] Not before you make me your wife. Then you may go. [Pointing to door L.2.E. Frank laughs and starts to go. She tries to prevent him, when he catches her by the wrists and

throws her. She is about to strike him with dagger when he catches her wrists again. They struggle down stage, she trying to stab him, but he in turn turns the knife against herself, she sinks down on her knees—she rises—turns, swoons, and falls into his L. arm. He gently lets her down]

FRANK. [Feels her pulse—astonished] Dead! The devil! I didn't mean to kill her. I must get out of this before I am discovered! [Goes down C. and picks up diamonds which Celeste had dropped] And while going there is one important thing I must not forget. [Shows casket and exits L.I.E. Enter Mr. Winslow and Ellen, L.3.E.]

WIN. [Sees her; starts] What's this? By my faith, Ellen, there has been murder committed here! Quick—Help! Help! [Enter West Point and Jack from R.3.E., and Frank from L.I.E.]

W.P. Mademoiselle! Dead! [As he rushes and kneels beside her]

JACK. [Picks up knife] Yes, murdered!

WIN. [Sees Sam'l] And Sam'l here!

FRANK. Could he have done this?

W.P. No, for he has been asleep for the last half hour.

JACK. [To Frank] This looks like your work, and if you were not my brother I should denounce you as the murderer! [Sam'l wakes up, looks about—sees his vest open. Funny business feeling for the diamonds]

ACT IV.

Rebecca discovered seated L., knitting or sewing. Uncle Goldstein asleep in chair R., with newspaper in his hand at rise.

REB. Uncle! [Uncle Goldstein snores] Uncle, are you asleep?

UNCLE GOLDSTEIN. [Wakes up suddenly] No.

REB. Give me some money for dinner.

UNCLE G. [Snores] I'm asleep. [Snores]

REB. Uncle.

UNCLE G. Well, what is it?

REB. Give me the money.

UNCLE G. How much do you want?

REB. Three dollars will do, I think.

UNCLE G. Three dollars for one dinner!

REB. Why, yes.

UNCLE G. Rebecca, come here! [Takes money from vest pocket] Here's a quarter; go and buy some cheese sandwiches.

REB. [Has money in her hand] Cheese sandwiches won't do for dinner today, Uncle.

UNCLE G. Why not?

REB. Because Sammy is coming for dinner.

UNCLE G. Rebecca, if he eats a three-dollar dinner, he'll suffer with the dyspepsia for a week.

REB. Then, too, Uncle, this is Yuntuff.

UNCLE G. So it is, I forgot about it. Here is three dollars, and it's all the money I've got. [Gives money. *Rebecca is about to exit L.I.E.*] Rebecca, come here, give me back the quarter I gave you for the sandwiches.

REB. Oh, yes. [Gives him back money]

UNCLE G. I never pay three dollars and a quarter for a three-dollar dinner. [Goes back of counter; *Rebecca exits; returns at once with hat on. Enter Footlight from C.D.*]

UNCLE G. [Puts L. hand in back pocket] Hello. [Takes bill from pocket] I'm worth two dollars more than I thought.

FOOTLIGHT. Good morning, sir. [Bows to *Rebecca*] How fares the goodness of the morning with you?

UNCLE G. How are you, *Rebecca*? Der seed aus ware er maschuker.

FOOT. Could I see the young gentleman?

UNCLE G. He is out walking for a dollar and a half.

FOOT. Ah—he is not in, you say? I regret this exceedingly, for he knows me well.

UNCLE G. You look like you have been here before.

FOOT. Oh, yes—I have known the young man for an extended time.

UNCLE G. He's been busted before.

FOOT. I suppose you are his substitute?

UNCLE G. [Reaches for package] Let's see what kind of a tute.

FOOT. I said you were his auxiliary, you are taking the young man's place while he is out.

UNCLE G. Now I understand. I thought first you were a musician, and had a tute you wanted to put up.

FOOT. No, sir—I am not a musician. I'm an actor.

UNCLE G. A what? An actor?

FOOT. Yes, most reverend senior, that's where I hold my cruel grip.

UNCLE G. [Aside] I said he was crazy.

FOOT. This package contains some very valuable wardrobe, on which I would like to secure the loan of five dollars. [Uncle Goldstein opens package. *Business of showing it to *Rebecca*.*] Can we use that? And how is that? How much do you want on the stuff?

FOOT. What I said.

UNCLE G. What did you say? I don't hear very well at times.

FOOT. Five elegant cases. [Rubbing hands]

UNCLE G. Rebecca, get the gentleman five matchcases.

FOOT. No, no, no! Lucre, piasters, boodle money, five dollars.

UNCLE G. Five dollars? Why, they are all old!

FOOT. Humph! You don't understand, then, that age has the tendency to enhance the value of such chattels as these. Why, sir, these were once the property of the illustrious Forrest, and should bring back to everyone such memories of his genius that nothing but a fabulous sum should touch them. Any actor would give you five dollars for them, while I only ask the loan of five paltry dollars.

UNCLE G. I don't want them for five dollars.

FOOT. [Taking stage] Ye Gods and little fishes! [Business] You will then insist in heaping such humility upon me! [In emotion] I pray you give me three dollars. [Going towards counter]

UNCLE G. I'll give you two dollars less fifty cents. [Business]

FOOT. Ye Gods and Hebrew mathematicians! [Shaking head] And Greece must bend her knees in suppliance to your intriguing power! You would stoop to such a paltry sum as this. Why, perchance you should meet the right man within only a day's travel. He would feed upon the opportunity to give you twenty times as much.

UNCLE G. I won't give any more.

FOOT. [Taking corner L.] Then if you will grind me down to starvation, take the consequences upon your own head. [Draws sword from under cloak. Makes rush for Uncle Goldstein] How now!

UNCLE G. [Gets under counter] Look out! Don't get mad!

FOOT. Nay, nay—I am not mad. But thou art so mysterious. Thy very manner and laugh is so full of tissue that I cannot fathom the worth of thy seeming nature. I will subdue this sudden burst of passion, or else the wasp may sting me, and I would make more food for the vultures of the air. Why, sir, with the keen edge of this noble steel, I have severed in twain the diabolical systems of monopolies [Business with sword], given wings to visions of ecstasy, [with emotion] and have oft-times caused the scanty means at home [with emotion] to be replenished. I am a Democrat from the Second Ward, and for years have assisted in having bills passed, but never yet have I succeeded in putting the fourth wall of generosity before a pawnbroker's shop. [Throws sword on counter] Now, how much will you give?

UNCLE G. Two dollars full, not a cent more!

Foot. Let me clutch them ere I go for a haircut. Avaunt, bright shekels, and quit my sight. There is no speculation in the brightness thou dost glare with. But hold, the sum will not buy many chips, so be careful, Horatio, but fail to spend thee now. [Looks at money] No, for in the bright lexicon of youth, there is no such word as fail. Ha, I go, for the doleful bell of bygone days invites me. [Business] And yet a voice from the rear seems to whisper, "Here is not Duncan," for it is a knell that summons to heaven or to hell. Avaunt: For when gaunt wolves meet lions in the track, I'll rend the rugged rocks asunder. Adieu; Adieu. [Exits C.D.]

UNCLE G. Rebecca, that fellow is a good actor, I have seen him play that fellow what says "Friends, Romans, Countrymen. Lend me your ear for half an hour." You know what I mean.

REB. Yes, you mean Mark Anthony in *Julius Caesar*.

UNCLE G. That's the fellow. But business is awful dull this morning. It's just like Yuntoff.

REB. Well, Uncle, it's early yet. You can't tell how it will be before night. It may be better this afternoon.

UNCLE G. Yes, wie heisst. I don't believe it. When it starts so dull, it stays dull all day, I think we'll mark the goods down.

REB. [Laughs] Just like you, Uncle! If business is dull for a day you mark the goods down. Then if I should happen to make a sale tomorrow, at today's prices, you'd say, "Rebecca, you sold them too cheap."

UNCLE G. Yes, wie heisst. [Boys appear at C.D.] Say, boys, get away from the doors! You'll get them full of cobwebs.

Boys. [Outside] Ah, you old Sheeny!

UNCLE G. Rebecca, get me some hot water to throw on the loafers. [The boys disappear] Never mind, Rebecca. They are gone.

REB. If you wouldn't take notice of them, they would go just as soon.

UNCLE G. Yes, wie heisst. I don't want to hide the store front. Rebecca, now you mark that lot of goods that came in yesterday. I'll call off the numbers.

REB. Why, Sam did mark them yesterday.

UNCLE G. So he did. I forgot. From my memorandum. But we want to check the memorandum from the bill now. [Has two documents, gives her one]

REB. Oh, I understand you now. You just want to compare the invoice with the memorandum. Is that it?

UNCLE G. That's it, Rebecca.

REB. Well, you call the number and the price from the invoice, and I will check them off the memorandum.

UNCLE G. Are you ready, Rebecca?

REB. Proceed.

UNCLE G. Number four thousand three hundred odd nothing and six, one dozen plain beaver coats, fifty-seven dollars a dozen.

REB. Yes.

UNCLE G. Number five hundred six thousand seven odd nothing and two, one dozen of diagonal dress goods, fifty-six dollars and fifty-six cents.

REB. Yes.

UNCLE G. Number nine thousand six hundred and twenty-one—one lot of—one lot of hogskin. [Rebecca laughs] What is that? I can't make it out. Rebecca, you see what he's got here. [Hanging bill to her, who reads]

REB. One lot of Hogan's best jean pants, eighteen dollars a dozen.

UNCLE G. [Takes memorandum] Oh, that is that quarter of a dozen. A job lot. I tell you, Rebecca, that is a bargain. I didn't want the pants, but I bought them because they were cheap. I tell you, those are good ones. [Gets pants and shows them to her] They are all big ones. You won't have any trouble with the fit. [Lays pants on table]

REB. Very well. Proceed, Uncle.

UNCLE G. One lot of boys' Reymour jackets. Six dollars a dozen. That's all. [Takes bill from her, puts it in pocket, and goes back of counter]

SAM. [Enters C.D.] Good morning, Uncle.

UNCLE G. Good morning, Samuel.

SAM. Good morning, Rebecca, how is business? [Goes down and shakes hands]

REB. It was very dull, indeed. Uncle wants to mark down his stock. But why must it always be business first thing?

SAM. Business before pleasure, Rebecca. [Puts arm around her] But how are you anyhow?

REB. Oh, I'm very well.

SAM. By the way, Rebecca, I saw Mr. Winslow, and—

UNCLE G. [Behind counter] Sam'l.

SAM. Just a moment and I'll tell you all about it, Rebecca. [Goes to counter] Well—?

UNCLE G. Sam'l, there's a fellow that owes me a dollar and a quarter. If you will stay here, I will go and see him.

SAM. All right, Uncle. [Goes L. to Rebecca] Now, don't stay long, Uncle, because we always feel so lonesome when you are gone.

UNCLE G. [Going to door] I won't be long. [Exit C.D.]

SAM. Now, Rebecca, I'm going to talk business to you. [Gets chair and sits R. of her] I'm going to tell you all about the town we are going to live

in after we are married. It is a town I discovered while I was out on my last trip. It's full of Germans and Yiddish people. I know you would like the place.

REB. What's the name of the town?

SAM. Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

REB. Oh, I know the place very well. I've been there on a visit. I have an aunt living in Milwaukee.

SAM. You don't tell me! Do you like it there?

REB. Oh, yes, indeed. I think it a nice clean city.

SAM. Well, I am glad you like it, because I thought of going there to open the three-ball business, Rebecca.

REB. But what about your seeing Mr. Winslow? Does he still think it was Jack who stole the diamonds?

SAM. I think he does.

REB. Well, I rather think that myself.

SAM. You do? Well, I don't. And I wouldn't if all the farmhouses would turn into brownstone fronts. And then I be darned if I'd believe it.

REB. I hope you think rightly.

SAM. Well, I'll soon clear up the entire matter, for I've got a new idea.

REB. What is your idea?

SAM. I'll tell you.

REB. Yes?

SAM. Next week.

REB. Come, do tell me now.

SAM. I might as well advertise it in the newspaper.

REB. [Angrily] Sam, I don't think you love me at all.

SAM. Oh, yes I do. [Kisses her] That proves it.

UNCLE G. [Enters C.D.] That is how lonesome they are when I am gone.

SAM. [They are surprised at his entrance] Rebecca has got something in her eye. [To Uncle] Well, how is it?

UNCLE G. I got a dollar and a quarter. Now if you stay here, Sam'l, I will go after another fellow.

SAM. But, very well, Uncle. But business is awful dull.

UNCLE G. The letter-carrier just gave me a letter. [Looks through his vest pockets for glasses] I wonder where my glasses are? [Has glasses on]

SAM. I'll sell you a new pair for a dollar and a half.

UNCLE G. Never mind, I'll find my old ones. [Goes to desk looking for glasses] I can't find those eyes of mine. Here, Sam'l, you see what it is. [Hands him letter]

SAM. [Aside—starts] Frank Bronson's handwriting! I wonder what he wants. [Opens letter and reads, aside] "Mr. Isaac Goldstein, being pushed for cash, would like to ask you for a small loan. I have some very valuable diamonds which I will give as security. Please call at once. Respectfully, Mrs. Dalton, 1010 Poplar St." [Speaks] I'll just have Mrs. F. Dalton. [Comes down from behind counter]

UNCLE G. I can't find—[Discovers glasses on his forehead] Well, well, there they are! What is it, Sam'l? Let me try and read it. [Tries to take letter from Sam'l, who folds it up]

SAM. It's only a price list from Rosen, in New York.

UNCLE G. [Disappointed] Is that all? [Takes stick and hat, and exits C.D.]

REB. I came near forgetting the roast I had in the oven for dinner. You will excuse me, Sam? [Exit L.I.]

SAM. Why, certainly! [After her exit] Now for Frank Bronson's diamonds. [Goes to desk and writes] "Philadelphia, June 1, 1854. Mrs. Dalton, In reply to your favor, will say that I am pleased to give you the loan you ask for, but must ask you to call on me. Yours in hock, Isaac Goldstein. P.S. Please call between eleven and twelve o'clock." [Folds letter—puts it in envelope and addresses it] I guess that will do. [Enter West Point C.D.] Hello, West Point, glad to see you!

W.P. Good morning, Mr. Sam'l. I have brought you the document you wanted. [Hands document with red seal] The last words spoken by poor Mlle. Celeste, stating that she received her death at the hands of Frank Bronson.

SAM. [Opens letter and document] And witnessed by you and A. J. Webster. West Point, you should have delivered this to the proper authorities long before this.

W.P. No doubt, and it was my intention to do so, but I feared Frank Bronson's vengeance.

SAM. The sheriff will hang them both when he gets his hands on them. Now, Mr. West Point, I would like you to call on Mr. Winslow and ask him to come here with Miss Ellen as soon as possible.

W.P. Very well, Mr. Sam'l.

SAM. And then find Jack Cheviot, and bring him here and lose as little time as you can.

W.P. All right, sir.

SAM. [Hands him letter] By the way, West Point, give this to a messenger boy while you are out, and have it delivered at once.

W.P. All right, Mr. Sam'l. [Exit C.D. Enter Mrs. Mulcahey C.D.]

MRS. MULCAHEY. Good morning to you, sir.

SAM. What can I do for you?

MRS. M. I came in to get two dollars on this shawl.

SAM. [Opens shawl and looks at it] That's an awful poor shawl, and some of the fringe is worn off of it, too.

MRS. M. Faith, I know there is. My baby cut it off with the scissors.

SAM. It's a bad thing to let babies play with scissors.

MRS. M. So it is, sir—so it is.

SAM. That shawl is awful poor.

MRS. M. Faith, I paid eight dollars for the shawl when I bought it.

SAM. But it's a long time since that shawl was bought.

MRS. M. Not so very long, now.

SAM. Well, it's old enough to be worn out. I'll give you half a dollar.

MRS. M. Oh sir, I must have two dollars, for I need the money very bad.

SAM. It ain't worth two dollars.

MRS. M. Well, I suppose if you can't give it I must go elsewhere, because I must have the money to buy some medicine for my poor sick child, and bread for myself and the other children, for I can't work and leave the sick child at home.

SAM. Where is your husband—why can't he work?

MRS. M. [Crying] Sure and I wouldn't be pawning me shawl if he was living. He's been dead for the last two years and I've been wearing out washboards ever since, and, faith, the youngest of fourteen children is sick and I want money on the shawl now to get the childer food and nourishment. Faith, I wish I had been born a grasshopper.

SAM. [Takes money from pocket and gives her two dollars] Here. [Hands her money] Let me have your basket for a moment. [Crosses to L. E. and calls Rebecca. Rebecca enters L.I.]

REB. Did you call?

SAM. Rebecca, die frau hat a grosses schlimaell. Go and get her something to eat, for her children. [Aside] A true Hebrew never goes back on the widows and orphans! [Reenter Rebecca with basket]

REB. Here, Sam'l. [Handing him basket]

SAM. [Takes basket, puts shawl in it and covers it with paper—fringe of shawl must show—hands basket to Mrs. Mulcahey] Now, you take this home and give your children a Jewish picnic.

MRS. M. Faith, sir, you've made a mistake, you've given me back my shawl.

SAM. That's all right, wrap the baby up in it.

MRS. M. You may want it for your own?

SAM. Rebecca, do you want it?

REB. Sam'l!

SAM. No—Rebecca don't want it.

MRS. M. Well, the Lord bless you both! [Exit C.D.]

SAM. But not with twins! Good-bye.

REB. Sam'l, what time have you?

SAM. Twenty minutes after eleven.

REB. So late! Then I must go and set the table for dinner.

SAM. And I must play your uncle. [Puts on long coat, beard and hat to impersonate Uncle Goldstein] Now I am ready for business. [Enter Frank Bronson in disguise] And not any too soon, for here is my man now.

FRANK. Good morning.

SAM. Good morning. What can I do for you, my friend?

FRANK. I came in to see if I could sell you some diamonds.

SAM. Are they your own property?

FRANK. Why, certainly they are my own.

SAM. [Aside] You lie!

FRANK. At least, they belong to my wife. But here. [Shows letter] She gives me the right to dispose of them.

SAM. Are they nice ones?

FRANK. Yes. Gems of almost peerless value.

SAM. They may be too high for me.

FRANK. [Takes small case of diamonds from pocket] You see, our circumstances are such that I must take a loan, or dispose of them at a very low price. I am the husband of Mrs. Dalton, who wrote you this morning.

SAM. [Aside] How you can lie! [Aloud] Oh, are you Mr. Dalton? [Business. Shakes hands] I am glad to meet you. Have you the diamonds with you?

FRANK. Yes, I have them here. [Opens case and hands them to Sam'l] And they are the real gems.

SAM. Why, they are beauties! How much do you want for them, Mr. Dalton?

FRANK. Oh, they are worth fully ten thousand dollars.

SAM. [Has them in hand] And can you trust me with them? Thank you, more than I'd trust you with.

FRANK. Sir, what do you mean? [Enter Winslow, Ellen, Jack, West Point and Rebecca L.I.E.]

SAM. [Throws off disguise] I mean, Frank Bronson, that you are a scoundrel!

FRANK. [Crosses to L.] What's that? [Takes pistol from pocket]

SAM. Yes, and here are the proofs. [Points two large revolvers at Frank, which he takes from under the counter] Now, just hand that revolver to Rebecca. [Frank is about to do so] To shoot you with. [Frank hesitates] Go ahead—[Frank does so] For these ain't loaded. [Laughs. Frank makes rush at Sam'l, who grabs gun from back of counter] But this is. [Rebecca points butt of revolver at Frank and muzzle to herself—Mr. Winslow comes down] Mr. Winslow, here are the diamonds, and here is the thief! [Points at Frank]—and murderer of his own wife.

FRANK. You lie!

SAM. I do generally—to sell goods always—but not this time. [Holding up Celeste's confession]

WIN. [Tears beard from Frank's face and throws it aside] Bronson, you are a scoundrel of the blackest dye—a murderer. [Showing document, which he has taken from Sam'l] I would be acting legally to hand you over to the authorities, but for relations' sake, and for the desire to have no further disgrace, I will give you one day to get out of reach of the authorities. If found upon American soil after tomorrow night, you shall suffer the full penalty of the law.

FRANK. [Goes to door] I go, but my curse remains with you! [Exit C.D.]

SAM. That's it—sneak! [Crosses to Rebecca L.] I said I will clear up the whole business pretty soon.

REB. So you did.

WIN. Mr. Plastrick, my gratitude cannot be expressed in words, but shall be proven in act. I shall give you a start in business for yourself. As for Jack, he is my future partner, and Ellen shall be his wife.

SAM. Thank you, Mr. Winslow.

JACK. Sam, you have made a new life for me, and have given me a world of happiness. [Embraces Ellen]

SAM. Now, as you are all happy, Rebecca and I will be married, and if any of our friends in front wish to buy diamonds, call on Sam'l Plastrick and he will sell you some as large as this, [Holding up big piece of cut glass] for half a dollar.

Jack and Ellen R. Winslow C. Sam'l and Rebecca L. West Point

CURTAIN

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By Leonard Grover

CAST OF CHARACTERS

COLONEL M. T. ELEVATOR, *A commercial exchange operator*

PROFESSOR GREGARIOUS GILLYPOD, *Inventor of the flying machine*

JOSEPH FIORETTI, *Our last new boarder*

WALTER DALRYMPLE, *Possessed of means and desirous of speculating*

MRS. DALRYMPLE, *Walter's mother*

MATTHEW ELIGIBLE, *Dealer in corner lots and given to flirtation*

DR. SHOUTER, *Manufacturer of patent medicine*

TIM, *A "hackman"*

ALONZO, *A colored servant*

POSTMAN

BEATRICE MANHEIM, *A teacher at the Conservatory, our interesting boarder*

FLORENCE, *Her little child, our pet*

MRS. VIOLET ELIGIBLE, *Our society boarder*

MRS. MARIE COLVILLE, *Mistress of our boarding house*

CLARENCE DEXTER

BETTY, *Our maid of all work*

JACK HARDY, *A detective*

BOY WITH FIDDLE

ANNIE

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.

SCENE 1: Carpet down; small card table against flat L. with dinner bell on it. Doorbell to ring, L. Feather duster for Betty. Seven letters for prompter. Slips

of newspaper in Shouter letter. Newspaper for Elevator. Lots of parcels and newspaper for Gillypod. Burned cork for Alonzo.

SCENE 2: Large dinner table C. and eight chairs. Dinner set for eight persons, handsomely set on table. Castor—plates—cups—saucers—small covered table L.C. Decanter and glasses, etc.

ACT II.

Sofa R. Curtains on L. door, handsome set, table and chairs L. Books—vase of flowers on table—bottle and glasses R.2.E. Jewel case and ring for Manheim. Gun—crash ready. Dinner bell for Betty.

ACT III.

SCENE 1: Baize down, two garden chairs. Six cigars for characters. Tin money for Gillypod. Guitar and sheet of music R. Stick of candy.

ACT IV.

Lake, represented by baize. Leave carpet down.

SCENE 3: Table and chairs R. and L. Handsome. Handcuffs and pistol for Hardy.

SCENE PLOT

ACT I.

SCENE 1. Chambers in 1 groove.

SCENE 2. Chamber in 3.

ACT II.

SCENE 1. C.D. Fancy—door open—balustrade cross backed by garden in 4. Set doors R. and L.3.E.

ACT III.

SCENE 1. Garden in 4.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1. Landscape. In 4.

SCENE 2. C.D. Fancy chamber. Doors practical, 3 and 4, backed by interior.

ACT I.

SCENE 1: *Plain chamber in 2. Set door R.1.E. Double door L.2.E. Balustrade and candelabra R.2.E. Hatrack with looking glass at back L.C. Betty discovered at rise, dusting.*

BETTY. Slave, slave from morning till night! Oh, dear, this is a nice place I've got into! I think I am going to leave it. Missus don't make Alonzo answer the bell [*Goes to D.L.*] Oh, there are the advertising circulars again. It's all I can do to keep the house from being overrun with them. [*Picks up one and reads*] "Mrs. Farnshaw," that's the milliner, "plumbs herself off scene"—. Oh, she plumbs herself—what's this? "Dr. Shouter's anti-bilious —calis—calis—." So Shouter is at it again, is he? Cures everything—I wonder if he cures a board-bill? [*Reads*] "New York Mammoth colus"—that makes the second circus I've missed this summer. Now I give warning, if I don't get to this very next circus that comes along—[*Bell rings*]

MRS. C. [*Outside*] Betty!

BETTY. M'am?

MRS. C. There's the bell.

BETTY. I hear it, m'am. [*Opens D.L. Enter postman*] Oh, it's the new postman!

POST. [*Gives letters*] Clarence Dexter; [*one*] Miss Annie Colville; [*one*] Dr. Shouter; [*one*] Mrs. Matthew Eligible; [*two*] Colonel M. T. Elevator; [*three*] Gilly—Golly, got anybody here by the name of Gillop Sisows?

BETTY. Oh, Gillypod!

POST. Yes, that's it. There you are! [*Gives one. Exit L.D.*]

BETTY. [*Puts letters on hatrack*] There are never any for me, of course. [*Bell rings*]

MRS. C. [*Outside*] Betty!

BETTY. M'am?

MRS. C. There's the bell.

BETTY. I hear it, m'am. Do you think I'm deaf? [*Aside. Goes to D.L. Enter Dr. Shouter, hangs hat on rack, sees letters*]

DR. S. Letters! Let me see: "Dr. Shouter," that's me. [*Opens letter which has an advertisement enclosed*] Yes, here it is, my advertisement. [*Reads ad*] "Wanted, a party with \$2,000 capital to engage with the advertiser in the manufacturing of a staple article realizing 100 per cent per month." Two

hundred per cent, that's more like it. What more staple article than Dr. Shouter's Anti-bilious Calesfonical Mixture? [Reads letter] "Answer to the—enclosed advertisement. See you at half-past seven this evening." Good—ah—half-past seven—That will be as soon as dinner is over. I must hurry up. [Exits upstairs. Bell rings]

Mrs. C. [Outside] Betty!

BETTY. M'am?

Mrs. C. There's the bell.

BETTY. I hear it, m'am. [Goes to D. Enter Dexter]

DEX. Good evening, Betty. This is awful warm weather, almost hot enough to make custard of a fellow's brains, you know.

BETTY. Then it will never trouble you.

DEX. That's good, Betty. That's if I was an egg, I'd cook.

BETTY. Bless you, they don't cook bad ones!

DEX. Bad what?

BETTY. Bad eggs.

DEX. Betty, you are improving. Any letters?

BETTY. Yes, here's one. [Hands letter]

DEX. Is dinner ready?

BETTY. You'll hear the bell.

DEX. Thank you. [Reads letter] Damnation! Tailor wants money; can't have it, positively. [Exits upstairs]

BETTY. He's a good-hearted dunce, and he does wear such lovely neckties! Now, why shouldn't he fall in love with me? There is nothing so strange in that. There was a fine young gentleman who married the poor servant girl in *The Black Hand*, or *the Red Avenger*. [Bell rings. Betty admits Colonel Elevator]

COL. Betty, any letters for M. T. Elevator.

BETTY. Yes, three.

COL. Let me have them. [Takes letters] Colonel M. T. Elevator, Colonel M. T. Elevator, Colonel M. T. Elevator. "Ground your bait and fly your hook, catch a sucker with a worm and an eel with a bob." Make no mistake, these are answers to my advertisement in the *Tribune*. [Draws paper from pocket and reads] "A party with \$5,000 capital can have a magnificent opportunity by associating himself with a sterling business man with large but insufficient means for the enterprise"—that's me. Now we shall have the necessary spondulix. Betty, is dinner ready?

BETTY. Not yet, sir.

COL. No, punctuality is not a virtue usually to be found in a boarding house, but always will remain the motto of Colonel M. T. Elevator. Make no mistake. [*Exits upstairs*]

BETTY. I hope he does get the spondulix. I don't know of anyone who wants it more. If he gets rich I'll marry him. [*Bell rings*]

MRS. C. Betty!

BETTY. M'am?

MRS. C. [*Outside*] There's the bell.

BETTY. I hear it, m'am. [*Opens door*] So that's you, Mr. Gillypod?

PROF. [*Outside*] Yes, 'tis I, Professor Gregarious Gillypod. Betty, relieve me of these super-in-cumber-ences before they fall off. [*Throws parcels one by one. Betty catches them*] There's my block work mortar, my net work, the parachute, the quill toothpicks and the hydrogen generator. Now, then, I am at your service. [*Enters. He has several small rubber balloons*]

BETTY. Oh, Mr. Gillypod, what are you going to do with these things?

PROF. That, Betty, is a model of my new airship, which is destined to cleave the ambient space with the velocity of the carrier pigeon, with my wings gently flapping, with my floating parachute extended, and my fish-tail steering apparatus, I shall fly with the speed of a comet.

BETTY. What! Are you going to fly these things? [*Slapping parcels*]

PROF. Gently, gently, Betty, with your fairy-like fingers. That's a glass co-do-dimn.

BETTY. A what? I—me—

PROF. A cododimn, an instrument to indicate the atmospheric density all the way to vacuum.

BETTY. So you think you will fly, sir?

PROF. Think I shall fly? I know I shall fly. While others have failed, miserably failed, I shall succeed.

BETTY. And you are going to make a flying machine out of these things?

PROF. A model only. [*Takes her arm*] In the still calm hours of the night, have you never felt a yearning for the clouds?

BETTY. Never!

PROF. Have you never felt a boundless desire to fly?

BETTY. Not when my board-bill was paid.

PROF. Pshaw! Why should I waste words in explaining to you the difference between those blundering inventions of others and my perfections? Why should I explain to you that while they are massive and sphere-shaped, I am tall. While they thunder on without a steering apparatus or power to guide, at the mercy of every wind, I with parachute extended with hydrogen and fish-tail [*Betty laughs*] female, whyfore this merriment?

BETTY. Because you end with such a fishy tail.

PROF. A waste of genius upon the desert air.

BETTY. Did you never fail, sir?

PROF. Sixteen times. The sixteenth time was a highly successful failure. I am waiting the event—of—in fact, of capital. I have inserted an advertisement in the *Tribune* [*takes paper from pocket and reads*] “Wanted, a party with \$2,000 to engage with the advertiser to complete an invention which will assure boundless wealth. Address Professor Gregarious Gillypod, Bon Ton Boarding House, Wabash Avenue.”

BETTY. Well, there are two letters for you.

PROF. Two hundred letters for me! I mean \$2,000 letters for me, ah—at last my fondest hopes are to be realized. At last, already I begin to feel myself flying. [*Waves his hands. Betty bites his finger*] Oh, Betty, what are you doing?

BETTY. I was only clipping one of your pinions, to see how you would fly lopsided.

PROF. Help me up with the parcels, Betty. [*She loads him with parcels*]

BETTY. I am going to advertise, too, sir.

PROF. You, Betty?

BETTY. Yes. “Wanted a \$10,000 husband by a party of large but not quick enough capital who is ready to jump at the offer.”

PROF. Betty, you are—[*Exits upstairs. Bell rings*]

Mrs. C. Betty!

BETTY. M'am?

Mrs. C. There's the bell.

BETTY. I hear it, m'am. [*Goes to door. Enter Walter and Mrs. Dalrymple*]

WALT. Is this the Bon Ton Boarding House?

BETTY. Yes, sir.

Mrs. D. What rooms have you?

BETTY. Front parlor, bed room, green furniture, lace curtains, alcove. First floor back, red furniture, brussels carpet, two closets. Hall chamber, plain furniture, ingrain carpet, one gas burner, no closet, with the privilege of putting trunks in bathroom.

Mrs. C. [*Outside*] Betty!

BETTY. M'am?

Mrs. C. What are you doing?

BETTY. Showing the rooms, m'am.

Mrs. C. I'll be down in a moment.

BETTY. All right, m'am. Please to take seats in the reception room a moment. [*Exits R.I.E.*]

MRS. D. Walter, what is the meaning of this sudden determination you have taken to leave the comfortable rooms at the hotel, to subject yourself to the inconveniences of a boarding house?

WALT. I will tell you, mother. You know, I am desirous of investing capital in some paying enterprise. Well, this morning, three advertisements gave the Bon Ton Boarding House as the address. I do not wish to go into anything blindly, so I made up my mind to come here and live amongst them before investing.

MRS. D. Do you not fear the society you will come in contact with?

WALT. No, the Bon Ton Boarding House is renowned for its respectability. Our friends the Eligibles board here. [Enter Mrs. Colville downstairs]

MRS. C. You wish to engage board?

MRS. D. If you please.

MRS. C. We set a very good table, if I do say myself; dinner at six, luncheon at one. This young gentleman looks as if he were a good deal of a gore man.

MRS. D. [Aside] A gore man? What does she mean by that?

WALT. Evidently a gourmand. I have heard that Mrs. Colville is rather eccentric in her vocabulary.

MRS. D. Quite so, it seems.

MRS. C. [Calling upstairs] Betty!

BETTY. M'am?

MRS. C. Is that lilac chamber ready?

BETTY. In a minute.

MRS. C. You will excuse the confusion; Professor Gillypod has been using the room to construct some sort of an apparatus, and I am afraid it is in a state of arnica.

MRS. D. A state of arnica!

WALT. She evidently means a state of anarchy.

MRS. C. You will please walk upstairs? [They go up, Mrs. Colville following] You will excuse her appearance. It is very hard to keep servants in order. Not that my servants are any worse than any other people's servants.

[Bell rings] Betty!

BETTY. [Enters] M'am?

MRS. C. There's the bell. [Exits upstairs]

BETTY. I hear it, m'am. [Goes to D.]

TIM. [Outside] Ask the gentleman if I am to stay down here or bring up the trunks. Sure, three dollars is not enough to bring up four big trunks. If I had known it I would not have taken the job.

BETTY. [Closes door] Stay where you are. [Dusting and singing]

"Oh, there was Napoleon Bonaparte, he had ten thousand men,
He led them up the hill, and he led them down again,
When they were up they were up, and when they were down, they were
down,

And when they were in the middle they were neither up nor down."

MRS. C. [Outside] Stop that noise!

BETTY. Yes, m'am. [Enter Tim with trunk D.L.]

TIM. Sure, man, there are four big trunks, and I only get three dollars
for the job. It's not enough.

BETTY. Oh, don't be so fresh.

MRS. C. [Outside] Betty!

BETTY. M'am?

TIM. Haven't ye got a nager about the house?

BETTY. Alonzo! [Enter Alonzo R.I.E.] Help the man with the trunks.
[Pushes Tim off]

AL. I came here to wait on table; I don't carry no Irishman's trunks.
[Tim and Alonzo carry four trunks upstairs, then they exit, after which
Betty calls dinner, takes large bell from corner, rings, and exits R.I.E.]

SCENE 2: Dining room—box scene—doors R. and L.U. Sideboard at back.—
Large table C. Seats for Mrs. Colville, Colonel Elevator, Professor Gillypod,
Dexter, Mr. Eligible, Violet, Annie seated—Betty waiting—Alonzo at side-
board.

BETTY. [To Professor Gillypod] Boiled whitefish, roast beef, chicken pie
—and mutton hash.

PROF. Yes.

BETTY. Which?

PROF. What?

BETTY. Boiled whitefish—roast beef—chicken pie, etc.

PROF. Bring it all.

ELIG. How is the grain market, Colonel Elevator?

COL. Looks like another corner in Spring. Over two and a half cents raise.

DR. S. Two cents and a half!

MRS. C. Betty! Claret for Mr. and Mrs. Eligible.

BETTY. Claret.

DR. S. Why, that makes over a million!

COL. Over a million. Over a million, make no mistake.

MRS. C. Betty, Colonel Elevator's decanter of brandy.

BETTY. Alonzo! Brandy.

MRS. C. [To Annie] What will you have, my dear?

ANNIE. A piece of fish, m'am.

PROF. Where's Mrs. Manheim?

COL. Yes, where's the charming widow?

MRS. C. Beatrice has not returned from her music lesson yet.

VIO. Our table loses its brightest ornament when she is away.

COL. You are complimentary, my dear, but I quite agree with you.

VIO. Well, you need not say so.

BETTY. The new boarders, m'am. [Enter Walter and Mrs. Dalrymple R.]

MRS. C. Take these seats, please. [Betty places chairs] Mr. and Mrs. Dalrymple, our new boarders. [All bow] Mr. Dexter, Colonel Elevator.

ELIG. [Rising] Why, Walter, how do you do?

WALT. I am delighted, and how is Violet?

VIO. Well, thank you, Mr. Dalrymple, I am so glad you are to be here with us. We have a lady friend that you will be pleased to meet; Mrs. Beatrice Manheim, a young widow just from the East.

COL. And as good as gold.

ELIG. And pretty! Look out for your heart, Walter!

COL. Yes, she's awfully pretty—and holds a corner on eyes, make no mistake.

MRS. D. Then she is exclusive?

VIO. Oh, very.

MRS. D. Wealthy, I suppose?

VIO. No, she is a music teacher.

MRS. D. Oh!

VIO. You will like her when you come to know her.

BETTY. Here she comes now. [Enter Beatrice and Florence R.]

MRS. C. Mr. and Mrs. Dalrymple, Mrs. Manheim.

MRS. D. I am glad to make your acquaintance, Mrs. Manheim. I hope we shall be friends.

BEA. I shall be very happy, I have so few friends. I hope to see many pleasant hours with you and your husband.

MRS. D. My son, Mrs. Manheim. [Beatrice and Walter bow]

ELIG. Mrs. Dalrymple, will you and Walter join us in a glass of claret?

VIO. Won't you, Beatrice dear?

WALT. I wonder which are my adventures?

COL. This corner in Spring offers a better chance to make a fortune than at any time during the last ten years.

PROF. You think so?

COL. Yes, farmers expect its cowboy merchants will hold back for higher prices. With the facilities at my command I might make a walkover the sharks, if I had a little capital.

WALT. That's one, evidently.

ELIG. I think that real estate offers some good opportunities.

DR. S. Yes, that is very true. Real estate may go up, it may go down, the grain market may go up—

COL. May go up? It will go up, make no mistake.

DR. S. And it may go down.

COL. Never! never!

DR. S. A better field for capital is in the manufacturing of a staple article, where profits are enormous and the market is always on your hands.

DEX. One of your patent medicines, for instance?

DR. S. What more staple article than Dr. Shouter's Anti-bilious Cales-fonical Mixture?

PROF. My dear Shouter, you have discussed the case well. Wheat may go up and it may go down, corner lots may go up and they may go down. But as to your patent mixture, although I have no doubt they are excellent humbugs, you don't seem to make them go down with the people. [*All laugh*]

DR. S. That's where the capital comes in.

PROF. The proper sphere of capital is in assisting the inventor, benefiting the unborn, and pocketing the dividends of a cornice on Mr. Pullman. While you will flounder on the face of the earth anxiously watching for fluctuations in front feet and early garden scenes—[Colonel Elevator whispers in ear] I mean cabbage—[Colonel Elevator whispers] I mean beets—[Same business] that is to say, wheat. [Rises. Colonel Elevator pulls back his chair] The noble inventor will soon soar above you on the pious philosophy, with parachute extended and hydrogen quill erect and with fish-tail—

BETTY. Boiled whitefish, roast beef, chicken pie, and mutton hash. [*Professor Gillypod sits on floor. Colonel Elevator and Dexter assist him to rise. He accuses one of them of pulling him down*]

WALT. This, beyond doubt, is the third.

MRS. C. Mr. Eligible, did I tell you I had another new boarder, an Italian gentleman just from New York, very wealthy, and thinks of investing in real estate?

ELIG. Indeed! I shall be able to offer him some rare bargains.

FLOR. Oh, ma'am, I saw a bad man today.

WALT. I hope not as bad a man to little children as I saw today.

VIO. Who was it?

WALT. A gentleman who was remarkable for a light pair of cassimere pants, today got off a State Street car. A little newsboy, scarcely larger than your little girl, came towards him to sell him a paper, when in his eager haste he stumbled and fell into the mud, scattering his papers and ruining his wares and, worse for him, scattering a few drops of mud upon the cassimere of the gentleman. He, instead of commiserating the greater misfortune of the boy, fell to swearing in Italian and with his cane administered several sharp blows upon the shoulders of the little fellow. The whole affair transpired so quick, that none of us could interfere, but upon the cries of "Shame!" from some of the bystanders, he desisted.

ALL. Shame, shame!

WALT. From a bystander I learned the gentleman's name was—

BETTY. [Announces] Mr. Fioretti, ma'am. [Enter Fioretti, R.]

WALT. The very man.

FLOR. Oh, mama, there's the bad man. [Beatrice turns and faces him]

FIO. [Looking at Beatrice] Madam Colville, I think I have the pleasure to be acquainted with one of your boarders; if I am not mistaken, madam—

BEA. [Rising angrily] Sir! my name is Beatrice Manheim.

FIO. [Bowing] Madam Beatrice Manheim.

BETTY. Boiled whitefish, roast beef, chicken pie—mutton hash—

ACT II.

SCENE I: Parlor scene. Door C., R. and L. Window R.3.E. Door L.2.E. Elegant furniture. Table and chairs R. and L. Decanter and wine glasses. Book of drawings on L. table. Eligible discovered at back of L. table. Annie seated R. of L. table. Both looking over book.

ELIG. My dear Annie, you have no cause to doubt my affection. It is sincere, I assure you.

ANNIE. And yet you wouldn't want your wife to know about it?

ELIG. You see, my wife wouldn't appreciate this thing in the proper light, so we'll leave her out of the question.

ANNIE. How happy I would be were I in her place.

ELIG. Happy! why of course we would be! We'd do nothing but make love all day long. Where did your mother procure this copy of Hogarth? It is an excellent copy.

ANNIE. Oh, never mind Hogarth.

ELIG. The Rake's Progress.

ANNIE. Look at yourself.

ELIG. How madly he is making love! Some other man's wife, I'll be bound.

ANNIE. Do you think he loves her much?

ELIG. Oh, very much, indeed.

ANNIE. Then it is some other man's wife.

ELIG. If I thought some other man was making love to my wife—

ANNIE. What would you do?

ELIG. Wring his neck.

ANNIE. Yet you are another woman's husband and insist on making love to me.

ELIG. That's a very different matter. Besides, our love is platonic.

ANNIE. [Rises and crosses R.] But I am determined it shall end here and forever.

ELIG. By all means. Oh, by the bye, Annie, as I was passing Mayor's today I saw in the window the handsomest little diamond ring in the world. I want you to wear it as a good-bye memento.

ANNIE. You are not going away?

ELIG. No, but you will wear it as a token of past and gone love—platonic, of course.

ANNIE. I should cherish it dearly, but I can't receive it! I'm afraid it's improper. Only think of my receiving a present from a married man! What would ma say?

ELIG. You can say it came from a school friend, or a cousin. Mothers are so soft, you know.

ANNIE. But you can't cousin mother.

ELIG. Oh, nonsense. I fly, and get one kiss before I go.

ANNIE. I'm afraid it wouldn't be proper.

ELIG. A sort of brotherly love.

ANNIE. I wish you were my brother. [He kisses her]

ELIG. I wish I was. Well, good-bye till I come back. [Exits C.D.L.]

ANNIE. [After he's gone] Oh, it's improper. I wish I had someone to advise me. [Enter Mrs. Dalrymple R.D.C.]

Mrs. D. Ah, Annie, studying?

ANNIE. Oh, Mrs. Dalrymple, tell me, would it be improper for a lady to receive a present from a married man?

Mrs. D. That depends upon the age of the lady. There would be no impropriety in your mother receiving such a present.

ANNIE. The lady is much younger, but the gentleman has a brotherly love for her.

Mrs. D. Tell the young lady to beware of the married gentleman who professes brotherly love. If it should be good for her to receive the gift, the wife should present it.

ANNIE. The young lady will not receive it.

Mrs. D. Poor Annie, just from boarding school, her head full of men, of course! Can it be for her the present was intended? Who knows what this may lead to. We shall see. [*Exit D.L. Enter Fioretti and Violet R.C. They sit R. and L. of R. table*]

FIO. Angelic, accept my devotion! Never mind your husband. The love of Fioretti is worth ten thousand husbands.

VIO. See here, Fioretti, I don't object to flirting. I rather like it. But when you say, "Don't mind your husband," I *do* mind him, I think a great deal of him. In fact, I rather prefer him to you.

FIO. Ah, my bella, you know not what a passion I dote upon you!

VIO. I don't object to you—but don't dote too much.

FIO. You will let me present you with a little present, a souvenir of affection?

VIO. What kind of a present?

FIO. A ring.

VIO. That depends altogether upon the character of the ring.

FIO. It shall be a diamond.

VIO. Your taste is excellent.

FIO. I fly to procure it.

VIO. Stay! Diamonds are very difficult to refuse, but I am afraid I shall have to deny myself the pleasure of wearing yours. My husband is not the least bit jealous, but he could scarcely fail to remark so prominent an article of Violet's as a diamond ring upon my finger.

FIO. Tell him it came from your sister, your cousin. Husbands are blind.

VIO. Perhaps so, but I shall never deceive him.

FIO. He deceives you every day.

VIO. [*Crosses to L.*] It is false!

FIO. It is true.

VIO. I'd just like to catch him at it!

FIO. You keep your eyes open! He makes love to the little school girl, Annie.

VIO. I'll not believe it. And as for her, the little beggar—

FIO. Disgraceful!

VIO. I'd give the world to know if this was true.

FIO. Good, she is jealous! She is in my power, sure. My triumph is certain.

[*Exits C.D. Enter Beatrice R.I.E.*]

VIO. Oh, Beatrice, I am so glad you have come. I want to ask your advice.

BEA. Violet, what is it that troubles you?

VIO. I have received a piece of information which—pshaw—I don't believe it.

BEA. What is it you have heard?

VIO. Fioretti gave me a hint.

BEA. Fioretti! I have watched with concern your growing intimacy with that man. Avoid him, he is a bold, bad man.

VIO. *[Aside]* He is no worse than the rest, I fancy. *[Aloud]* I thank you for your warning. I will avoid him. *[Aside]* I knew it wasn't true, but I'll watch. *[Exit D.L.]*

BEA. Poor Violet, surrounded by all that could make her happy, and borrowing trouble for herself! What would she do if she had passed through the terrible ordeal in which I have been tried? Sorrow chasteneth the soul as fire refines the gold. *[Plays mournful air. Walter, C.D., crosses to R. of her, leans on piano]*

WALT. Beatrice, alone?

BEA. Yes, alone, with my own sad thoughts, the memory of the past.

WALT. Can you not forget the past in the brightness of the present?

BEA. Yes, my present was bright, was happy, until he came.

WALT. What dark spell of magic does this strange man exercise over you?

BEA. Do not ask me to unravel my past life to you.

WALT. I thought you respected and esteemed me. I have sometimes thought you entertained a warmer feeling for me. You cannot have failed to notice that I have learned to love you?

BEA. *[Comes D.R.]* Oh—no—no—we say those words, "It can never be, let us forget that they were ever spoken."

WALT. Am I, then, unworthy of your love?

BEA. Oh, no. You are a pure and high-minded gentleman. Both you and your mother have been very kind to me, and I have been happy in your friendship. Had I known you years ago, I might—no—no—what am I saying? We can never be more to each other than we are at the present moment. *[Going to D.R., Walter delays her by a motion]*

WALT. Stay, Beatrice! You cannot refuse to listen to me, when I tell you that without you I can never know happiness!

BEA. Then I see how it is. This dear house where all have been so kind to me, can be my home no longer. My child and I will go alone. *[Crosses to R.]*

WALT. Nay, Beatrice! If we must part, I will go.

BEA. No, I cannot permit that. When I am gone, I will be free at last from the presence of that bold, bad man.

WALT. But I shall see you again?

BEA. I shall not depart without saying good-bye to all. [*Gives hand to Walter. He kisses it. Exits R.D.*]

WALT. I was premature. She must love another. No: there has been nothing in her past life to warrant it. [*Sits at table R. Enter Dr. Shouter*]

DR. S. Ah, Mr. Dalrymple, my dear boy! I'm delighted to find you alone. [*Takes chair*] I must explain more fully that little matter.

WALT. I'm not in very good humor for business, but proceed.

DR. S. My Anti-bilious Mixture is made of jalup, rhubarb, molasses, and mayweed. It can be made for two and a half cents, a bottle included. Sells readily for a dollar.

WALT. Oh, there's no lack of readiness about the seller. But the buyer—

DR. S. It's an excellent blood purifier.

WALT. And if I let you have the money?

DR. S. [*Shaking his hand*] You will make me the happiest man in the world.

WALT. Well, you shall have my decision in the morning.

DR. S. In the morning. [*Rising*] In the morning. [*Exits C.D.*]

WALT. So a little money will make him happy. We shall see, when he gets it. [*Enter Colonel Elevator C.D.*]

COL. Ah, Mr. Dalrymple, my dear boy, alone! [*Takes chair*] A glorious opportunity—a clean give-away—the market brightens. On, ye braves, never give it up, never! I've got it dead to rights. Five thousand dollars does it. The next forty-eight hours tells the story. We divvy a cool \$20,000.

WALT. I never applied the \$20,000 to our moments. I thought your \$5,000 remarkably cool.

COL. Cool! Oh, you mean my style? Rather fresh, eh? But how do you jump? Is it a chicken?

WALT. And if you get this money?

COL. Oh, if I get the pewter, we divvy the rate. Bet your life I'm square. Why, it'll make me happier than a three-year-old heifer in a clover patch. I'll marry the widow, go to Saratoga or Long Branch for a honeymoon.

WALT. Marry the widow?

COL. Marry the widow. Bet your last quarter she is an A-1 creature, accomplished, like a house afire, or she wouldn't go for the colonel.

WALT. And are you engaged?

COL. She may speak for herself. I am, you may bet your boots.

WALT. Well, I shall decide upon the matter in the morning.

COL. In the morning, very well. But make it early. I shall buy 20,000 bushels on the Street before the Board opens, slick as a bantam rooster, or a

June bug, make no mistake. [*Goes to C., then returns*] I say, you are not going to throw any money away on that Gillypod, are you, or old Shouter? If you do, you'll quit losers. Shouter is a chump.

WALT. A what?

COL. A chump, a regular chump. His Anti-bilious what-you-call-it is N.G. Why don't he cure himself? I tell you, he was bilious as a spavined turkey a week before Thanksgiving.

WALT. And Gillypod?

COL. That old flying-machine? You let him get into you for a couple of thousands and he'll show you how to fly, make no mistake. He means well, but don't you trust him! [*Exits C.D.1.*]

WALT. Can Beatrice have engaged herself to such a man? No, I'll not believe it! [*Crosses and sits at table. Enter Gillypod C.D.*]

PROF. Ah, Dalrymple, my dear boy, alone. [*Takes chair*] Are you prepared to become the benefactor of your race?

WALT. Oh, the invention, the airship?

PROF. The greatest in the world. Oh, fly with me to my cloud-clad home, where the eagle dare not climb! I observed last night that you did not catch the distinction between the flitting parachute and—

WALT. Oh, yes, I understood you perfectly.

PROF. You see, by generating the extremities we procure a saltpeter class of concrete gases and—

WALT. Oh, yes, I see!

PROF. Absorbing, as it were, the center-currents—

WALT. Precisely.

PROF. And elevating by means of hydrogen—

WALT. Quite so.

PROF. Quite so.

WALT. And the sum you mentioned will quite suffice for the experiment?

PROF. Amply! Amply!

WALT. And may I ask what you propose doing with your share of the profits?

PROF. My dear boy, I don't mind telling you in confidence, it is my intention to marry the charming widow, Mrs. Manheim, and spend the remainder of my days in doing deeds of charity.

WALT. Marry Mrs. Manheim?

PROF. Exactly.

WALT. Are you engaged?

PROF. Not exactly. Next thing to it.

WALT. You proposed?

PROF. Oh, yes, I proposed and she treated me very politely. She said "No" with a great deal of grace.

WALT. Suppose she would again say No?

PROF. Then I should surely have her.

WALT. How so?

PROF. Because two negatives are equal to an affirmative.

WALT. Well, I shall decide upon the matter in the morning.

PROF. [Shakes his hand] I wish to make an early experiment of the Code-dedimn. [Exits C.]

WALT. [Crosses to R.] So they are both going to marry her? Well, we shall see! [Enter Dexter C.D.]

DEX. Ah, Dalrymple, my dear boy, so glad to find you alone. I want you to do me a great favor.

WALT. What is it, a patent-medicine?

DEX. No, damn it, no!

WALT. A corner in the grain market?

DEX. No, no.

WALT. An invention?

DEX. No, by Jerusalem! I don't want to borrow any money.

WALT. You relieve me.

DEX. No, I'm pretty well fixed for money. That is, I would be, if my damn tailor wasn't always short. The fact is, my dear boy, I'm in love.

WALT. You surprise me.

DEX. Yes, I am, and I don't mind telling you who it is. It's Mrs. Manheim.

WALT. Mrs. Manheim! Great Heavens, another!

DEX. And I want you to speak to her for me. I can't, you know, I'm so infernal spooney. She likes you, you have a mother.

WALT. It is impossible for me to be of the slightest assistance to you in this matter, so I beg you will say nothing more about it. [Exit C.D.]

DEX. Oh, but you might, you know. When a fellow is spooney he is completely demoralized. He is, by Jupiter! [Runs into Eligible, who enters C.D.] Oh, I beg your pardon. [Exits C.D.]

ELIG. I have the ring, all right, if little Annie would only pop in. As the French fellow says, Play diamonds if you would win women. [Goes to C.D.] Ah, there she is now. She's coming this way. I thought the ring would fetch her! [Comes down R. Enter Violet C.D.] My wife! [Puts ring in his overcoat pocket] How do you do, my dear?

VIO. Are you going upstairs, Matthew?

ELIG. No, dear. You see, I'm just a trifle tired. Would you mind taking up my hat and coat? [*Gives them to her*]

VIO. Certainly. [*Goes up to C.D.*]

ELIG. There's a dear. I'll be up presently. [*Discovers he has left ring in coat*] Oh, my dear, my handkerchief, if you please. [*Violet hands it to him*] My dear, you needn't mind taking up my coat.

VIO. Oh, it's no trouble at all. [*Starts to go*]

ELIG. I may want to go out.

VIO. It's nearly dinner time, and you can't go out. There, now.

ELIG. My cigarette case, dear. I'll just have time for a smoke.

VIO. I'll get it for you.

ELIG. [*Nervously*] No, let me! I won't trouble you. [*Tries to get at coat. She prevents him*]

VIO. I insist upon it! [*Takes out jewel case, ring, both down stage*] What's that?

ELIG. That!

VIO. Yes, that!

ELIG. Oh, that in your hand?

VIO. Yes, that in my hand!

ELIG. Why, that's my tobacco box!

VIO. [*Puts it to her nose*] Why, it don't smell like tobacco.

ELIG. No, you see, it's a new one.

VIO. It looks like a jewel case.

ELIG. Oh, not at all.

VIO. I am going to open it.

ELIG. No, don't dear, I beg of you!

VIO. I shall.

ELIG. Be careful, you'll break it. Let me show you how.

VIO. I can do it. [*Opens it*]

ELIG. There, you've done it.

VIO. Why, it's a diamond ring!

ELIG. Of course it is, my dear. You always spoil everything. In time you should have known all about it.

VIO. I am determined to know all about it.

ELIG. I see you are.

VIO. [*Reading inscription*] "With my best love." What does that mean, sir?

ELIG. Why, don't you see, my dear? It is a ring that Walter gave to me to give to you. [*Mrs. Dalrymple enters C.D.*] There's Mrs. Dalrymple. Come

now, be sensible. He gave the ring to me to give to you, to give to somebody else, don't you understand?

VIO. Who did Walter want you to give the ring to?

MRS. D. What is it that my son wants to present in such a round-about way?

VIO. This diamond ring.

MRS. D. Indeed, and to whom?

VIO. Yes, to whom?

ELIG. You see, Walter wanted me to give that ring to my wife, for her to give to—to Beatrice. Don't you see, as though it came from herself. He was afraid she would refuse to accept it if he offered it himself.

VIO. And so she would! [Enter Walter D.C. down L.] Walter, here is the ring you wished me to give to Beatrice.

WALT. Ring? What ring?

ELIG. [Signalling him] Why, you don't mean to say you have changed your mind?

WALT. And what was my mind?

ELIG. Why, you know, you wanted me to give the ring to my wife to have her give it to Beatrice as her own gift, you know.

WALT. [Realizing position] Oh, that ring. Of course, where is it?

VIO. [Gives him case] Here, Walter.

WALT. It's very pretty. Why, it's a diamond.

ELIG. [Signalling] Of course it's a diamond.

WALT. I didn't look at it so closely before, yes—yes.

ELIG. Yes, yes. [Attempts to take it]

WALT. [Preventing him] Yes, yes.

ELIG. [Disappointed] Yes, yes.

WALT. Violet, you will please give this to Beatrice, and please don't mention me as the donor. [Beatrice passes through room]

VIO. There she goes now. I'll give it to her at once. [Goes off C.D., followed by Eligible. Business and exit. Eligible comes D.]

ELIG. Oh, damn it! [Exit quick C.D. Walter comes down laughing]

MRS. D. My son, I know it was not you that sent the ring, and I know for whom it was intended.

WALT. Surely not for Beatrice?

MRS. D. No, but let the secret rest with me for the present. It is a sad affair. We must try and avert the consequences of this evil step. When men engage in unworthy objects towards our sex, exposure and disgrace is sure to follow. [They exit R. Enter Betty and Fioretti C.D. and R.]

FIO. Betty, will you please tell Madam Manheim, if she is not busy, to come down and make herself agreeable, you understand?

BETTY. Oh, yes, I'm to tell Madam Manheim if she is not busy to come down and make herself agreeable.

FIO. No, no, you little goose.

BETTY. I'm not a little goose.

FIO. [Patting her under chin] No, you are not a goose, you are a little duck, eh? Tell Madam Manheim I would like to see her in the parlor.

BETTY. Certainly. I will of course. [Exit D.R.]

BEA. [Enters D.R.] Why have you sent for me?

FIO. I want you to assist me.

BEA. What right have you to expect aid from me?

FIO. I do not wish to call ze bad names with you. Do you know your position in this house? You are respected by everybody. I have to speak but one word to cast you out, an object of contempt and humiliation. You have a proud spirit. You will spare yourself the humiliation. You will resist me, eh?

BEA. What is it you require?

FIO. I love Madam Eligible. [Beatrice starts] She loves me in return. Her husband loves another.

BEA. 'Tis false.

FIO. 'Tis true. I see you have already censured her against me.

BEA. Villain, I have.

FIO. I expect you to withdraw your advice and what is more, I expect you to assist me with ze good word. She is your friend, she confides in you, you will tell her what I wish.

BEA. Where will all this end.

FIO. We will leave the city together.

BEA. Monster, I did not dream to what depths your villainy could descend! But I will expose and denounce you. You shall feel a husband's vengeance. There is at least one in this house who will resent the shame you put upon me.

FIO. You mean, Mr. W. Dalrymple? [She starts] You see, I keep my eyes open. Do you want him to know your past life?

BEA. Oh, Heavens!

FIO. And more, think of your child! I have the power by law to appoint a guardian and take her away from you.

BEA. Oh, this is cruel, cruel.

FIO. But it is ze law. You will assist?

BEA. Never! Never! I will die first! [Crosses to R. He catches her by arm]

FIO. Male witch, you defy me, Fioretti! [*Throws her from him. Violet laughs outside*] The company approaches. I will denounce you before them.

BEA. [*At C.D.*] Those who come this way are my friends. Breathe a word of aught against me to them at your peril! [*Exit C.D.*]

FIO. Mister Walter Dalrymple, your reputation is safe for the present. Safe for ze present, Madam Manheim. [*Exit C.D. Enter Violet, Walter, Eligible D.R.*]

WALT. Did you present the ring to Beatrice?

VIO. [*At table R.*] Yes, Walter.

WALT. And what did she say?

VIO. She was absolutely sentimental, as usual.

ELIG. [*Seated*] Decidedly sensible, I should say.

VIO. Beatrice is one of those dear good souls that one seldom meets with except in novels or on the stage. She said the ring did not become one in her position, but she was grateful to my kind heart for thinking of her, and would I be good enough to wear it for her?

ELIG. Which you were good enough to kindly consent to do.

VIO. I could not refuse such a glorious chance, so I immediately closed with her offer. [*Shows ring*] Here it is.

WALT. Well since my poor ring—[*Aside*] our poor ring—has passed through so many hands, you are to wear it at last.

VIO. Yes, Walter, and Beatrice is to look at it.

WALT. Well, since Beatrice can't wear it, I am very glad that you can. But I say, Matthew, we will never present a ring in such a round-about manner again.

ELIG. No, I'll be hanged if I do!

WALT. And, furthermore, we will neither of us ever give or receive a present to or from any person who ought not to give or receive it, and Violet shall wear the ring as a compact.

VIO. [*Kisses ring*] I will, Walter.

WALT. And now I want you both to do me a favor.

BOTH. What is it, Walter?

WALT. I know what rascals you both are at practical jokes.

ELIG. It's Violet.

VIO. No, it's Matthew.

WALT. Two of my speculators have told me they are going to marry Mrs. Manheim as soon as they have made their fortunes out of my money, which, of course, they will immediately proceed to do.

ELIG. Of course.

VIO. Now, as she can't marry both of them—

VIO. Not very well.

ELIG. Not in this State!

WALT. And I don't think she cares for either. I don't like to hear the lady's name so much spoken of.

VIO. Who are the gentlemen?

WALT. Colonel Elevator and Professor Gillypod.

ELIG. What? Make no mistake. And the balloon man.

WALT. Now, I want you to continue some harmless joke upon the rascals which will give us all a hearty laugh and end this stupid nonsense.

ELIG. Old Elevator is fair game.

VIO. I say, Matthew, I'll make love to old Gillypod, and make him wild.

WALT. Excellent.

ELIG. She can do it, she's a terrible flirt.

WALT. I'll leave it all in your hands. [Exit C.D.]

ELIG. Let me see, what shall I do.

VIO. What shall we do? Be quick. Here comes Colonel Elevator. [Enter *Colonel Elevator D.L.*]

ELIG. Colonel Elevator!

COL. Sir!

ELIG. I desire a few words with you.

COL. Name your place and state your time, and Colonel M. T. Elevator will get out of bed to enjoy the sport, make no mistake.

ELIG. I understand you are a military man.

COL. Yes, sir, I served with the gallant Ninth at Sumter during the glorious campaign of the three months' call, and smelt blood, sir—smelt blood!

ELIG. Then we can easily arrange this little affair.

COL. What little affair?

ELIG. I understand, sir, that you have been very particular in your attentions to my wife.

COL. Who says so? It's a lie, a base fabrication. The man that says that, tell him my name is Colonel M. T. Elevator. Make no mistake.

ELIG. The man that does that must meet me with pistols.

COL. What's that? Do you mean to say that I—?

ELIG. You did!

COL. I never! I never! Mrs. Eligible, I appeal to you. Have I not always had the highest regard for you? [Eligible starts towards him] Polite regard, polite regard! Colonel M. T. Elevator is always the highest-toned gentleman, make no mistake. Mrs. Eligible, did I ever smile at you, did I ever wink at you, did I ever look at you?

VIO. No, Matthew, I can't say that Colonel Elevator has ever been very particular in his attentions towards me. [*To Eligible*] I believe you were informed so, were you not?

ELIG. Yes, m'am, and by a gentleman.

COL. A gentleman! What gentleman? Show him to me!

VIO. I believe it was Professor Gillypod who told you, was it not, Matthew?

ELIG. Yes, sir, I was told so by Professor Gillypod.

COL. Gillypod! Where is he? Let me get at him! I'll cut him up, I'll kick him from the attic to the street door and back to the attic. [*Crosses to C.*]

VIO. and ELIG. My dear sir! [*Trying to pacify him*]

COL. Don't talk to me, but give me Gillypod. I will toy with him as the wounded panther toys with its prey—I will have his crimson life stream—was it for such as he that I served my country's army? Forgive me, Gillypod—more I ask not—[*Rushes off C.D. Eligible and Violet convulsed*]

VIO. Here comes Gillypod. [*They become serious. Enter Professor Gillypod D.L.*]

PROF. Did some one call me?

ELIG. Yes, Colonel Elevator. He's in a terrible rage.

PROF. Drunk again, I suppose. [*Puts leg on table*]

ELIG. Don't trifle at such a moment, sir. He is enraged with you. He swears to kick you.

PROF. I won't let him. I'll apologize.

ELIG. He even threatened to take your life.

VIO. Oh, conceal yourself, for my sake!

PROF. I'll conceal myself for my own sake. But where shall I hide?

VIO. There is that closet.

PROF. That will do. [*Drinks wine*] I say, Eligible, you wouldn't stand by and see me murdered in cold blood would you?

ELIG. He is in such a rage, he might murder us all.

PROF. Oh, Lord! [*Opens closet*] Here is a double-barrelled gun, I will defend my life.

ELIG. To the last extremity! [*Strikes attitude*]

VIO. There he comes! [*Professor Gillypod steps into closet. Pokes his head out*]

PROF. Is he gone?

VIO. That was a false alarm. I hear him pounding upstairs. You may come out. [*Eligible stamps his feet. Professor Gillypod falls on his knees to Violet*]

PROF. Save me, save me!

ELIG. You needn't be alarmed. He isn't here yet.

PROF. [Takes more wine] Oh, my poor nerves.

ELIG. That's right! It will put courage into you.

PROF. It does put courage into me. I'll have his gore. [Goes to C.D. taking decanter with him]

COL. [Outside] Where is he? Where is Professor Gillypod? [Professor Gillypod rushes into closet. Colonel Elevator enters D.C., raving] Give me Gillypod! Let me see the man who dares trifle with the honor of Colonel M. T. Elevator! Oh, give him to me alive! [Sees Professor Gillypod's hat on table] Oh, he has been here! If I had him here I'd serve him as I do this hat. [Throws hat on floor, stamps and kicks it, is about to put his foot on it again, Professor Gillypod comes out of closet with his coat off. Comes down. Colonel Elevator stands for an instant with his foot raised] So, sir, you have—

PROF. No, sir, I have not.

COL. The presence of this lady protects you, sir.

VIO. Oh, don't let me be in the way, sir.

PROF. Pooh, Pooh, sir!

COL. What?

PROF. Pooh, Pooh, sir!

COL. If you dare to "Pooh, Pooh" to me, sir—[Makes a kick]

PROF. You will kick me, sir, kick me as you would my hat, a hat which I revere—go on, sir, I defy you, sir, go on, sir, I defy you to kick. You are a braggart and a coward! Come on!

COL. No, sir, I decline to sully my hand or foot on such as you. Blood alone shall wipe out this insult. You shall meet me, sir, with pistols.

PROF. Pistols! Guns, sir, double-barrelled guns! [Goes into closet]

COL. What does he mean?

ELIG. He has a double-barrelled gun in the closet. Try and save yourself. [Professor Gillypod comes down with gun, points at Colonel Elevator, who gives a yell, and rushes off D.L., followed by Professor Gillypod, Eligible and Violet laugh. Everybody enters from all entrances, all talking]

MRS. C. What is the meaning of this disturbance in my house?

ELIG. Nothing. Only Professor Gillypod and Colonel Elevator are chasing each other about the house.

VIO. And crushing each other's hats.

WALT. [To Eligible] I hope you haven't been too severe?

ELIG. Have no fear, it's all over now. [Enter Betty C.D.]

BETTY. Oh, ma'am, Professor Gillypod and Colonel Elevator are playing the old cat in the kitchen. The Professor is chasing the Colonel around the dining room with a gun, breaking all the crockery. [Crash heard. Colonel

rushes past C.D., screaming, followed by Professor Gillypod. Ladies scream all through this business. Colonel Elevator rushes on R.3.E., looks around, conceals himself behind chair which he places L. Professor Gillypod enters from window, looks around, Mrs. Colville and Annie scream and faint. Ladies scream. Walter, Eligible and Violet laugh. Professor Gillypod discovers Colonel Elevator and stands on chair. Snaps gun at him and strikes attitude]

PROF. I give you your life.

ELIG. Colonel Elevator, is your honor satisfied?

COL. It is perfectly satisfied.

ELIG. Then we will all be friends.

COL. Friends! Never! Mrs. Colville, my room is empty this day week.

MRS. C. Thank Heavens! [Betty comes on, rings dinner-bell] Dinner!
[Exit everybody except Professor Gillypod and Colonel Elevator. Professor Gillypod goes to C.D. then turns and looks severely at Colonel Elevator]

PROF. Elevator!

COL. No, no!

PROF. [Throws away gun and extends hand to Colonel Elevator]

COL. Gillypod! [Takes hand] Friends!

PROF. Brother! [They embrace, go upstage as—]

ACT III.

SCENE I: *A garden. House at back R. with porch and steps in 1, with gate in C. Grass mats and rustic seats about stage. Fioretti, Dexter, Eligible, Violet, Colonel Elevator, Professor Gillypod discovered about stage.*

DEX. It presents the most glorious opportunity for a young man of any place upon the globe. Look at the streets.

COL. Look at the buildings.

DEX. The finest in the world.

COL. Look at her boulevards.

PROF. Look at her mud.

DEX. It has the finest harbors.

COL. The largest firms.

DEX. The handsomest theaters.

VIO. The prettiest women.

EVERYBODY. In the world.

FIO. Vat is ze paradise of which you are speaking?

EVERYBODY. Chicago!

DR. S. [*Rising*] Why, ladies and gentlemen, I have stood upon this very spot and have seen wolves and prairie chickens.

EVERYBODY. Sit down! Sit down!

DR. S. I say I have seen the wolves.

COL. Never saw a wolf in my life.

DR. S. There are the finest opportunities for investing capital; for aiding the manufacturers in preparing a staple article.

PROF. Aiding the investor?

COL. And business men are getting up a corner in Spring. [*Mrs. Dalrymple, Mrs. Colville and Annie enter and sit C.*]

MRS. D. I cannot agree with you, sir. I maintain that the promise of capital is to aid manufacturers.

DR. S. Hear! Hear!

MRS. D. To encourage the inventor.

PROF. Hear! Hear!

MRS. D. But not to place a forced value upon any commodity, nor to make a barter of the necessity of mankind.

COL. Hear! Hear!

MRS. C. That's just what my husband used to say when he was alive. The grain market was his greatest diversion.

ANNIE. Aversion, mamma.

MRS. C. Yes, he was a government gouger.

ANNIE. A government gouger!

MRS. C. Yes, a whiskey squirmasher.

ANNIE. Mother means a government gauger. Papa belonged to the revenue department.

MRS. C. Yes, he belonged to the ravenous department. He gouged so much, he spoiled his complexion.

ELIG. I don't wonder at it.

MRS. C. Annie used to say, when she was a little girl, she was going to Heaven to meet her papa. How will you know him, dear, amongst all those people there, said I? Why, mamma, I look for an angel with a red nose.

PROF. A seraphic cherubim.

MRS. C. He was a very ary-dit man.

PROF. An air-tight man?

ANNIE. Mother means erudite—learned.

MRS. C. He used to say that all those vegetables which are farmasie—

PROF. How far in Asia?

ANNIE. Farinaceous, mamma.

MRS. C. Yes, I mean all those that belong to the flowery kingdom—

ELIG. That's some distance in Asia.

MRS. C. Should be better employed than in distilling poison in the human system.

MRS. D. I quite agree with him there.

MRS. C. He ruined his health by application to business—he and two other adventures of the government.

ANNIE. Examiners, mamma.

MRS. C. Yes, all belonging to the revenous department were taken with the pulverarium complaint, [Dr. Shouter laughs] and the government removed them.

DR. S. That was a sufficient ground for a divorce, madam.

MRS. C. Lord sakes we never thought of those things in my days.

DR. S. [To Mrs. Colville] We are going for a stroll by the lake. Will you accompany us? Accept my arm. [They exit R.U.E. Professor Gillypod puts his feet in Colonel Elevator's lap, who shoves them off. They both jump up and strike pugilistic attitude, then shake hands and embrace and sit down again]

COL. They never had any of the modern improvements in Mrs. Colville's days. If a fellow got hitched to the traces, he had no way of kicking over.

MRS. D. And it was right. I believe marriage to be the holiest duty to which woman may devote herself.

FIO. But, Mrs. Dalrymple, when husband and wife cannot live happy together, you will excuse a divorce.

MRS. D. No, I hold in abhorrence an institution which may make any virtuous wife tremble for the safety of her household, and which sets at naught the holiest traditions of our race.

FIO. But there may be causes. [Looks around] Where is Madam Manheim?

MRS. D. She is attending the examination of her class at the conservatory.

VIO. Oh, yes, I had forgotten. I hope she will succeed.

ANNIE. I am afraid it will be difficult, with such favorite teachers as are in the conservatory.

VIO. Here she comes, now. [Enters L.U.E. Beatrice followed by Walter, who leads Florence and carries a guitar and music, which he puts on chair. All rise—the ladies kiss Florence. Fioretti crosses to L. at back]

MRS. D. Have you succeeded, Beatrice?

BEA. Better than I had ever hoped. [Sits L. of Violet]

WALT. In the words of Wentworth, she has won her prize.

PROF. In the language of the exultant peasantry; huzzah, huzzah!

BEA. Yes, my class took the first prize for superior execution, and Florence has won the junior medal. My position at the conservatory is now secure.

ANNIE. Let me see, Florence! [*Florence crosses to her and shows medal around her neck*] Who is the greatest little woman in the world today?

FLOR. My mamma.

VIO. [To Beatrice] We feared for you.

BEA. Oh, I was dreadfully nervous, but my class behaved admirably—I was afraid Florence would give me some trouble, but her fingers worked as though they were enchanted.

WALT. More power to her fingers.

ELIG. [At back] Come, Walter, for a stroll and a smoke. [*They bow to the ladies and exit R.U.E. Colonel Elevator puts his feet on Professor Gillypod's lap and Professor Gillypod raises his pants at bottom and burns his leg with a cigar. Colonel Elevator jumps up quickly, then business as before*]

COL. Remember, we are friends.

PROF. Brother! [Exit, arm in arm R.U.E.]

FIO. [Sitting at L. of Mrs. Dalrymple] Madam Dalrymple, you said just now before Madam Manheim arrived zot you abhor ze devorce woman.

MRS. D. I said nothing about a divorced woman, I believe it is the duty of both man and wife to observe well the temperament and the habits of the other before marriage.

FIO. But it is so easy to make a mistake, eh?

MRS. D. The past is the only guarantee for the future. A prudent, virtuous life in the past argues well for the future.

FIO. But this city has no past! It is a community made up of people of every land.

MRS. D. Here where no one can speak with certainty of the past; strangers are admitted upon a sort of probation.

VIO. Fioretti, you may consider yourself under probation.

FIO. Certainly, certainly. [To Mrs. Dalrymple] But there are women we meet every day whose past has been a life of shame, a history of reproach. She may have a respectable passport of a black dress and, when rich, gain her entrance into good society.

MRS. D. Real characters are sometimes represented in the same person, but it is impossible to long conceal the imposition, as they are sure to meet some former neighbor.

FIO. Then it is ze duty of such a neighbor to expose ze history of such an imposter.

MRS. D. Undoubtedly, if it be of guilt, but we make a distinction between a desire to serve society and the qualifications of malice.

FIO. But how is ze distinction to be made? [Beatrice, who has become agitated, starts up with a little cry]

VIO. What is it, Beatrice, are you ill?

FIO. [Offering his arm] Allow me to offer you my assistance, Madam Manheim. [She turns from him]

MRS. D. We had better go into the house, Beatrice.

BEA. Thank you, I shall feel better presently. [Exits with Violet into house]

MRS. D. [Following] Poor Beatrice, the excitement of the examination has overcome her.

FIO. You think her success is certain?

MRS. D. [Turning upon him] I hope so, for she deserves it.

FIO. Why do you think so?

MRS. D. Because a woman who labors for her own support and that of another should command the respect and good word from everybody, especially if she is a widow. [Exit from house]

FIO. [Solus] A widow—her widowhood—we will see. I will tell her story to Madam Colville, who keeps such a respectable boarding house. We will make it very warm for you, Madam Manheim. [Exit R.U.E. Professor Gilly-pod and Florence enter same time and come down C.]

PROF. Florence, my little dear, how would you like to have me for a papa?

FLOR. Oh, I hate papas. Come and play peep-a-boo.

PROF. Infant, this mighty brain of mine is stirred with great and colossal projects. It is fired by tender passions. It cannot descend to peep-a-boo. Here is some candy.

FLOR. [Jumping up and down] Oh, thank you.

PROF. And here is another. [Searches his pockets, Florence holds her hands] No, I haven't another. Run and tell your angelic mother what a good man I am. How good I am to little children.

FLOR. [Runs to house, turns on steps] Then, will you play peep-a-boo?

PROF. Then I will answer your tender age with peep-a-boo. [Exit Florence into house] Declare myself—I must propose this very day. The brilliant future of the Empress of the Air awaits her. I will address her in burning words—my burning words fail me. Ah, I have it, she is fond of music. The musical catalogue will furnish me with all the words and musical terms. I will engage an orchestra to accompany me. I will address her in slow music. This guitar, her guitar, will receive my vows. [Places guitar on stool in front of railing] Let me rehearse, angelic creature, plunk—plunk—plunk—plunk—plunk—List to my burning vows of love. Ph—ph—ph—ph—behold me at thy feet, there's where I kneel. [Reads from catalogue] "Dulcemo, quarto,

We meet by chance in the usual way. Will you love me then as now, when the band begins to play?" Plunk—ph—ph—ph—[Enter *Florence from house*]

FLOR. Peep-a-boo.

PROF. Little blue-eyed darling, will you please waltz up the passage and leave me to my musical exercise? [She exits R.U.E.] You called me sweet and tender names. It's funny when you feel that way. When my dream of love is o'er, then you'll remember me. Am I not fondly thine own? Oh, pshaw, I can't make love to a guitar. It gives me an inspiration. [Enter *Betty from house*] Ah, Betty, the sight of a petticoat inspires me! [Goes up, takes her by the hand and brings her down C.] List, list, oh list!

BETTY. Well, you needn't take a lady's arm off.

PROF. To you will I address my burning words of love. [Kneels at her feet] Behold, at thy feet.

BETTY. Oh, Mr. Gillypod, I thought this of a good many, but I never thought it of you.

PROF. [Reading] "Beneath the moon's pale ray we sat by the river, you and I."

BETTY. What river?

PROF. The Swannee River.

BETTY. I never saw the Swannee River in all my life.

PROF. Oh, whisper what thou feelest! "The Boy with the Auburn Hair, His Heart was true to Paul, plump—plump—plump—"

BETTY. Oh, Mr. Gillypod!

PROF. Don't call me Gillypod. [Reads] "Call me sweet names. Call me a bird." [Betty sits on his knee and puts her arm around his neck]

BETTY. This is so sudden.

PROF. Yes, it's rather sudden.

BETTY. [Patting his face] And will you always be good to me? [Enter *Florence R.*, and points at them]

FLOR. Peep-a-boo.

PROF. Florence, dear, will you run and tell your mother what a good man I am?

BETTY. What does her mother want to know about it for?

PROF. Because I love her mother to the depths of destruction.

BETTY. And all you have been saying to me—?

PROF. I was rehearsing my passionate avowal from this music catalogue.

BETTY. Thank Heaven, I didn't believe in it! But you needn't trouble yourself.

PROF. Do you think she loves another?

BETTY. If she loves another, and I think she does, you may make up your mind it ain't you. [*Goes up to the house and turns on step*]

PROF. Plunk—plunk—plunk—

BETTY. Why, she wouldn't look at such a thing as you, the boy with yellow hair, his eyes were soft as steel plunk—plunk—[*Exit into house*]

PROF. [*Reads*] "Where are now the hopes I cherished?" [*Enter Florence R.U.E.*]

FLOR. Come, play peep-a-boo. [*Exit R.*]

PROF. Alas, nothing now remains for me but peep-a-boo. [*Reads*] "The heart bowed down with weight and woe—" [*Florence calls peep-a-boo. Exit Professor Gillypod R.U.E. Enter Fioretti and Mrs. Colville same entrance*]

MRS. C. My dear Mr. Fioretti, I am surprised and sorry at what you have told me.

FIO. But it is ze truth.

MRS. C. I can scarcely believe it.

FIO. Ask her yourself.

MRS. C. I hope you won't mention this to anybody.

FIO. I shall use all discretion, Madam.

MRS. C. Now, I am very sorry for what has happened, but for all our sakes, for my own daughter's sake, she must go—[*Enter Annie and Florence R.U.E. Fioretti sits R.*]

FLOR. Peep-a-boo, Annie!

ANNIE. Back already, mamma?

MRS. C. Yes, my dear.

FIO. We walked faster than you and got here before you. [*Enter Beatrice from house*]

MRS. C. Ah, my dear Beatrice, they tell me you have been ill. Are you better now?

BEA. Yes, thank you.

MRS. C. I am glad to hear it, dear. Are you well enough to hear some bad news?

BEA. Bad news? Oh, not now—now—now!

MRS. C. But tell me, is what Mr. Fioretti has been telling me true? [*Beatrice starts and covers her face*] I see that it is. Oh, Beatrice, my child I am very sorry, but you understand.

BEA. Yes, I will go at once, but please don't say anything more.

MRS. C. I shall not breathe a word of it not even to my daughter.

FLOR. Play peep-a-boo, Annie.

ANNIE. After tea, darling.

BEA. Come, Florence, we must go away from here. [*Florence runs to her. As they go up, enter Walter, Violet and Eligible R.U.E., meeting them*]

FIO. What, Mrs. Manheim is not going to leave us?

WALT. Beatrice going to leave us?

VIO. Beatrice, dear, where are you going?

BEA. Where, I know not! [*She faints and falls. Walter catches her. Florence bends over her*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I: *Same as Act II. Walter discovered seated at table R. Mrs. Colville, Fioretti, Dexter at table L. At rise, enter Violet R.U.E.*

WALT. How is Beatrice now?

VIO. Much better, although she is still hysterical.

WALT. May I see her?

VIO. Certainly, she is getting up. She is talking of leaving us. We must persuade her to remain.

WALT. You will remain with her.

VIO. It is not necessary. Your mother is with her. You must take her for a drive, Walter. [*Exit Walter R.2.E.*]

MRS. C. I am so glad she is better, poor thing. A trip in the country will do her a great deal of good.

FIO. Yes, a trip in ze country will do her so much good!

DEX. Why, she ain't going away is she?

MRS. C. No, but she has overtaxed herself. A little recreation would be so pleasant for her.

FIO. Yes, and how lucky it is for her, her vacation comes just at this time, so she can go to the country.

DEX. I shall have to follow her in my dogcart. [*Enter Mrs. Dalrymple and Florence R.2.E.*]

MRS. C. How is she now?

MRS. D. Much better. I am going to take her for a drive.

DEX. I wish I had arranged to offer her my dogcart. With her in my dogcart, I'd pass everything on the road, by Jupiter.

MRS. C. We are going for a stroll.

FIO. Allow me to offer you my services, ladies.

MRS. C. With pleasure. Won't you join us, Mr. Dexter?

DEX. No, thank you; I'm going to drive.

VIO. Beatrice is talking of leaving us. We must keep her here amongst friends. She will enjoy herself so much better than among strangers.

MRS. C. Poor thing, she has overtaxed herself. A trip to the country would be such a benefit to her.

FIO. I agree with you, Madam, a trip in ze country will benefit her. [Exit with Mrs. Colville and Violet C.D.]

DEX. Mrs. Dalrymple, may I speak to you a moment?

MRS. D. Certainly. Florence, dear, you may run out and play.

FLOR. But you will come too, Auntie?

MRS. D. Yes, dear. [Exit Florence C.D.]

DEX. Mrs. Dalrymple, the short acquaintance I have had with you will scarcely warrant the great favor I am going to ask of you.

MRS. D. Tell me how I can be of any service to you.

DEX. Well, you see, since I left college, where I did not distinguish myself, I have had nothing to do to occupy my mind, but one thing.

MRS. D. And what was that, pray?

DEX. I fell in love.

MRS. D. You don't say!

DEX. Jolly, wasn't it?

MRS. D. Have you been in love often?

DEX. Over a hundred times. I used to do nothing else but fall in love. I used to go all around to the different boarding houses and fall in love with everybody, and have no end of funny adventures, so at last I came here.

MRS. D. I never observed anything particularly lovelorn or foolish in your conduct here. Surely, as you grow older you will outgrow this folly.

DEX. Bless you, the older I get, the more I do it. I am regularly in love. Head over heels in love this time. Odd, isn't it? Here we have been in the same house for over two months and no one knows who it is. Who do you think it is?

MRS. D. I cannot guess. I never thought of you very particular in your attentions to anyone. I always thought you an unoffending, well-meaning young man.

DEX. I am glad you think well of me. I want everyone to think well of me now.

MRS. D. Always conduct yourself uprightly in your own conscience, and the good opinions are—sure to follow.

DEX. Well, I don't mind letting you know. It's Mrs. Manheim.

MRS. D. Mrs. Manheim! She is young, and a widow. She might be induced to marry again. Why don't you propose to her?

DEX. That's what I want to do. I can't know, I am so spooney, I can't open my mouth to say a word.

MRS. D. Really, I can't see where I can be of any service to you.

DEX. Now, don't say you won't. I'll esteem it a great favor. Bless you, I can't say good morning to her without dropping my hat and cane. But, oh, I do love her! And she can't do better—No, I don't mean that; I mean—I mean, I have a house on Michigan Avenue, and a team that beats anything on the road. The house is a double front, with two bay windows, and I do love her to distraction.

MRS. D. Well, if you have a sincere affection for her, I see no reason why I should not communicate your wishes.

DEX. It will do no harm. Perhaps she likes me. She may be spooney on me. I hope she is. Tell her I love her and mean to be a father to her out and out.

MRS. D. I will speak to her. After that she is free to do as she thinks best.

DEX. See her tonight, if you can. I shan't sleep until after I have heard from her. [Exit C.D. followed by Mrs. Dalrymple. As soon as off enter Walter and Beatrice R.2.E. Walter assists her to a chair]

WALT. Dear Beatrice, why should we part? Why must you leave us?

BEA. Do not ask me, Walter. I have no explanation to offer. There is no appeal against fate. We must shake hands and part.

WALT. Beatrice, I have imagined I read in your eyes that I was not indifferent to you. Then if you care for me, if my peace and happiness are aught to you, remain here, happy in the love of my mother and myself, and be my wife.

BEA. Walter, my eyes told you truly you are not indifferent to me, and your peace and happiness are as dear to me as that of my own child, but I cannot be—we can never marry.

WALT. And why is it? Because of a promise made to your husband?

BEA. No, it is a regard for the living, not for the dead, which compels me to refuse. There is a bar between us. Do not seek to know it.

WALT. Beatrice, I do not fear to know your past life.

BEA. But I fear to have you know it. I have too much respect for your honor, and that of your noble mother, who has been such a dear kind friend to me, to allow anyone, much less myself, to bring a stain upon it.

WALT. Your love could be no stain, Beatrice. Do you think so meanly of me as to believe I could look down upon your profession?

BEA. No, I was not thinking of that. I have no false pride about me. I am proud to be able to earn my own bread. But it can never be. I must go from here, and at once.

WALT. Believe me, Beatrice, it is not alone my love that speaks. It is my good sense. It is my confidence in you. I can never be happy but with you. Where you go, I will go. I can believe no more of your past.

BEA. You say this out of the generosity of your noble heart, but I cannot allow the warmth of your love to ensnare you into a marriage with one who, if the truth were known, you would loath and despise. I cannot see lowered with shame the gray hairs of her whom you so nobly love; your mother.

WALT. My mother thinks and believes but in me; she knows your sensitive and delicate nature too well to believe ill of you.

BEA. But there are those who would tell her—who—

WALT. You mean Mr. Joseph Fioretti?

BEA. Alas! Base, black-hearted man as he is, yes!

WALT. Mr. Fioretti will never say anything against my wife.

BEA. But the world will. Society will close its doors against us.

WALT. [Embracing her] My wife shall be my world, my society.

BEA. Oh, Walter, this is noble! If a life of devotion can repay you for the generous sacrifice—

WALT. You will be my wife?

BEA. [Disengaging herself] Oh, not so fast! I must see your mother and ask her consent.

WALT. Which I am sure she will give. Let us go together.

BEA. No, I must go alone. I go to reveal to her the story of my past life.

WALT. And if she consents?

BEA. Then, Walter, we will be man and wife. [Exit R.2.E.]

WALT. Poor girl, how she has suffered! It shall be my task to make up for all the misery of her past life. [Exit L.U. Enter Colonel Elevator C.D.]

COL. The time has come, Colonel. Control your feelings. The accomplished widow is about to leave us. I must propose to her at once. Now if she only sees this thing in the right light, I'll try a thirty days' call on her, stand a cent and a half raise, and make her Mrs. Colonel M. T. Elevator, slicker than a slippery alum bark down a boy's throat. Make no mistake. Here she comes. [Strikes attitude. Enter Beatrice R.2.E.]

BEA. It is strange I cannot find her. She promised to meet me here. Colonel Elevator, have you seen Mrs. Dalrymple?

COL. She is in the garden, but pause—pause—I beseech you, listen. They say you are about to leave our boarding house. What is it without you? I say, what is it? Slicker than a setting he—No, I mean you are our pride and star, our pearl without price, you shine like a fresh water mackerel—[She starts to go] Listen! Listen to me, who is up to all the tricks of the market like a jersey eel, you bet your boots!

BEA. [Indignantly] Colonel Elevator!

COL. Listen to one who adores you—to me.

BEA. Colonel Elevator, did you say you had seen Mrs. Dalrymple?

COL. She is in the garden. [Aside] She won't have it. [To her] Yet, pause, oh, tarry a little bit. Listen to one who is preparing at this moment to—[She gives him a look] Go right out. [Exit R.2.E. Enter Mrs. Dalrymple and Florence C.D.]

BEA. Oh, Mrs. Dalrymple, I have been looking for you!

MRS. D. And I for you. I desire a few moments' conversation with you.

BEA. Florence, please run out and play with your ball. [Exit Florence C.D. They sit C.]

MRS. D. It is touching. A proposal of marriage.

BEA. Then he has told you all?

MRS. D. You know who it is?

BEA. Yes.

MRS. D. And you love him?

BEA. Yes.

MRS. D. Then I cannot see why it shouldn't be considered favorably.

BEA. He must first know my past life.

MRS. D. Surely there has been nothing concealed?

BEA. It is my wish there should be nothing concealed. I will tell it all to you and you must judge between us.

MRS. D. Go on.

BEA. My name is Beatrice Manheim.

MRS. D. I know, Mrs. Beatrice Manheim.

BEA. *Miss* Beatrice Manheim.

MRS. D. I cannot understand you! Then your—?

BEA. We were never married.

MRS. D. Oh, Beatrice, I never dreamed of this! You have surprised and wounded me!

BEA. [Rises] I knew I should. I was fearful that I would offend you and that you would decide against me. Farewell on my last fond hope of happiness.

MRS. D. Stay, Beatrice. I cannot believe so ill of you. You must have loved the father of your child dearly—

BEA. I did not love him.

MRS. D. Did not love him?

BEA. No, I grew to hate him.

MRS. D. Then there was deceit? Your face, your tone. Come, sit by me and tell me all. [They sit]

BEA. I am a German girl by birth. My parents were poor. They taught me music. When I was fifteen years old a lady took me to her house. There I was treated with respect by everyone in the family. I acquired a good

education. When I had lived with her two years my benefactor died and I returned to my old life of drudgery. Some time after, a man whom I had met in society as an equal made a proposition of marriage to me. My life at home had never been a happy one, and in order to better my condition I accepted. We were married and lived together two years. My husband soon became cold, insolent, and cruel. Soon after our child was born he informed me that the ceremony had been performed by his own brother, who was neither a magistrate nor a clergyman. Hence the marriage was illegal. I begged and pleaded for the sake of our child to have a proper ceremony performed. But he was obdurate. His name was Fioretti.

MRS. D. Not the man who is in this house?

BEA. No, his name was William Fioretti. He is now dead, but the man who drove me from my home, the man who denied me the rights and the name of wife, who even threatened to take my child from me, her mother, was Joseph Fioretti, who performed the mock ceremony.

MRS. D. Beatrice, you are a deeply injured woman. Society, it is true, has false convictions, and does not discriminate. Henceforth my house shall be your home. You shall be to us a daughter.

BEA. And you give your consent to our union?

MRS. D. With all my heart. Here he comes. Leave us alone until I have spoken to him. [*Exit Beatrice R.2.E. Enter Walter L.2.E., and Dexter, C.D.*]

MRS. D. Walter, my son, will you leave us alone for a few moments? I have some communication to make to Mr. Dexter.

WALT. Certainly, Mother.

DEX. Yes, Walter, it is about Beatrice. You would not help a fellow, you know, so I went to your mother and she has been such a good kind friend to a fellow that I can never repay her. And if my photograph would be an object, I'll have an impression taken in my new spring suit, I will, by Jerusalem!

WALT. Mother, is this true?

MRS. D. It is, my son. They both love each other dearly.

DEX. By jove, I knew it! I felt it in my boots. I am so happy! Do you hear, Walter? Congratulate a fellow, can't you?

WALT. Again, I ask is this true?

MRS. D. It is, Walter. But there are private circumstances which this gentleman must hear alone.

WALT. Certainly, Mother. [*Exit L.3.E.*]

MRS. D. I am going to tell you Beatrice's past life.

DEX. Oh, darn it! Don't. I don't want to hear anything about her past life.

MRS. D. But it is necessary you should hear it. Her child has no father.

DEX. I know that, I'm to be its father, you know!

MRS. D. I mean she never had a father.

DEX. Oh, come, now. She must have had a father!

MRS. D. I mean that Beatrice was never married.

DEX. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! What have I done? Of course, a fellow must be allowed to withdraw.

MRS. D. But she was deceived, betrayed by a mock marriage!

DEX. Oh, yes, that's bad, very bad! But the fellows at the club will give me no end of guy. I'll have to leave town!

MRS. D. Then marry her, and take her with you.

DEX. I am very sorry, you know. But then, I can't, I really can't.

MRS. D. You do not know her. She has told me her story, and I must say that she is one of the best and purest women I have ever known.

DEX. I am very sorry, and all that, you know. I think a great deal of her. I'm awfully out about it, and if I should be found in the lake, you will not tell what it is for.

MRS. D. [Turning on him] She is too good for you!

DEX. Oh, yes, that's it. She is too good for me!

MRS. D. What she could see in you to win a heart like hers, I don't see.

DEX. It was the team. None of them can withstand the team.

MRS. D. Believing you to be an honest and upright man, I have told you her secret, her secret, mind you. And if you dare to trifle with it I have a son who—

DEX. Oh, no, never, upon my honor, never thought of such a thing! I think a good deal of her yet. [Enter Walter. When Dexter sees him he exits C.D. Enter Beatrice R.3E.]

MRS. D. Beatrice, I have seen him. Think no more of him, he is unworthy of your love.

BEA. He has retracted his promise?

MRS. D. Yes.

BEA. Alas! I feared it would be. I have no hope of happiness left. Good-bye, dear friend, good-bye!

MRS. D. Stay, Beatrice, you shall come and live with us. Our home shall be yours.

WALT. Mother, there seems to be some terrible mistake here. Whose suit is it you have just withdrawn?

MRS. D. Mr. Dexter's.

BEA. Mr. Dexter's!

WALT. I knew there was a mistake. Mother! Beatrice came to you to ask consent to *our* marriage, and the man who loves her truly and dearly. [Crosses to Beatrice]

MRS. D. [Weeping] My son! my son!

WALT. Mother, you will not refuse your consent! I know your heart, your high and sensitive nature which shudders at the thought of calumny, but you have heard her story. You know her true good heart, that has borne her up through all these trials. You said your home should be hers.

MRS. D. My son! my son!

WALT. I tell you, Mother, I shall marry Beatrice whether you give your consent or not.

BEA. No, Walter, we must part! Your mother refuses her consent. I cannot part mother and son.

WALT. Do you hear, Mother? Do you love us?

MRS. D. [Going to him and embracing] Walter, did you ever doubt my love?

WALT. Never, Mother, never!

MRS. D. Take him, Beatrice. [Putting their hands together] Love him always, for my sake.

CLOSE IN

SCENE 2: *Street in front of boarding-house. Enter Eligible, Violet, Colonel Elevator and Annie, Dr. Shouter and Mrs. Colville R. Professor Gillypod following, carrying camp chair.*

VIO. It's a lovely evening.

COL. So it is, soft and clear. Soft as a mellow peach, make no mistake.

ANNIE. The sunset on the lake was lovely.

EVERYBODY. So it was.

ANNIE. The gorgeous clouds piled in large masses of gold and silver.

COL. Chaotic masses.

EVERYBODY. Yes, yes.

ANNIE. The fairy-like fulgence of the glimmering shew—

COL. The glimmering shew.

VIO. What is a glimmering shew?

COL. What is a glimmering shew?

ANNIE. Oh, it's, you know, the last rays of dying sun kissing each laughing ripple.

MRS. C. And goodness gracious me, the smell—

ANNIE. Oh, it was lovely!

COL. What? The smell? No, I don't mean that. It's equal to Saratoga.

VIO. Better than Long Branch.

DR. S. Finest in the world, best markets.

PROF. For horns.

EVERYBODY. For what?

PROF. For horns! Every man, woman and child who has the good fortune to make this paradise his home, must begin early and practise late, blowing his horn. [Sound of horn]

ELIG. Whew! There comes a breeze. We are going to have a storm. Let's go in. I'm for a game of whist. Who's with me?

EVERYBODY. I am! [Exit all but Professor Gillypod in house]

PROF. I'll stay and finish my cigar. [Sits on camp stool. Enter boy with fiddle]

BOY. Music! [Enter Betty with broom, and drives him off]

BETTY. Here, you, get out of this!

PROF. Betty, let the festive youth spiel.

BETTY. It's not a festive youth. He's a stolen slave.

PROF. A stolen what, Betty?

BETTY. A stolen slave—stolen from his home and sold for nothing. He has a master who beats him with a big whip. I shouldn't wonder if he was that fellow around the corner with that harp.

PROF. If he comes this way, I'll ask him.

BETTY. Don't Mr. Gillypod, don't. He's got a big knife. They all have knives.

PROF. And we've got a big-sized boot.

BETTY. And I've got a big-sized broom and if he comes around here with his tawny—tawny—I'll show him! [Exit L.]

PROF. It looks as though we win. Well, Dalrymple is a perfect gentleman. Lent me that little amount in the most gentlemanly manner. And Mrs. Manheim. Oh, if I had only got my airship done in time, it might have been the saddest words of tongue or pen. I wish it were. I bet pretty girls don't wait for balloon ships. That Fioretti is a real rascal—sneers whenever Beatrice's name is mentioned. When I take my first trip across the lake I'll write him to come, and when I want to lighten the ballast, I'll pitch him overboard. [Sound of wind] Whew! I guess we are going to have a storm. In the words of the immortal Tom Hood, "Who comes here." [Enter Jack Hardy with harp, disguised, R.]

JACK. Mein herr, ze icle moosic spelia.

PROF. Italian.

JACK. Mein Ich by sweitzer zal—icle seven esenger spieler de watch on de Rhein.

PROF. I cannot say that I perfectly agree with you, mixey sarvey.

JACK. Shall I play you some little music on my harp, mein lieber Herr Gillypod?

PROF. Oh, you know me!

JACK. Yes. [Whispers in his ear]

PROF. Goodness gracious! You don't say so! [Enter Betty with broom]

BETTY. Here, you get out of this!

PROF. Stop, Betty! This man wants to see Mrs. Colville.

BETTY. My missus won't see him.

PROF. Betty, a word in your ear. [Whispers]

BETTY. What, now?

JACK. Yes, now! [Exit L. All exit L.]

CLOSE IN

SCENE 3: *Same as Scene 1. Beatrice at R. table, Florence in front of her, Violet, Matthew and Annie at table L. Mrs. Colville R. of R. table. Mrs. Dalrymple and Dexter up C.*

DEX. Mrs. Dalrymple, I've been at home and nothing seems to go right. I tried on my new spring suit, and it don't seem to set right. I can't even drive my horses, so I've come back to say I've changed my mind.

MRS. D. Mr. Dexter, there was quite a mistake in my communication to you. You were not the person for whom it was intended.

DEX. What! Then she don't love me?

MRS. D. No!

DEX. And she loves another?

MRS. D. Yes.

DEX. And does he know?

MRS. D. He knows everything.

DEX. [Crosses to L. corner] Oh, what an ass I've been! A broken heart beats beneath this new coat. All the world is blottedten. [Professor Gillypod and Colonel Elevator enter C.D.]

MRS. D. Friends, I am proud to announce to you the marriage of my son and Mrs. Manheim. [Colonel Elevator faints in Professor Gillypod's arms]

VIO. I'm so happy.

ELIG. Walter, my dear boy, I congratulate you!

FIO. Stay, madam! Is your son acquainted with the past life of Madam Manheim?

MRS. D. Yes, sir, he is.

FIO. But there are those here who are not.

WALT. Be careful, sir. This lady is my affianced wife!

FIO. Her name is not Mrs. Manheim, she is Miss Anybody. She was never married. Her child is—

WALT. Villain, stop where you are or I shall choke the words down your throat! [Walter and Fioretti start for each other, but are held by other gentlemen]

EVERYBODY. Gentlemen! Gentlemen!

FIO. We are prevented, but we shall meet again.

WALT. As you please, sir! [Enter Betty C.D.]

BETTY. Please, ma'am, there is a gentleman at the door who wants to see you. [Professor Gillypod takes a camp stool and sits D.R.]

Mrs. C. If it's about board, tell him—[Enter Jack Hardy]

JACK. No, ma'am, it's not about board. My name is Hardy. Jack Hardy, a detective from New York. I've spied this house for a party. Now, don't say she isn't here, for I know she is. I'm looking for a party going by the name of Mrs. Beatrice Manheim.

WALT. The lady is here, sir.

JACK. Glad to know you, ma'am. Knowed you were here. Can I speak to you for a moment?

WALT. Certainly, speak out! This lady is my affianced wife. I desire all to know your purport.

JACK. Oh, it's no trouble, sir. Oh, no! If there had been any, I wouldn't have given myself away as a detective from New York. Party going by the name of Mrs. Beatrice Manheim, I am commissioned by the surrogate of New York to inform you that passing on the effects and estate of the late William Fioretti, your—

BEA. The father of my child.

JACK. That's it, ma'am. He finds the marriage all right and regular and that you are entitled to right of name, right of dowry, your child coming in for the residue.

FIO. But she was never married! The ceremony—

JACK. Not just the right thing, eh? You're right. He's right, ma'am. He's right, ladies and gentlemen. She was deceived by a mock marriage.

EVERYBODY. A sham marriage!

JACK. But in the State of New York, when a party lives together and calls her wife—bless you these two lived together for two years as man and wife. In the eyes of the law she is his wife, and the children are legitimate.

BEA. [Kisses Florence] Thank Heaven!

JACK. And furthermore, if the man dies without a will, the woman is entitled to right of name, to right of dowry and the children, if there be any, come in for the residue. And so I tell you, Mrs. William Fioretti is going by the name of Manheim; and so I tell you all, ladies and gents.

PROF. Very good story and very well told.

FIO. But ze will must be contest by law. I tell you the marriage was illegal. I was a witness to ze mockery. Ze certificate was signed by a false name.

JACK. And who are you?

FIO. Guiseppe Fioretti, brother to William and sole heir to ze estate.

JACK. Well, I'm in luck. Fioretti, my boy, we have been piping the Grand Pacific for you. [Takes out paper] Here I have a requisition from the governor of New York for you, or the possession of your body. Crime: participating in a sham marriage. So, Fioretti, is it to be the gentlemanly thing, or shall we wear these? [Shows handcuffs]

FIO. You damn scoundrel, you dare touch me! [He starts. Jack Hardy draws pistol. Fioretti backs up stage, Jack Hardy after him]

JACK. Take care, my boy, or I shall have to pop you! I beg pardon, ladies and gents, but business is business!

COL. Make no mistake.

PROF. There goes my ballast.

CURTAIN

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